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EDWIN BOOTH.

ADMITTING it to be true that "silence, when nothing need be said, is the eloquence of discretion," it must also be conceded that there are instances in which silence is neither desirable nor necessary. In a general sense refinement and good breeding draw a veil between the private life of individuals and the outer world by which they are surrounded. An intrusion into the privacy of life is on general principles considered an impertinence and a vulgar curiosity, and in view of this fact society very properly respects those conditions which are not intended for the public eye and ear.

And yet, while the privacy of life is thus respected and protected by civilized and cultivated society, there are circumstances which even good taste and refinement will accept as justifying the temporary removal of the veil and the exposure to public view of certain phases of life and development, provided such phases relate to individuals who can properly be classed as representative. In these instances a public interest attaches to everything which pertains to the general history of the man; and as we study the qualities, talents and experiences of such an individual, it is not to be wondered at if we give to the subject a warm appreciation and a careful attention. As a great writer expresses it: "The search after great men is the dream of youth and the most serious occupation of manhood." In the compendium of every important life we learn much that is useful to us, and we realize afresh that the story of human life, with its lights and shadows, its strength and weakness, its joys and sorrows, its successes and failures, will be an interesting story so long as the human race shall endure. To possess these qualities the life

must, of course, have in it something that takes it out of the ordinary beaten track in which so many struggle and fall unobserved. The quality giving it distinction may be composed of elements which are unlike in any two distinguished persons. But one element every character must possess to render it worthy of notice and esteem, and that is merit grounded on intrinsic causes and not on extrinsic conditions. And in few instances has this essential and sterling claim to recognition been more fully illustrated than in the gradual and healthy progress which characterizes the subject of this paper.

Commencing his dramatic career at the early age of sixteen, Mr. Edwin Booth has steadily and persistently pressed forward toward the attainment of that proud position which he now occupies, and in which he so gracefully wears his honors that we hardly know whether to admire most his ability as an actor or his modesty as a gentleman. Bravely has he fought his battle of life, and steadfastly has he kept before his mind the truth introduced in Wordsworth's lines:

"Earthly fame

Is fortune's frail dependant; yet there lives
A Judge, who, as man claims by merit, gives:
To whose all-pondering mind a noble aim,
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed;
In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed."

And in accepting this principle as the dominant purpose of his life, he has deservedly earned the respect of his countrymen and the esteem of his friends. In the development of his powers there have been no evidences of that waywardness which so frequently accompanies genius. In his career there is nothing whatever reminding us of mushroom growth, but worthily and bravely he has risen step by step, until he has at last

reached a point which ought to satisfy his laudable ambition,

"Edwin Booth," says one of his biographers, "was born in Baltimore, in Maryland, on the 15th of November, 1833, being the fourth son of Junius Brutus Booth. His father was then thirty-seven years of age; had been seventeen years an actor, and was in the meridian of his life, his greatness and his fame. Between him and this boy there existed, from the first, a profound and fer-

vent, though silent and undemonstrative sympathy. As Edwin grew up, his close companionship seemed more and more to be needed and desired by the parent; and so it happened that he was frequently taken from school to accompany his father on professional expeditions. The educational training that he received was, therefore—as will be surmised—fitful and superficial. Experience of the actual world, however—and, sometimes, very rough experience—



EDWIN BOOTH AS HAMLET

From a photograph by Sarony.

"To be, or not to be; that is the question."—*Act III. Scene 1.*

combined, with this irregular schooling, to develop his mind and mature his character. As a boy he is represented to have been grave beyond his years—observant, thoughtful and rather melancholy; but wise in knowledge of his surroundings and strong in reticence and self-poise. He was accustomed to accompany his father as attendant and dresser; but, in fact, he was the chosen monitor and guardian of that wild genius, and possessed more influence over him than was exercised by any other person. This association, operating upon hereditary talent, wrought its inevitable consequence, in making Edwin Booth an actor. The strange life that he saw and led—a life in which fictitious emotions, imaginative influences, and every-day trivialities are so singularly blended—exerted its customary charm upon a youthful, sensitive, impressible nature, at once luring him toward the stage and preparing him for its profession.”*

Indeed, there seems little doubt but that the elder, Booth perceived in Edwin, at a very early age, those qualities which lie at the foundation of a great actor. One instance of this prophetic insight is particularly interesting, and shows how a trifling circumstance is sometimes suggestive of great consequences.

“After an engagement of two weeks in San Francisco, Mr. Booth proceeded to Sacramento, in which city, on the occasion of his benefit, he acted Richard III. The following night J. B. Booth, Jr., for *his* benefit, played Othello, and his father, Iago; and the following night, being Edwin’s benefit, he acted Jaffier to his father’s Pierre. Arrayed in black for his part of Jaffier, Edwin perceived his father seated on the steps of his dressing-room, who, at his approach, observed: ‘You look like Hamlet. Why did you not act Hamlet for your benefit?’ Edwin carelessly replied: ‘If I ever have another, I *will*.’”† From the incipient stage of his dramatic career he seems to have passed through the usual vicissitudes and fluctuations of fortune, until, in April, 1857, he electrified Boston by his performance of Sir Giles

Overreach. Alluding to this period, Mr. Winter says:

“What Booth regarded as the most important of the series of performances by which he was endeavoring to revive, in the Atlantic States, the memory and the lustre of a great name, was now given at Boston. The play-goers of that city were remarkable, in those days, for a refinement of taste and a severity of judgment which, since then, appears to have fallen somewhat into decay. The actor accordingly looked forward to his appearance there with natural trepidation. Should it prove a failure, he was fully determined to subside into ‘the stock.’ Should it prove a success, he would press on to the fulfilment of more ambitious designs than he had yet disclosed. The result is well known. Booth appeared at the Boston Theatre, in April, 1857, in the character of Sir Giles Overreach, and at once attained a brilliant triumph. It was the turning-point of his career. It banished self-distrust; it confirmed him in a just and proper estimate of his own talents; and it strengthened his resolve to attempt those magnificent enterprises for the advancement of the stage which he has since pursued so steadfastly, and with results so valuable to art in this nation.”

From Boston he proceeded to New York, where he impersonated, to audiences which were quick to respond to his merit, Hamlet, Shylock, Richard III., King Lear, Richelieu, Pescara and Claude Melnotte. At this time Mr. Booth seems to have made his first brilliant success as Richard III. In the words of an accomplished critic of that time, he played Richard with a brilliancy and force that surpassed the warmest expectations of his friends, and he gave evidence of the highest order of talent, and created a sensation hitherto unequaled by any native-born actor, Forrest alone excepted.

At that time the appreciation of a great actor was not as intelligent or as discriminative as it is now. But even then it was no small thing for an actor to achieve such a decided success.

Soon after the close of this engagement Mr. Booth made his first appearance in England, in the character of Shylock—an unfortunate selection, because it is not one

* “Edwin Booth in Twelve Dramatic Characters,” by William Winter.

† “The Booths.” By Asia Booth Clarke.



EDWIN BOOTH AS IAGO

From a photograph by Sarony.

"That Cassio loves her—I do well believe it."—Act II. Scene 1.

of his best impersonations, and also because it necessarily suffered by comparison with the masterly delineation of Edmund Kean. While his Shylock was in this instance a failure, his Richelieu and his Sir Giles Overreach were, however, immediate successes; and with the former character he brought his English engagement to a satisfactory close. Since that time his progress has been so great and his interpreta-

tions of character so wonderfully perfect, that we are not surprised at contrasting his recent splendid European success with the slender result attained during his first visit in 1861. Perhaps the most conclusive evidence of his greatness as an actor is to be found in the phenomenal success which he achieved last year in Germany, he having been called before the curtain twenty-four times during his performance of Hamlet.

And thus we see that from a comparatively crude beginning, and possessing nothing but the inheritance of an honored name and his own indomitable will, this accomplished actor has made himself what he is by dint of perseverance, singleness of purpose, and worthiness of aim, backed by natural ability. He is what he is, not because fortune has been particularly partial to him, but because his essential merit has at last met its reward, and success deserved has become success attained.

Of sorrows, trials and disappointments, Mr. Booth has had his share. His has not been a life free from the shadow of affliction, nor has he been able through the aid of a cold and serene philosophy to reach

"The lucid interspace of world and world,
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their sacred everlasting calm."

Instead of this he has suffered as all fine temperaments and sensitive natures suffer. But amid all his trials he has proved himself a man, and the discipline of sorrow has so sweetened and purified his nature that even in his daily life and social contact he seems the ideal Hamlet. A pensive air of sadness sits upon his brow, but there is no appearance of fixed and sullen gloom. Indeed it is impossible to speak with him five minutes without perceiving that a sad sweet music pervades his nature and fits him naturally into the character of Hamlet. In a man of such a temperament the darkness of human life is illuminated by the beauty of an ideal world, and in this way the spiritualized intellect recognizes in sorrow a means of culture and an aid to self-purification and ennoblement. Having made his way through sheer force of merit and progressive power, his trials served but to increase his manliness, and have been largely instrumental in producing in him that dreamy, meditative turn which gives to his acting its poetic charm.

In Hamlet and Richelieu this quality is most noticeable, because these characters are best adapted to those qualities of mind which emanate from the reflective faculty as it broods over the deeper experiences of

life. In all of his characters, however, this dreaminess is more or less apparent, and may be considered the indwelling spirit of his dramatic genius. For, after all, no matter how great an actor may be, there is under all conditions a substratum of individuality which cannot be entirely set aside. Because he is a great actor Mr. Booth possesses the power of versatility, and in the different characters in which he appears it seems difficult to select one that is not rendered with great completeness and clear perception. In every character in which it has been my pleasure to see him, there has never been an instance in which he has not fairly earned his applause, nor has there been one in which there could not easily be detected the presence of deep poetic feeling, accompanied by that magnetic charm which enables him to absorb the attention of his audience.

Mr. Booth is seen to best advantage in those characters which appeal to our higher emotions and our finer perceptions. But he is also marvelously successful in dealing with those motives and actions which lie near to ordinary life and common experience. Take him, for instance, in his masterly impersonations of Richard III., Iago and Bertuccio, and we have a striking illustration of how far a powerful realism may be combined with a method so subtle as to make art and nature appear one and the same thing. His Bertuccio is a great favorite, and it is deservedly so because in this character Mr. Booth exhibits a phase of his acting which is essentially and distinctly human. It possesses in a measure the same elements which make up Othello, but it is in Mr. Booth's treatment a much stronger piece of acting because his temperament is not at all suited to the tempestuous fury of the Moor's jealousy. And thus it is that the conditions which cause him to fail in Othello cause him to excel in Bertuccio. Both characters take their origin in the strong, turbulent passions of the human soul, but they are so unlike in structure and development that they require totally different methods of treatment. The one is exactly suited to the peculiar quality of Mr. Booth's genius and the other is not. The same reasons also apply to his interpretation of King Lear—a character which



EDWIN BOOTH AS RICHELIEU—(From a photograph by Sarony.)

"Ye safe and formal men, who write the deeds and with unfeverish hands weigh in nice scales the motives of the great, you cannot know what you have never felt."—*Act III. Scene 1.*

in order of merit seems to me to rank next to his Hamlet and Richelieu.

In this wonderful impersonation, while Mr. Booth is not, perhaps, physically the ideal Lear, he certainly seizes upon the spirit of the character as Shakespeare has drawn it, and in doing so has given to the stage one of its brightest ornaments and one of its most precious jewels.

Mr. Booth has a slight figure, and his voice is, perhaps, lacking in the resonance and power which we associate with Lear, and his appearance is, perhaps, not sufficiently majestic to fill our estimate of what Lear must have been in the rude age in which he lived. But the moment he attracts our attention sufficiently, and we get at the meaning of his interpreta-

tion, we forget these physical defects, and we rise to the full measure of an intense and genuine intellectual pleasure. The ordinary materialism which we are accustomed to look for in this character is subordinated to a spiritual power which grows upon us as the play proceeds. He lays greater emphasis on the unhappy father than he does on the unhappy king, but in doing so he sacrifices none of the consciousness which makes him "every inch a king."

As one of his German critics said of him in this character:

"Edwin Booth has proved anew that he is an actor of true genius; for, though nature has equipped him but poorly, in a physical sense, for this, the most powerful of Shakespeare's characters, his imagination, depth of feeling and profound study enabled him to create the most astounding effects.

"His *Lear* transcends comparison with any of the impersonations of the past that are known to us. Rossi and Salvini do not approach him in this creation of Shakespeare. These tragedians of the Roman race equal him in the flaming heat of his scorn, but Shakespeare took a flight too high for them in the scenes of the king's madness. It required an actor of the race and the spirit of the poet—the Anglo-Saxon race and spirit—to follow and interpret the genius of Shakespeare. Booth may be likened to a magician who gives form and meaning to strange, remote and unintelligible sentences; who lets us gaze into the far distance of the land of dreams; who communicates to us the vibrations of his own heart, and who wins from our eyes the tender tears of pity. We are not, with him for our *Lear*, the mere spectators of this tragedy. We live through it, and we part from it with a storm raging in our souls."

Nor is this tribute in any sense too flattering. It gives willingly to Mr. Booth the praise to which he is justly entitled, and as such it is a pleasure to place it on record among the triumphs attained by this painstaking and gifted actor. It does not exaggerate his merit, nor does it lavish too much praise upon an impersonation which is singularly great in conception and execution.

It is, however, as Hamlet and Richelieu that Mr. Booth fills his audiences with enthusiastic delight, and exercises that potent influence which comes from a close resemblance between the personality of the actor and the quality of the character assumed. As Richelieu he expresses with wonderful fidelity the iron will, the craftiness, the spiritual majesty and the sacerdotal power which are the essential qualities of the illustrious cardinal. In fact, to see him in this character is to witness a performance which for intellectual clearness and emotional magnetism has never been surpassed. Carefully, discriminatingly, and effectively he presents the motives which underlie Richelieu's strongly marked individuality; and as we follow him in this masterly impersonation we momentarily forget that we are looking at an assumed and not at a real character.

And the conditions which qualify him so admirably for the impersonation of Richelieu are precisely those which render his Hamlet a masterpiece of acting. As I have already said, Mr. Booth's temperament fits naturally into that of the melancholy Dane. But it must not be supposed that the mastery of every detail and subtle phase of so complex a character could be accomplished without careful study and thorough discipline. It is, however, one thing to labor assiduously with poor materials for the attainment of a given end and in the attainment to show the laborious process by which the end has been gained; it is quite another thing to add the cultivation of art to a richly endowed nature already predisposed to the quality of the character under study. To the latter of these processes belongs the assimilation by which Mr. Booth has gradually made Hamlet a part of his own personality. In this impersonation art and nature become so closely identified that the secret of the artistic method is lost in a charm of expression and an easy naturalness of manner. Whether we call it art speaking through nature, or nature speaking through art, the effect upon us is the same. It moves us as no other performance has ever moved us, and is in all respects the very embodiment of Shakespeare's greatest ideal creation.

Because the character of Hamlet presents

itself differently to different minds, we may, if we like, wrangle over the correctness of Mr. Booth's interpretation. In the rendering of a character as wide as the universe it is not surprising if a difference of opinion exists. But even those who do not agree with his conception of the character must concede that Mr. Booth is a phenomenal artist. He is the most sombre of all stage Hamlets, but his understanding of the part

and the manner in which he evolves it are so full of light and clearness that all commentaries upon this difficult character appear superfluous. There is an infinite charm in the acting of this artist, so simple, so noble and free from all attempts at mere effect. Even in moments of the highest passion he never oversteps the boundary line of the beautiful, nor does he ever sacrifice the complex quality of Hamlet's



EDWIN BOOTH AS HAMLET

From a photograph by Sarony.

POL: What do you read, my lord?

HAM: Words, words, words.—Act III. Scene 1.

feelings to the ordinary devices of dramatic climax and stage effect. He uses no extraneous means for enlisting the attention of his audience. But instead of this he simply *becomes* for the time the tender, melancholy, dreamy Hamlet, and leaves the result to the intrinsic merit of his impersonation. He represents in this character the best known instance of an actor's innate consciousness of power, accompanied by an implicit faith in the ultimate triumph of that which deserves to succeed. And yet he manifests this consciousness so modestly, so gracefully, so worthily, and with such sweet persuasiveness, that we do not wonder at his popularity and pre-eminence in this particular character.

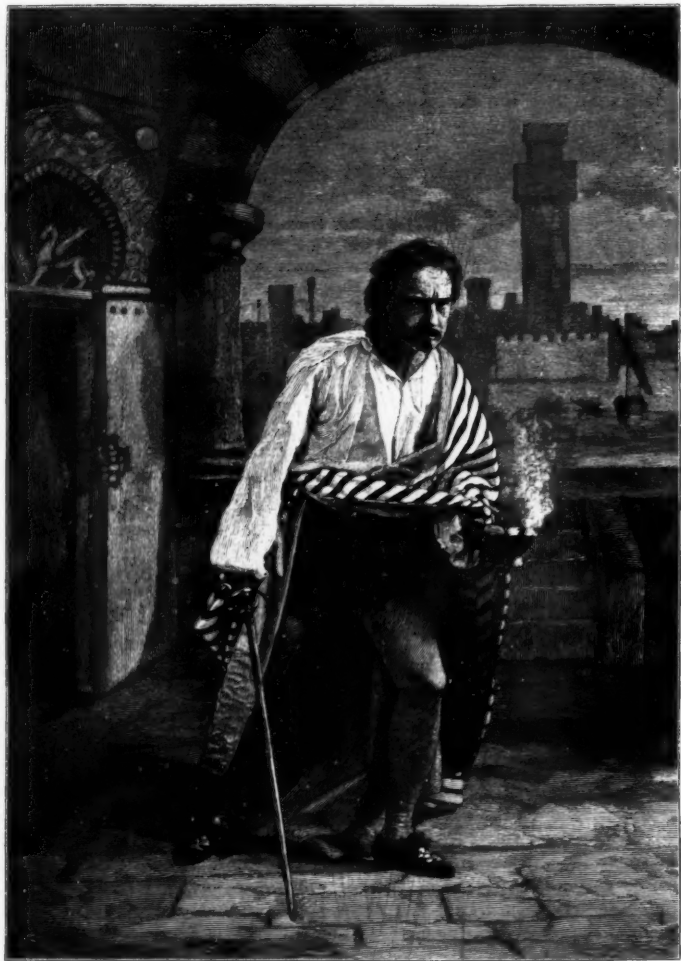
In all his impersonations, but especially in Hamlet, he realizes that the end of all acting is "to hold the mirror up to nature." His acting, being an art, necessarily has its mechanism. But above and beyond this mechanism, which every great actor masters through patient study, there exists an indefinable atmosphere in which genius lives, moves, and has its being. And it is this quality of genius that distinguishes between the actor who is simply mechanical and the actor who is moved by the fine frenzy of inspiration. The one because he is purely mechanical is always the same as to the excellence or inferiority of his interpretations. The other, because he is governed by conditions which cannot be uniform, is never precisely the same in any two consecutive performances. As Emerson has finely said: "Sometimes there is no sea-fire, and again the sea is aglow to the horizon. Sometimes the Æolian harp is dumb all day in the window, and again it is garrulous, and tells all the secrets of the world. In June the morning is noisy with birds; in August, they are already getting old and silent." And what is true of nature is also true of every human mind which is swayed by thoughts and feelings that come like flashes of lightning, so quick, so intense, and so brilliant in their action and influence. And here arises the question, are these moods and gleams of genius in any degree within our control?

The answer to this, from the standpoint

of every great actor's experience is, that while they cannot be absolutely controlled, it is possible by careful discipline to measurably subordinate them to an intellectual process which shall at least prevent their total absence. It is not possible that he should enter into all his assumed characters with the same degree of intensity, nor is it possible that the fire of genius should always burn with a uniform brilliancy. He is in the best sense an actor whose parts are carefully studied and made to conform rigidly to a well-defined intellectual conception. But he is not in any sense a purely mechanical actor to whom the exercise of a magnetic personality is impossible. And for this reason he cannot be expected to escape from those variations, which, though controlled by a well-directed purpose and an instructive experience, can never entirely be set aside.

In a very important sense every actor must be his own tutor, and from this fact Mr. Booth has learned that the strong impressions which actors create on the stage are due to the quality of self-possession quite as much as to the rapid movements of those currents of feeling which touch the heart of humanity. The actor who possesses the double gift of well-disciplined intelligence and well-cultivated sensibility is therefore necessarily great in every character he undertakes. He will of necessity be greater in some than in others, but he will under all circumstances give evidences of thoughtful study accompanied by those gleams of inspiration which stir our nature to its very depths.

Perhaps one of the greatest reasons why Mr. Booth is so universally admired as an actor is because his nervous force diffuses itself through his refined sensibility, and thus communicates its own feelings to us. As a rule his accents, actions, looks and attitudes in any particular character are exactly reproduced at every representation. These represent the intellectual side of his work and they never vary. But within these studied effects the sensibility is not always the same, and the quality of his acting is thereby visibly affected. It is not to be denied that every actor should have the art of thinking before he speaks, nor is it to be denied that the most striking effects are



EDWIN BOOTH AS OTHELLO

From a photograph by Sarony.

"This is the night that either makes me or foredoes me quite."—Act IV. Scene 3.

sometimes produced "when the working of the mind is visible before the tongue gives it words."

There are, in fact, certain circumstances in which it is necessary to solicit one's self before we confide to the tongue the emotions of the soul or the calculations of the mind.

The actor therefore must have the art of intellectually controlling himself, and by

introducing pauses he appears to meditate upon what he is about to say. His physiognomy must correspond with the suspensions of his voice, and his attitudes and features must indicate that during these moments of silence his soul is deeply engaged. Possessed of this intellectual power an actor is sure to be successful, but without it his pauses will seem rather to be the result of a defective memory than a secret of his art.

But to fully appreciate the quality of Mr. Booth's acting, it is not enough that we should look only to that intellectual clearness which enables him to enact so many characters with such accuracy and fidelity to their author's meaning. To my mind intelligence and sensibility are equally essential to a great actor. Intelligence needs sensibility to vitalize its conceptions, and to give them the magnetic power of moving the emotions of others; sensibility needs intelligence to judge impressions, and to analyze, arrange and estimate their value. And thus, when they are combined in proper proportion, as they are in Mr. Booth, it is safe to say that we here discover the most conclusive evidences of great histrionic power. Possessing these essentials in full and perfect measure he holds firmly the attention of his audience, and as he passes through the changing moods and feelings proper to the different characters he represents, we realize forcibly that the actor's art is as instructive as it is fascinating.

An actor of inferior merit always seeks to stimulate us by every possible means, and after he has unhealthily excited us leaves us enervated and exhausted as to our moral nature and our intellectual equilibrium. But this is far from being the case with Mr. Booth. With him the drama is a means to a noble end, and in everything he does the higher question of principle is never subordinated to the lower question of expediency.* When a character demands for its proper interpretation that the stream of emotion move swiftly and intensely, Mr. Booth always meets the requirements of the case in a manner which shows how thoroughly his nature is capable of responding to deep and strong feeling.

And yet in these moments of intense excitement he never descends to anything which conflicts with the highest interests of his art. The dramatic value of emotional intensity he clearly understands, and at the proper time uses it with great effect. His fine sensibility is, however, never debased by vulgar sensationalism, and in this way the currents of feeling which he sets in motion are always pure and healthy.

As an interpreter of Shakespeare especially this purity of tone and harmony of movement are seen to advantage. Indeed, so

painstaking and conscientious is he in these respects that it seems almost impossible to think of him as sacrificing the poetic quality of a character to the ordinary devices of those who seek to attain their ends by mercenary means.

Apparently Mr. Booth considers it his function to set forth through his histrionic abilities the essential features of a high and noble drama. The effect of acting, such as Mr. Booth's, is to make men feel that life is vast, many-sided, and full complex conditions and strange experiences. He will never rise to excellence as an actor whose soul is not susceptible to the extremes of passion. And, in this respect, Mr. Booth excels. Because he combines so perfectly a fine sensibility and a clear intelligence, the observations which he has made on his own nature serve at once for his study and example: he interrogates himself on the impressions his soul has felt, on the expression they imprinted upon his features, on the accents of his voice in the various states of feeling. He meditates on them, and clothes the fictitious passions with these real forms.

Of course Mr. Booth never allows his emotional nature to dominate his intellectual purpose. And yet it would be impossible for him, without his finely organized sensibility, to be what he is. In the absence of it he could be a great actor, directed by intelligence and possessing, perhaps the well-rounded culture and majesty of the classic style. But he could never, under such circumstances, produce in us those springs of pure, strong feeling which are intensified by a grand pathos of dramatic action expressed with incomparable beauty. For in Mr. Booth's acting there is unquestionably a melody which affects us very much as the highest order of music does. In a measure his acting is a harmonious amalgamation of music and poetry, and although the music is not heard, it at least exists potentially in that histrionic power which so perfectly fits the impersonation to the character personated.

Intensity without extravagance, dignity without coldness—these qualities are found in Mr. Booth's acting, as they are everywhere in the best and highest art, though in degrees and proportions varying with



EDWIN BOOTH AS RICHELIEU—(From a photograph by Sarony.)

" ——— There is one above
Sways the harmonious systems of the world
Even better than Prime Ministers."—*Act V. Scene 1.*

the different artists. In the portrayal of human passion it is possible to be at times strong and terrible and yet human. And in this essentially human quality Mr. Booth never fails. There are times when the heroes and heroines of Shakespeare cry aloud in their pain; the torrent of their anguish is full and strong, yet we never seem to lose the sense of a harmonizing unity which is

always present, and which, when adequately interpreted, strikes the key-note to the deep mysterious undertone of life. In these instances suffering appears as part of an order of things too vast to be more than partly understood, and too deep to be more than imperfectly apprehended. And yet in the breadth of their mysterious sweep they also appear intimately related to those harmo-

nious movements of law which so strongly suggest

"everduring power
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation."

As an exponent of this abiding principle which underlies the discords of life Mr. Booth is beyond comparison superior to any other actor of the present day. It is not in the crash of the storm, the conflict of turbulent forces, and the cry of despair that he is seen at his best. But in that elusive poetic feeling which illuminates the darkness of the moment by the calm beauty of a comprehensive consciousness.

As the great poet is emphatically the man who continues the work of creation, who forms, fashions, combines and imagines, and who breathes his own spirit into the things by which he is surrounded, so is the great actor emphatically the man who interprets in the light of his genius those forms of beauty which the poet has conceived, and which need the medium of dramatic power for their full expression.

Nor is it the least of Mr. Booth's merits that in his acting he combines, perhaps unconsciously, the conflicting theories of Aristotle and Bacon. According to Aristotle, there is a natural tendency in men to the imitation of what they see in nature; the various arts are nothing more than imitations with different kinds imitating substance; and poetry is that art which imitates in articulate language rendered more rich and exquisite by the addition of metre. According to Bacon, on the other hand, there is a natural tendency and a natural prerogative in the mind of man to condition the universe anew for its own intellectual satisfaction. It may brood over the sea of actual existences, carrying on the work of creation, with these existences for the material, and its own phantasies and longings for the informing spirit; it may ever be on the wing among nature's sounds and appearances, not merely for the purpose of observing and co-ordinating them, but also that it may delight itself with new ideal combinations, severing what nature has joined and joining what nature has put asunder. Of course there is an antagonism between these two theories which it is not

possible to entirely overcome. But we must at least admit that to see Mr. Booth as an interpreter of Shakespeare is to witness a wonderfully perfect adjustment between the Aristotelian and the Baconian theories. The imitation of nature is carefully preserved, but in the act of imitating he invests nature with the ideal quality of art, and he also invests art with the truthfulness of nature.

Under modern conditions of life we think so swiftly and so constantly that our impressions of nature no longer come to us with distinctness and clearness, and, therefore, when an actor reveals to us the fact that a noble form of art is only possible when the images which nature stamps upon our minds are properly expressed without distortion and extravagance, he does a good service and elevates his profession.

For "this study of nature" is not so simple a matter as it appears at first sight, and it is quite possible that we may pursue it in such a way as to interpose ideas and prejudices of our own between ourselves and nature, which may prevent our receiving its impressions in the form most stimulating to the artistic powers. While we are strictly natural we must, however, never allow the ideal to be sacrificed.

Within certain limits dramatic art must be an exact copy of nature, but to stop there would deprive the world of half its beauty, and would remove the possibility of some of our brightest and most beautiful moments of rapture. And it is precisely because Mr. Booth always realizes the ideal beauty as well as the natural truthfulness of his art that his acting is so agreeable to persons of culture and discriminative taste. He clearly understands that the perfection of art is to conceal art, and he also realizes that the success of dramatic art depends very largely upon the employment of a comprehensive system of laws, commensurate with every purpose within its scope, but concealed from the eye of the spectator.

And yet even while we realize and appreciate the intellectual insight which renders these conditions possible, we somehow feel drawn to him, not because of the clearness of his perception, but because he possesses that soul-moving power which deeply stirs our deeper consciousness and lifts us into a



EDWIN BOOTH AS LEAR

From a painting by Jervis McEntee.

"I take that lady to be—my child—Cordelia."—Act IV. Scene 2.

current of ideas fresh with vitality and warm with emotion.

His acting does not remind us of

"Titanic forces taking birth
In divers seasons, divers climes."

It is too exquisitely proportioned a work of art to suggest these turbulent forces and strong convulsions of nature. But it does

commend itself to us as a harmonious movement

"flowing free
From point to point, with power and grace
And music in the bounds of law."

He is not always successful in expressing those strong passions which move with storm-like velocity through the human soul,

nor does he appear to greatest advantage in those characters which deal principally with the darker and more terrible side of human nature. His acting seems to be of that most genuinely poetical kind which concerns itself primarily with the truthful transfiguration of the real and abiding elements of human life; it has the faculty of thrilling the mind with a sense of mystery and a feeling of presentiment awe.

The charm of his acting grows upon us, and the more frequently we see him the more fully do we realize that in him, in an especial sense, the harmonies born in the poet's mind find their most perfect and most truthful expression. It is to be admitted that the good result of his acting is often marred by the miserably poor quality of his support, and the inharmonious effect which such inferiority produces. There can be no doubt but that Mr. Booth is seldom supported in a manner becoming his dignity as an actor, and the high quality of the plays in which he appears. It is an unpleasant duty to have to record this fact, but criticism is worthless unless it is candid and conscientious.

Before we leave this subject, however, we must not forget that there was a time when Mr. Booth did make an earnest and commendable attempt to give to this city a theatre which should be a worthy dedication to Thespis and a noble monument to the higher interests of the legitimate drama. In that attempt he failed, and in the failure he lost everything except those things which misfortune cannot take away—a brave manhood, a worthy ambition and a richly endowed nature.

It is sometimes said that the most sublime sight in the world is to see a good man struggling with adversity. And if ever there was an instance in which the disappointments of life seemed cruel and relentless, it was in the complete destruction of Edwin Booth's hopes, and the utter annihilation of his most cherished desires. However, it is not too much to hope that the day is not far distant when this brilliant and accomplished actor will be surrounded by a company capable of rendering their parts properly and with artistic merit.

But it is not because Mr. Booth excels in this or that particular character that he oc-

cupies his present position in public esteem. In addition to the fact that we admire his splendid histrionic abilities, he has a claim upon us by virtue of those sterling qualities of character and lofty aims and purposes which are after all the true criteria of greatness and the worthiest objects of admiration. Even if he had not succeeded in reaching his present eminent position as an actor, he would still deserve a liberal meed of praise because he has so earnestly endeavored to elevate the drama to its true place as a means of culture and a healthy product of civilization.

In fact, so great has been his service in this respect that we cannot appreciate too warmly the healthfulness of his influence as a counteractive against our threatened inundation of debasing sensationalism and morbid feeling. If it were possible to eliminate everything pertaining to his histrionic abilities we would still owe him an everlasting debt of gratitude because he has so bravely followed a noble ideal and a conscientious purpose.

In a very important sense the measure of Mr. Booth's success represents the measure of our culture, while the discriminative praise which we now bestow upon him is an encouraging sign of intellectual progress and an evidence that we are no longer a nation of "heated barbarians," incapable of appreciating the finer qualities of a beautiful work of art. We estimate his talents more highly as time rolls on because we are gradually becoming more cultivated in our tastes and more intelligent in our appreciation of what really constitutes culture.

The gospel of Sweetness and Light is fast becoming something more than a name, and as we realize more and more that the sweet reasonableness of culture is an argument for the harmonious expansion of all the powers which make the power and worth of human nature, we necessarily hold more enlightened views as to the usefulness and importance of a great actor.

Not a having and a resting, but a growing and a becoming is the character of perfection as modern culture conceives it. And in this way we learn gradually the value of those who "hold the mirror up to nature," and who, like Mr. Booth, combine with the brilliancy of genius, a noble purpose and an

earnest effort to bring the drama more and more into harmony with the best thought and culture of the age. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Booth is unaware of the impossibility of suddenly reviving the Grecian ideal of a natural harmony between all the powers of human nature.

Accustomed as we are to think gloomily over the discords and trials of life, and dwelling as we do habitually in the shadow of a pessimism which shuts out the light and hope of the world, it is not possible that we can instantly catch that finer sense of harmony which breathes through all created things, and which in art makes beauty express the soul of nature.

And yet while it is not possible that any actor can adequately meet the requirements of his art and the actual facts of life without at times emphasizing the darker experiences of human nature, it is possible to produce a noble form of art which shall appeal successfully to our love of the beautiful, and our appreciation of all that is highest and best in dramatic literature.

And it is because Mr. Booth has contributed so largely in this direction that he has started a current of thought and feeling which will probably increase in volume and power long after he has ceased to instruct

and delight us through his matchless impersonations.

In the natural course of events the time will inevitably come when we shall see him no more, and when there shall be realized the profound truth and the beautiful consolation, that

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

There are some things in this world over which age and decay have no power, and among these the most striking are perhaps the memories and associations connected with those whose names deserve to be remembered, and who by their light and beauty have encouraged us to struggle bravely through the mists and perplexities of life. While other things pass away, these remain everlastingly enshrined in our affections, because they have their source in the depths of the human heart, and also because they are kept alive by those spiritual forces which permeate and control our higher life. In other words, to the man who is intrinsically great, time and change are as nothing; he will live on through the ages by virtue of the immortality that is in his genius and in his character.

HENRY C. PEDDER.

SOUNDS OF A SPRING EVENING.

A smell of budding leaves and showers,
A yellow haze 'round distant towers,
Pale lights across the long, dim field.
The brown hedge full of raindrops glows,
The alder's powdery tassel shows
Beneath the new moon's silver shield.

The stream flows gently in the brakes;
No shepherd here his soft pipe wakes
The ear of rustic maid to please,
Too faint the breezes are to blow
The airy reeds, or make the low,
Sweet music in the willow trees.

Long since the last faint liquid note
Died in the bluebird's dewy throat,
And yet across the bare field sweeps
Pure melody as fine and clear
As June woods know with rivers near,
And poplars rustling in their deeps.

Is it the feet of coming flowers,
The far-off dance of summer hours,
The distant trumpets of the bees,
That lead to piping light and greet
The golden armies of the wheat,
To take with joy the waiting leas?

Or when all other sounds are mute,
Do the sweet echoes of Pan's flute
Awake, and o'er the still field play,
'Till answer thrills from bud and nest,
And under April's silent breast,
Throb the quick heart-beats of the May?

SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

AN AUTOGRAPHICAL ROMANCE.

I.

IT was the most splendid ball of that brilliant season. We see no such rich magnificence nowadays, when monarchs are more concerned to guard their lives than to display their treasures. The chandeliers, which depended like great jewels from the lofty ceiling, were so contrived as to seem to burn with an inward lustre of their own. This lustre irradiated the thousand figures of that multifarious, shifting, murmuring, sparkling assemblage, as we might imagine the sun of Pluto's dominions, to throw its prismatic light over that strange garden of flowers made of precious stones, which he caused to grow for the delight of lost Proserpine. The music that vibrated through the air, and floated aloft in the recesses of the frescoed roof, sounded like the audible expression of this gorgeous artificial life. At the head of the principal saloon were seated the emperor and his suite. I was standing in the embrasure of a window at the other end of the room; the archduke had just left us, and Mrs. Gadflighe and I found ourselves, for the moment, practically alone. By a common impulse we moved farther into the embrasure, and I pushed aside a corner of the embroidered curtain that hung before the pane. Without was the mighty vault of glittering winter stars, silent and calm, and beneath, the city, now dark—for it was long past midnight—save for a single light in some distant window across the unseen river. After gazing for a moment at the mysterious majesty of the outer universe, the lady and I turned again toward each other with a smile, and I let the curtain fall.

Mrs. Gadflighe was at that time, perhaps, the finest woman in Europe. She had youth, wit, wealth, fascination: she was a queen of beauty and deserved to reign. Her husband, a gentleman of excellent taste, had died the year after he married her. She was ambitious, subtle and (for it can do no harm to say so now) unscrupulous. Outwardly the most fastidious observer of etiquette and convention, she inwardly snapped her white

fingers at all laws, human and divine. Young as she was, and brimming with brilliant life, she had sounded the depths of all ordinary social pleasures, and desired to quench her thirst at some more enduring fountain. In her presence it was impossible, even for me, not to be sensible of a warmer glow of admiration than any other woman could inspire. I will not call it love; it was a sentiment of a different character. But she seemed the only being capable of sharing the peculiar glory of my career; we could move together in a sphere above the common virtues and infirmities of the race. In a word, she was worthy of me, and I had reason to believe that she appreciated and would avail herself of the opportunity which destiny was about to afford her.

For my renown, at that period, was second to that of no man alive. I had attained, in my own chosen pursuit, an eminence beyond the reach of rivalry; and the pursuit was one which I deemed to be the most desirable open to man. I was, in short, a collector—a collector of autographs; and although my assortment was smaller than many of the more famous ones of that age, it was entirely unique for the variety and importance of its specimens. Such autographs as might have been the pride of less fortunate seekers, were ordinary trifles to me. As the reports of my success got abroad, I was courted and caressed by the highest society in Europe. The world of wit and beauty flattered me, and monarchs were proud of having been allowed to see my collection. For my own part, I could not avoid perceiving that this homage was not undeserved. I made autographs my religion. The book containing them was my Bible, my Koran, my Zend-avesta. My favorite specimen of the moment was, for that moment, my deity. I desired no Providence better than my autographs; from them I enjoyed fame and distinction; they opened to me all hearts and homes; they were my spear of Britomarte and my shield of Arthur, wherewith I over-

rode the world. Others might be great in war, council, science or philosophy; but I, supreme in my single talent, was above them all. It is needless for me to explain why this was so, the fact was palpable. Perhaps any man who gains credit for supremacy in any calling, be it that of cook or of conqueror, will, so long as he remains unrivaled, have mankind at his feet. Moralizing upon such a subject is trite, nor am I concerned to draw lessons from my experience. Suffice to say that I put autographs above all other interests, spiritual or material, and myself above autographs. Each new prize added to my stature, while it awakened the craving for a prize yet greater. If I were incapable of committing a crime to gratify that craving, it was because no act would have seemed criminal in my eyes which aimed at the acquisition of an autograph. I would not have bartered my autographs for the worth of my immortal soul, which, indeed, was indissolubly bound up in them.

Such were I and my companion as we stood together that night in the embrasure of the palace window. We understood each other, and knew our own value. Apart, we were the first man and woman of our day; but union would multiply our individual power. As these thoughts passed through my mind I looked in Mrs Gadflighe's magic eyes, and methought I saw them reflected there.

"And what brings you to the capital?" she asked, as the notes of the last waltz died away on the perfumed air. "Some new jewel to add to your crown?"

"Yes, a jewel without which all the rest would be imperfect," I replied. "There is one burden, you know, upon pre-eminence; it imposes the necessity of satisfying expectation."

"Only you can know whether your present position be capable of improvement, and therefore you might securely rest."

"I am not secure so long as I am self-conscious. Not the flattery of the vulgar, but my own approval, is my necessity. No; if I fail in my present enterprise, I am a disappointed man!"

"And what is the commodity you require?" demanded she, turning the brace-

let on my arm, and glancing at me with imperial coquetry.

"A marriage covenant between two very famous personages, signed with their names."

"A marriage covenant!" repeated she, with a slightly satirical smile. They are common, and not especially interesting. Besides, they are very liable to injury."

"True—if they are too jealously guarded."

"And you expect to find this treasure here?"

"Yes, if I may rely on your assistance in the search."

There was a pause. Mrs. Gadflighe slowly opened and closed her jeweled fan.

"I might help you find it," she said at last, "but I couldn't insure you against mislaying it when found."

"To have possessed it is all I ask," was my answer.

"Were you to lose the rest of your collection," she continued, "you would not, of course, expect the marriage covenant to survive?"

This turn startled me. Were my collection to vanish, what would become of me? This is the drawback to attaining greatness by something exterior to one's self. Unless I could incorporate my autographs with my own flesh and blood, how could I be safe for an hour against annihilation? It had never struck me in that way before—but my value was as that of the flask which holds priceless wine; pour out the wine, and who would bestow a thought upon the flask? not, probably, such a person as Mrs. Gadflighe.

On the other hand, however, was the lady's own case very different from or superior to mine? Her beauty was, indeed, a part of her; but it was as liable to injury as my autographs, and was moreover certain to vanish in time. And though she had wit as well as beauty, yet, in the absence of the latter, would not the former seem to have lost its charm? A woman who has been beautiful has possessed the highest gift attainable by her sex, and that lost, she goes with it into oblivion. From this point of view, then, she no less than I might even at that moment be swaying on the brink of social extinction. But after casting about for some polite phrase in which to convey that aspect of the matter to her mind, I

finally contented myself with observing that, in my estimation, the marriage covenant and the rest of the collection would be of about equal value; and that if one were lost, I should scarcely seek to retain the other.

"Well," said she, turning her superb head with an indolent movement, "I am unoccupied just now, and, if I can be of service to you, you may depend on me. Ah, here comes our dear Count Fabrici! Count, a thousand people have been seeking for you."

"As for me," returned the Count, with the most finished bow in Europe, "I seek for but one, and my search ends here." "My dear sir," he added, turning to me, "the Emperor has expressed himself honored by your presence."

"His majesty is too kind."

"By the way, to speak of the topic of the time, how happens it you have never met the Countess von Sandsleben? By all accounts, her collection almost rivals your own."

I scarcely repressed a smile, having heard of would-be rivals before. "Who is the Countess von Sandsleben?" I enquired.

"You have not heard of her, then? Well, she is very remarkable. There is a mystery about her."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Gadflighe.

"If I knew, it would not remain one," said the Count, smiling.

"It is strange I have never met her in society," I remarked.

"She never goes out."

"Is she handsome?" Mrs. Gadflighe enquired.

"Eminently so, I understand."

"Beauty, like autographs, is not immortal," I took the opportunity to observe.

"If all reports be true, the present case would seem to be an exception," said the Count. In a lower tone he added: "There are people who assert that the Countess von Sandsleben is thousands of years old. Men who are white-haired and decrepid declare they have seen her when they were as young as she appears to be now, and that, at that time, there were similar rumors about her. Several other circumstances point to a mystery concerning her origin."

"She keeps aloof from society, you say?"

"Yes; but she does not refuse to meet persons properly introduced at her own house."

"She lives alone, then?" said Mrs. Gadflighe.

"So far as is known. Her reserve and independence are such that no one ever ventures to question them. She exercises a singular influence over those she meets. She seems to stand beyond the pale of the every-day world, and is safer in her isolation than were she ten times married."

"But what about her autographs?" I interposed. "Do you know the particulars?"

"I have never seen them," replied Fabrici. "I have heard that she will exhibit them only to those who she knows will appreciate them. To you, however, she would, no doubt, display her choicest treasures. Will you have an introduction?"

"I should be charmed, indeed."

"I cannot promise her assent, but I will employ every inducement."

"Is she a permanent resident here?" asked Mrs. Gadflighe.

"Far from it. She comes and goes like a dream. She moves in an orbit, but one that has not yet been calculated. Whither she goes or whence she returns is unknown to us. I repeat, there is a mystery about her. But, pardon me, I am detaining you. To-morrow, my dear sir, you shall hear from me. Madame, I lay my homage at your feet!" And with another bow, Count Fabrici gracefully retired.

"What can be the secret of this female Phoenix?" said I, with a smile.

"I fancy I have heard of her before," returned Mrs. Gadflighe thoughtfully. "I counsel you, my friend, to beware of her. She is a dangerous woman. But as for the mystery, that, like other mysteries, is probably capable of a very simple interpretation. I see the Duchess beckoning. Give me your arm."

II.

Count Fabrici was as good as his word, and the next day I received a note from him informing me that the Countess von Sandsleben would receive me that evening at nine o'clock. My interest and curiosity had grown with meditation, and, as the hour approached, I found myself in an unusually restless and even excited frame of mind. As to her collection being actually superior to mine, that I was not prepared

to believe; such a thing was impossible. I was familiar with the whole field to be worked, and I was convinced that no prize of any importance could have eluded me. Nevertheless, the world is large and history is long; what if she had contrived to secure some inestimable treasure that would throw all mine into the shade? Pshaw! it could not be. I went to the safe in which I kept my book, and, returning with it to my chair before the fire, I turned over once more the well-remembered pages. Ah, no, there was no rivalry for these! Had not the King of Saxony offered me a thousand guineas for this letter of Peter the Great? Would not Rothschild have parted with a month's income in exchange for that signed receipt for the ransom of King Richard? Was not this score of Beethoven's first composition worth all his music? I leaned back in my chair with a smile of self-complacency, and my reflections took a more comfortable turn. Before I was aware of it, nine o'clock had struck, and a few minutes later (for her house was near mine) I found myself at the Countess von Sandsleben's door.

On being admitted I was conducted up a broad staircase of dark polished stone, the walls on each side being ornamented with designs and figures in the Egyptian style. On a tall antique stand, on the landing, burned a lamp with a reddish flame, dimly reflected in the lustrous surfaces around it. At the head of the next flight was hung a heavy curtain, curiously embroidered with gold; this having been drawn aside, I entered a large hall, with carved and painted Assyrian figures staring down at me on all sides. A square doorway, with bronze leaves richly wrought in high relief, now admitted me to an inner passage, at the end of which a fountain plashed into a great basin of Oriental alabaster; a soft light came through an opening on the right, and reaching this, I looked into a circular chamber, in the centre of which the Countess von Sandsleben herself waited to greet me.

The chamber itself had the effect of a sort of temple. It was lined throughout with precious marbles; the floor was of the richest mosaic work; the ceiling, a round dome, seemed to be overlaid with plates of

beaten gold. A pure white radiance filled the room, whence proceeding I could not determine; it was neither daylight nor lamp-light, and, though possessing a certain intensity, was inexpressibly grateful to the eyes. Against the wall opposite the door, upon a pedestal of lapis-lazuli, stood a statue, exquisitely carved in ivory, with golden-hair and drapery, and eyes apparently formed of precious stones. From some indications I should judge it to have been a figure of Apollo, though in many respects it differed widely from any of the antique representations of the god with which I was familiar. Immediately in front of it, on a three-cornered pyramidal altar of black marble, burned a flickering flame. In the centre of the room was a stand, in the shape of a huge eagle of bronze, with outstretched wings; and on this broad support rested a huge volume, the covers of which seemed to be composed of a sort of dark stone, unpolished, and with some kind of irregular design engraved upon them. But I observed these details only incidentally; the Countess monopolized my chief attention.

She was tall, and of a noble presence; her voluminous black hair was confined by a simple gold fillet; her costume was chiefly white, and hung in severe folds. Her features were regular and undoubtedly beautiful, though there was something unusual in the expression, especially in the eyes. These were large and remarkably brilliant, but, as they met mine, I seemed to see centuries of time buried in their depths. It was age incalculable that I saw there, yet it was in no way allied to decrepitude, and therefore it seemed scarcely human. It suggested the idea of vast duration of life apart from all mortal infirmity; a spirit of immeasurable experience and wisdom dwelling forever in the elastic frame of twenty years. The effect upon me of this unfathomable gaze was to remove any doubts I may thus far have entertained as to the Countess being, as Fabrici had said, a remarkable woman. She was able to command, not respect only, but reverence.

She bade me welcome in a low, full tone, and asked me to be seated. Her manner had singular simplicity—the simplicity and unflinching confidence of childhood, based, however, not upon ignorance, but upon the

wisdom that has traversed the mighty orbit of knowledge and experience, and returned through all the degrees of self-confidence and pride of intellect to simplicity again. Her speech was direct and unadorned, yet expressed with such felicity that each sentence seemed typical, and charged with latent universality, albeit referring ostensibly to every-day things. After a few minutes' conversation, during which she had remained standing, with one hand resting on the wing of the bronze eagle, she moved to the pyramidal altar, and bent over the flame for a moment. Then, standing erect, she glanced upward at the Apollo, with a questioning look, as if the statue were a living being of whom she was seeking counsel. Of course this must have been accidental, or a vagary of my imagination; but it seemed to speak of an acquaintance of long standing with Phœbus, like the companionship of a priestess with her god; perfect understanding and reliance—fruit of ages of reverential study and adoration—on one side; and gracious teaching and inspiration on the other. And, as Apollo looked down upon us, methought there was a grave smile on his face, sweet but inscrutable. Or was it the shadow thrown upward by the altar flame, flickering over his ivory lips?

"I have invited you here," said the Countess, turning to me, "because I am told that you are a student of the inner life of man. I have here"—she laid her hand upon the volume—"some treasures, precious to those who understand them, but meaningless or unreal to eyes which have not learned to see. It would be better for you not to see them at all, than not to see them aright. Are you willing to make the trial?"

"I flatter myself, Countess," said I, overcoming a sort of awe with which, I must confess, this strange young priestess inspired me—"I flatter myself that, as far as autographs are concerned, you will find me as wide-awake and appreciative as you can desire. You have probably heard of my collection? It is the fruit of a lifetime of assiduous labor."

"What, to your mind, is the significance of autographs?" asked the Countess.

"Their significance? Ah, you refer, I presume, to those indications of character or temperament which the handwriting is sup-

posed to afford. There is something in that, no doubt, though perhaps that interest has been a secondary one for me. There is more solid significance, I fancy, in possessing what no one else can possess, and in enjoying the discomfiture of your less successful rivals."

"I cannot entirely agree with you," said the Countess, exchanging another glance with Apollo as she spoke. "But when you have seen what I have to show, your views may be modified. Let us begin."

With these words, she opened the great book, whose massive covers moved as heavily as the doors of a tomb. The first page was covered with a long sheet of fine parchment, written over with a clear and beautiful chirography, though in a language with which I was unacquainted. The parchment not only bore the signs of great age, but it was much defaced by handling, and by the action of the elements, as though its owner had been a hard traveler by flood and field. From its appearance, I should have judged it to be a sort of itinerary, or passport—for at the bottom, in the right-hand corner, was a red seal, deeply stamped with some royal signet.

"Has this any particular value?" I enquired.

"To its original possessor its value was great," replied the Countess, "for it not only consoled him amid the terrors of his journey, but insured him recognition and safety at the end of it. It is related that he lost it one day, and was obliged to retrace his steps to search for it; and that, having found it, he was exceedingly joyful. I have put it in the front of my book, because it was supposed to have power to direct men on their true path through life. Few, however, are able to read it now."

"It has been replaced by fuller and more scientific treatises printed in the modern tongue," I observed. "This had its use in Christian's day, no doubt; but, luckily for us, in this age of enlightenment, such journeys as his are of merely historical interest. To tell you the truth, I do not covet his scroll, though perhaps the seal might be worth something. What comes next?"

The Countess turned the page and revealed what appeared to be a leaf torn from an ancient black-letter volume. The writ-

ing, which was crabbed and quaint, and interspersed with many cabalistic figures and signs, presented an enigmatical and mysterious appearance; and either a peculiar subtle odor which emanated from the leaf, or else the bewildering complications of the figures inscribed upon it, produced an odd effect upon my brain, akin to giddiness. Nevertheless I was compelled, by a sort of fascination, to stare at the characters; and methought that here and there, as I looked, a marvelous significance shone out from them, independent of their literal purport.

"There is something queer about this!" I could not help exclaiming.

"The secret of how to read it did not survive the author of it," said the Countess. "Yet could the key be found, there is, in that one page, magic enough to write all the plays of Shakespeare. It is a passage from the book of the enchanter Prospero. He need not have drowned it. It was never legible, save to him, though men have been spelling at this one leaf for many years past."

"It bears marks of a wetting," I remarked. "I would have given more for it had it been detached before the enchanter threw it into the sea. Ah! this specimen from Merlin's volume is in better preservation, and that of Michael Scott looks presentable. But really, Countess, these things can hardly be called autographs in the modern sense of the word. I have a letter written by Cagliostro that I would not exchange for the whole set."

"Does this please you better?" she enquired.

She pointed to a smoky and blackened slip of paper that looked as if it had hung a long time in a chimney. The writing upon it, however, was clearly distinguishable; it seemed to have been made with a reddish ink, and was hurriedly scrawled over the page. As well as I could judge, the language was Italian.

"From Dante's note-book, that he carried with him on his visit to Hades," said the Countess. "This passage, as you may perceive, contains the record of his conversation with Paolo and Francesca, which he afterward embodied in his poem. It is written with his own blood, no other ink

being at hand. That hole burnt in the paper is where Francesca laid her finger in token that the record was true.

"The thing is curious," said I, "as indicating that interviewing is a practice of older date than is commonly supposed. But are there no other notes of travelers who have visited those regions?"

"You may see here," returned the Countess, turning over a few pages, "a relic of one who once went thither and returned." She pointed to a number of roughly drawn horizontal lines, over which were scattered, apparently at hap-hazard, a quantity of dots and short strokes. "This is the score of that tune of Orpheus which set the trees dancing. If you hum it over you will find it exceedingly lively."

"Offenbach has composed music far more stimulating," said I. "For the rest, I was not aware that musical writing had been so long invented."

"Many modern inventions are but rediscoveries," answered the Countess.

"I see you have other scores," I continued. "Here is a composition that looks as if it would sound rather monotonous. Who is the author of it?"

"That is the 'Rune of the Rain'—a work of nature," the Countess replied, "and from the same hand are these songs of the skylark and the nightingale. But this is the oldest piece of music in the world, and the grandest, though no mortal ears have ever heard it." She pointed to a broad sheet, stained of a deep purple hue, on which the notes sparkled like points of light. I was not musician enough to pronounce upon the merits of the piece, and was not disposed to think that inaudible music could have much value. Nevertheless, if it really were, as the Countess intimated, the music of the spheres, it might be worth the consideration of the new school of musicians inspired by Wagner.

Passing over this section of the Countess's collection, I paused at a series of oblong pieces of paper, in a very imperfect state of preservation, but written in a laboriously distinct hand, and methodically dated and arranged. It resembled nothing so much as some leaves from a tradesman's diary. "What gives these entries the right to a place here?" I exclaimed. "Surely

this cannot be the handwriting of a famous person."

"He was certainly not a person of rank or influence, and the greater part of his life was passed in exile and solitude," the Countess replied; "and yet his name has become more widely known than those of many men who have ruled the destinies of nations. If you will take the trouble to peruse a few lines you may recognize the writer."

I read accordingly. . . . "Why," said I, "this is Robinson Crusoe's Diary, that he kept on the island. I used to be familiar with it in print, when a boy, but I did not know the manuscript had been preserved. If this be genuine, Countess, you are to be congratulated. Such specimens must be rare."

"The genius is rarer than the specimens," she observed. "Here is a legal document that will, perhaps, interest you."

The document in question was written in a peculiar chirography resembling nothing so much as thousands of tiny black serpents coiling and knotting themselves together. The language was German, and the phraseology much involved; but the signatures at the bottom at once apprised me of its purport. These names were those of Doctor Faustus, written in blood, and of Mephistopheles as witness, with a flourish underneath very much like the barbed tail of a scorpion. The material on which the agreement was engrossed appeared to be asbestos, and, considering the situation of the strong-box in which it had probably been kept, this did not surprise me.

"The instrument is doubtless drawn without a flaw," said I, "and yet some people believe that the Doctor saved his soul alive after all."

"It lies not within the power of an immortal spirit to sign away its salvation," replied the Countess gravely.

Among a number of other legal papers were two on which the Countess seemed to set a peculiar value. They were scraps of parchment inscribed in the Latin character. The first was an undertaking to betray to his enemies, for the consideration of thirty pieces of silver, a certain Jesus of Nazareth calling himself the Christ; and underneath was written in long, lean letters the signa-

ture of Iscariot. The other, which bore the seal of the Roman Empire and the name of Pontius Pilate, was an order to deliver up this same Jesus to be crucified.

"Say what you will of the guilt of these men," I remarked, "their fate can have been no common one. Doubtless their souls hold a high station in the regions where they must eternally abide."

"Possibly not," returned the Countess laconically. "Great events often move on insignificant wheels. But these records are precious nevertheless."

We now came to an assortment of amatory epistles, beginning with the original draft of the Song of Songs, which is Solomon's, which indicated that the wisest of men was too wise to trust to a first inspiration in his poetizing—for the manuscript was full of erasures—and coming down to comparatively modern times. There were a letter from Pericles to Aspasia, and her answer; the latter having a postscript of several lines added to it. Both letters were couched in flowing and elegant Greek, but I noticed that Aspasia was somewhat derelict in the matter of accents. And, just as the page was turned, my eye caught a sentence in Pericles's communication not reproduced in any translation . . . which, perhaps, I had better not make public. But I have often wondered, since then, whether the lady took the hint!

"And what is this that resembles the bark of a tree?" I enquired. "The American Indians wrote upon birch-bark, I believe; but I never heard that they wrote poetry."

"That fragment came from a forest older than the primeval ones of the West," said the Countess. "It was taken from a tree in the wood of Arden, and bears one of the effusions of Orlando to his Rosalind."

"Your selections evince taste and ingenuity," said I, "but, to be frank, I doubt whether they would repay at an auctioneer's sale, the trouble they must have cost you to secure them. What is the history of this verse of Greek? It is in marked contrast to Aspasia's letter—it seems to have been dashed down in the greatest haste, and yet there is something in the turn of the expressions, and in the ardent temperament that shows through the lusty

strokes, which indicates it to be the production of no ordinary mind."

"It is a part of one of the lost odes of Sappho," answered the Countess. "Of another character, though scarcely less in earnest, is yonder little poem written on the fly-leaf of a missal."

Ah, "To Lucasta on Going to the Wars," said I, reading the title. "This comes nearer to my own idea of what an autograph should be. These blurred spots are tears, I presume; are they Lovelace's or his lady-love's?"

"They were shed in vain in either case, and yet they are the tenderest part of the poem," replied my entertainer. "Here are stains of another sort;" and she pointed out what proved to be an ode by Anacreon, over which the genial poet had spilled some drops of Chian wine. Even now a fragrance seemed to emanate from the page; but whether it was due to the wine or to the poetry or to my own fancy, I am not prepared to say.

On the next page was a ragged and shriveled strip of stuff, which I at first took to be a bit of old yellow leather. But a closer investigation showed, here and there, a metallic gleam, and some words were deeply engraved into its substance, in what may have been some ancient form of the Greek tongue. I asked the Countess what it was, and she told me that it was the skin of an apple.

"Not the apple that Eve ate, I suppose?" said I.

"No; this was an apple of which all the world has tasted, from the beginning of history till now," she replied. "It is the peel of one of the golden apples of the Hesperides, known as the Apple of Discord; and its presence here is justified by the inscription 'To the Fairest,' in the handwriting of the donor."

There were several other classical curiosities. Here, for example, were the "Rules of Life of Pythagoras," just as he jotted them down, from time to time, on a leaf of papyrus or some similar material. In this rough form they showed more human juice and force than as afterward polished and refined by their author, and brought him before the mind as a man who had actually existed. Here, too, was that famous page from "Ju-

lius Caesar's Commentaries," in which he endeavors to explain the structure of a bridge. Recollecting my own schoolboy bewilderment over this description, I was pleased to see that the writing was full of interlineations and erasures, while the margin was enriched with attempted sketches of the structure, indicating that the great Julius himself was nearly as much puzzled by the thing as I had been. Here, also, was the ode of Horace, "Exegi Monumentum," etc., likewise embellished with a drawing in which the poet, apparently in a satiric mood, had represented his heroic monument supported on the backs of four tortoises, each heading in a different direction. There was an extract from the missing pages of Livy, containing no information of any importance, and, finally, some very clumsy and uncouth characters, which the Countess assured me were the alphabet of Cadmus, who may be considered the ancestor of all autographs whatsoever. He was a very indifferent penman.

Interesting to promoters of education was a page from the book out of which King Alfred learned to read. The monarch had scribbled his own name and that of some young lady all over the blank spaces, together with rude drawings or irrelevant matters, and such sentences as "My brothers are big fools," and "I wish this old book was in Jericho." Evidently, Alfred's character has gained by historical perspective. Of importance to the recent discussion regarding the authorship of Shakespeare's plays was the first draft of *Hamlet's* soliloquy in the well-known and unmistakable handwriting of Queen Elizabeth. This settles the question at once, and there was scarcely needed in confirmation the same passage as copied out by Shakespeare without blotting a line, together with a request to her majesty to correct any mistakes that may have crept into the orthography. Surely the refusal of the authorities of Columbia College to admit women cannot be sustained in face of this proof that the great poet of all time was himself a female. The problem of "Junius" was solved on the same page. It would appear that the author of the letters (whose identity, lest I should deprive future ages of the pleasure of disputing

about it, I will not reveal) was in the habit of getting his effusions copied by a deaf and dumb Italian amanuensis, who did not understand the English language, and who supposed that he was transcribing the chapters of a serial novel.

Farther on was a large sheet covered with much delicate handwriting and abstruse calculations, which the Countess affirmed was a part of the famous work by Newton, to which his little dog, "Diamond," set fire. I could not help expressing my surprise at the admirable manner in which the paper had been restored from its ashes.

"There is nothing especially wonderful in that," returned the Countess. "By a process of intellectual chemistry, involving the action of time upon the human mind, not this page alone, but all the wisdom of the Past, may be, and must be, recovered from its dust. There is no such thing as annihilation."

"At all events," I remarked, "Newton's patience remains as phenomenal as ever."

Perhaps the most stimulating, and, at the same time, depressing portion of the Countess's collection, consisted of extracts from those numerous brilliant and profound works which their authors planned, but, for various reasons, were never able to execute. There was not one of these unborn volumes but was overflowing with genius, and immeasurably superior to anything that the writer had succeeded in actually bringing into the world. This would seem to indicate that the process of mental parturition is the greatest obstacle to success in literature; and if ever a method is invented of photographing the ideas and visions as they first kindle in the brain, both authors and readers, not to speak of publishers, will gain incalculably.

Farther on we came to several columns of names, not a few of which were familiar to me. They were divided into two general lists, one of which was written in gold ink, that sparkled in the light, while the other was penned in a fluid of the deepest black, which seemed to absorb more light than the other emitted.

"The first is the Roll of Fame," explained the Countess, in answer to my inquiries; "the other is the 'Rogue's Calendar.'"

"But I notice," said I, "that a great many of the names in the first list are repeated in the second."

"These are both human compilations," answered she, "and both may be otherwise arranged in the books of the recording angel."

"By the way, have you any specimens from that renowned work?" I inquired.

"Only one," said the Countess; and pointed to a blurred entry, where the profanity of poor Uncle Toby had been written down, and blotted out with a tear.

The Record of Disaster, of which a part was shown, resembled very much a slip of ordinary "copy" for one of our morning newspapers. In agreeable contrast to it was Colin Clout's Calendar, written in all the colors of the rainbow, and beautifully illuminated in blue, red and gold. Another curious relic was the text and a portion of the exordium of a Sermon in a Stone—a very solid and weighty discourse; and beside it, couched in a singularly flowing and translucent style, was a corrected proof-sheet from a "Book in the Running Brook." But I was beginning to be weary of such far-fetched marvels.

The volume, however, was far from being exhausted. In one place I saw a page closely written from the bottom to the top, which had this peculiarity, that the earlier portions were, as a rule, much more distinct than the later additions, which had the appearance of being, so to speak, out of focus. This was the Record of Time. A volume of a different kind was instanced by a specimen written on a fresh green leaf, from which emanated a delightful spring-like fragrance; and the characters, in their charming irregularity, which yet was dominated by an inner law, seemed not so much to have been written down, as to have grown spontaneously into existence. This was a page from the Book of Nature, and the Countess remarked that although it was much consulted of late by so-called scientific persons, the spirit of its teachings was in great measure ignored by the mass of mankind.

"The same can hardly be said of this, I imagine," said I, pointing to the next specimen. "A more bethumbed, dog-eared, greasy, ragged and altogether repulsive

sheet of paper, I never saw. It seems out of place in such an elegant collection."

"It could hardly have been omitted, however," the Countess replied, "and most people make an acquaintance with it, in one way or another, before they die. Whether or not they profit by it is another question. It is the Lesson of Life."

"Will the teacher never condescend to make it more agreeable?" I demanded.

"It is for the learner, not the teacher, to do that," was the Countess's reply.

There were bits of manuscript from several other educational works. Here was the title page of the "Grammar of the Language of the Heart;" a new edition, revised and remodeled by Mrs. Victoria Woodhull. A very dry and monotonous piece of writing was labeled the "Dictates of Experience;" and there was monotony, too, though disguised by a great external display of variety, in the "Dictates of Fashion." There was a glossary of the "Language of the Eyes," and some declensions and conjugations from the "Languages of Sculpture and Painting." An extract from a learned work on "Plain Language" contained the assertion that this tongue was acquired only by persons who had suffered from an enlargement of the liver. As this was not my category, I made no effort to understand it.

The name of John Keats, written in water which had immediately afterward been frozen, and so preserved ever since, was to the credit of the autograph-seeker's enterprise; and so were one or two other names, known to history from having been inscribed on the heart of the people. More commonplace were some of the original letters of those extraordinarily diligent correspondents, Clarissa Harlowe and her acquaintances, and some others from that famous group of eccentrics whose fortunes were connected with that of "Humphry Clinker." Of romantic interest was the little note, containing a few artfully hurried lines, writ by Beatrix Esmond to the Pretender, when she was separated from him against her will; and beneath it, in a firm and compact handwriting, was the manuscript of the number of the "Spectator" which her cousin composed for her edification. There was a page from the pa-

pers of Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröck, in which he alludes to his affairs of the heart; and a highly sentimental disquisition, purporting to emanate from the spirit world, the chief claim to notice of which lay in the fact that it was written upside down and backward through the mediumship of a person wholly illiterate. More attractive, and perhaps less supernatural, was a sensible "Woman's Rights Programme," and, as a sequel to it, the manuscript of the "Message of America's First Female Colored President." It may be worth while to mention, likewise, a page from Miss Braddon's next novel, a new "Idyl of the King," by Tennyson, a careless sentence by George Eliot, a lucid stanza by Robert Browning (though the authenticity of this was doubted,) a redundant paragraph by Bacon, a hymn in orthodox metre by Walt Whitman, and a whole chapter of the "Great American Novel," by an anonymous author. A number of other equally remarkable specimens I saw, but they have escaped my memory. The last page in the book was a blank one; and as I was about to look on the other side of it the Countess stayed my hand.

"I ought to tell you," said she, "that this is a new leaf, and you must be prepared to take the consequences of turning it over."

"I am obliged to you for the information," I replied; "and since you leave it to my option, I prefer to let it remain as it is."

The Countess, therefore, closed the volume, and fastened it with a curious contrivance, which she assured me was the Seal of Death. As I was about to turn away she called my attention to the two covers, which, as I have already observed, were composed of some very massive material. Upon investigation I found the first to be composed of a slab of dark stone, which had been broken across the centre, as if by dashing it violently against the ground. It had traces of some inscription upon it. I looked up at the Countess for an explanation, but her glance intimidated me, so solemn was it.

"This slab," said she, "is one of the Tablets of the Law, which Moses cast down in his wrath upon Mount Sinai."

The opposite cover was scarcely less eminent in significance. It was a square of pol-

ished Eastern marble, on which a sentence was written that seemed to have been fused into the surface of the stone by a finger of fire.

"That piece of marble," the Countess said, "was once a part of the wall of King Balshazzar's banquet-hall; and the words, as interpreted by the prophet, are 'Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin.'"

III.

"I hardly know in what terms to express my obligation to you, Countess," said I, when the exhibition was thus brought to a close. "Your collection undoubtedly does you infinite honor. To be frank, however, greatly as I admire your specimens, I cannot say that I precisely covet them. The fact is, they belong to a world—a region—a sphere—with which I have little or nothing to do. Their value, whatever it is, is not to be expressed in the ordinary terms of commerce. I question whether, if I possessed the whole of them, I should thereby gain a particle more of solid distinction than I already enjoy. There need be no rivalry between us. If you are supreme in your branch of the pursuit, you do not in the least diminish my exaltation in mine. May we not congratulate each other?"

"You are certainly to be congratulated, from your own point of view," the Countess replied serenely.

"And would it be indiscreet to enquire," I continued, "how it happened that you fell into the way of picking up this sort of thing? Have you never had any literary proclivities of your own?"

"Many years ago," replied the lady, "I wrote a series of books, relating the events of a period of time which was then in the future, but which now is past."

"Ah, indeed! Something in the nature of a political or social satire, I presume, such as from time to time are produced by our imaginative writers. Did the volumes attain any wide circulation?"

"I offered them to a certain personage, but he considered the price too high, and refused them. I then burned them, one after the other, until but one remained, and for this I received the same price that had been refused for the whole series."

"And may I ask the name of the other party to this transaction?"

"He was Tarquin, surnamed the Proud," answered the Countess. "The story is still preserved, I believe, in the annals of early Rome."

This reply somewhat put me out of countenance; though, if this were indeed the sibyl who wrote the prophetic books, it abundantly accounted for the strange expression of age-long experience which I had noticed in her fathomless eyes. But I confess that I was for a moment at a loss how to continue the conversation. Fortunately, she came to my assistance.

"As a trifling act may be nobly done," said she, "so may a profound pursuit be ignobly followed. The characters whereby a man gives visibility to his thoughts are—himself! The word that he writes portrays his nature and his history. If you have skill to read it, you may know his heart and his life. Therefore the book of autographs is the Book of Human Life. But such a book should not be entrusted to ignorant and unworthy hands. Those who have been offered wisdom, and who have refused it—they only are fools!"

"If I have done anything, Countess—" I began; but she silenced me with a gesture.

"In yourself, you are nothing; but you are the type of a class," she said, "and therefore I have shown you what will never again be revealed to mortal eyes. Not I, but your own blindness and perversity, have condemned you. Henceforth, not only is this book closed to you, but the basis upon which you built your artificial notoriety is taken away. From this hour your doom is, to be—yourself!"

As she uttered the last words, the Countess rose to her feet, and stretched out one arm toward the statue of Apollo, as if invoking his aid. Instantly the fire on the altar blazed up in a broad sheet of flame, then sank into darkness, and the whole interior of the temple, and the priestess herself, vanished from my sight. My brain whirled; I seemed to pass rapidly through space; I pressed my hands to my face; when I removed them I was once more in my own room, in my chair before the fire. What was that strange smell in the air?

As I asked myself the question, there

came a loud knocking on my door. I arose and opened it, and was surprised to see Fabrici.

"Ah! you had not yet started, then," he exclaimed. "I feared I should be too late. My dear sir, the most unlucky *contretemps*! Not a quarter of an hour ago I received intelligence that the Countess von Sandsleben has left town, and, I presume, taken her autographs with her. It is most provoking, but it is just like her! Well, there is nothing to be done. Let us hope that she will return soon, and then it shall be my fault if you do not meet her."

"Meet her! Have we not met?" I murmured, pressing my hand to my forehead, and striving to collect my scattered wits. "She said, 'Your doom is, to be—'"

"But, my dear fellow," interrupted Fabrici, who had advanced to the fireplace, "what is this smell of burning? Have you been destroying old love-letters, or what? Bless my soul, why—what is this? As I am a living man, your book of autographs! And charred to a cinder! Have you had a paroxysm of insanity? Or have you merely been asleep before the fire, and let the book fall off your lap on the coals? Bless my soul! Awfully sorry, upon my word! Ha, ha, ha! What will Mrs. Gadflighe say! My dear sir, I must be off. What a loss, to be sure! There will be nothing of you left!"

"Nothing, indeed," muttered I, as the door closed behind my diplomatic friend. "The sibyl said true: 'From this hour, my doom is, to be myself!'"

But it is not easy for a man at once to realize that his entire social welfare and importance depends upon so external a matter as a batch of old autographs; and I could not help thinking that Mrs. Gadflighe's regard for me was rooted in something deeper. Accordingly, the next morning I called at her house. Her carriage was standing before the door.

"Mrs. Gadflighe is not at home, sir," said the porter.

The words were not out of the fellow's mouth, when the door opened, and Mrs. Gadflighe herself appeared, with Fabrici in her train. She looked me straight in the face; but though there was some curiosity, there was not a vestige of recognition in her gaze. Fabrici handed her into the carriage, and then, turning with one foot on the step, he said in my ear:

"By the way, my dear fellow, was that marriage covenant you were talking about among the collection that got burned last night?" Without waiting for my reply, he took his place by Mrs. Gadflighe, and they were driven away.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.



LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

PRACTICAL people talk with a smile of Plato and of his absolute ideas; and it is impossible to deny that Plato's ideas do often seem unpractical and impracticable, and especially when one views them in connection with the life of a great work-a-day world like the United States. The necessary staple of the life of such a world Plato regards with disdain; handicraft and trade and the working professions he regards with disdain; but what becomes of the life of an industrial modern community if you take handicraft and trade and the working professions out of it? The base mechanic arts and handicrafts, says Plato, bring about a natural weakness in the principle of excellence in a man, so that he cannot govern the ignoble growths in him, but nurses them, and cannot understand fostering any other. Those who exercise such arts and trades, as they have their bodies, he says, marred by their vulgar businesses, so they have their souls, too, bowed and broken by them. And if one of these uncomely people has a mind to seek self-culture and philosophy, Plato compares him to a bald little tinker, who has scraped together money, and has got his release from service, and has had a bath, and bought a new coat, and is rigged out like a bridegroom about to marry the daughter of his master who has fallen into poor and helpless estate. Nor do the working professions fare any better than trade at the hands of Plato. He draws for us an inimitable picture of the working lawyer, and of his life of bondage; he shows how this bondage from his youth up has stunted and warped him, and made him small and crooked of soul, encompassing him with difficulties which he is not man enough to rely on justice and truth as means to encounter, but has recourse, for help out of them, to falsehood and wrong. And so, says Plato, this poor creature is bent and broken, and grows up from boy to man without a particle of soundness in him, though exceedingly smart and clever in his own esteem.

One cannot refuse to admire the artist

who draws these pictures. But we say to ourselves that his ideas show the influence of a primitive and obsolete order of things, when the warrior caste and the priestly caste were alone in honor, and the humble work of the world was done by slaves. But we have changed all that; the modern majority consists in work, as Emerson declares; and, in work, we may add, principally of such plain and dusty kind as the work of cultivators of the ground, handicraftsmen, men of trade and business, men of the working professions. Above all is this true in a great industrious community such as that of the United States.

Now, education, many people go on to say, is still mainly governed by the ideas of men like Plato, who lived when the warrior caste and the priestly or philosophical class were alone in honor, and the really useful part of the community were slaves. It is an education fitted for persons of leisure in such a community. This education passed from Greece and Rome to the feudal communities of Europe, where also the warrior caste and the priestly caste were alone held in honor, and where the really useful and working part of the community, though not nominally slaves, as in the pagan world, were practically not much better off than slaves, and not more seriously regarded. And how absurd it is, people end by saying, to inflict this education upon an industrious modern community, where very few indeed are persons of leisure, and the mass to be considered has not leisure, but is bound, for its own great good, and for the world's great good, to plain labor and to industrial pursuits, and the education in question tends necessarily to make men dissatisfied with these pursuits and unfitted for them.

That is what is said. So far I must defend Plato, as to plead that his view of education and studies is in the general, as it seems to me, sound enough, and fitted for all sorts and conditions of men, whatever their pursuits may be. 'An intelligent man,' says Plato, 'will prize those studies

which shall result in his soul getting soberness, righteousness and wisdom, and will disregard the rest.' I cannot consider that a bad description of the aim of education, and of the motives which should govern us in the choice of studies, whether we are preparing ourselves for a hereditary seat in the English House of Lords or for the pork trade in Chicago. Still I admit that Plato's world was not ours, that his scorn of trade and handicraft is fantastic, that he had no conception of a great industrial community such as that of the United States, and that such a community must and will shape its education to suit its own needs. If the usual education handed down to it from the past does not suit it, it will certainly before long drop this and try another. The usual education in the past has been mainly literary. The tyranny of the past, many think, weighs on us still in the predominance given to letters in education. The question is raised whether, to meet the needs of our modern life, the predominance ought not now to pass to science; and naturally the question is nowhere raised with more energy than here in this intensely modern world of the United States. The design of abasing what is called 'mere literary instruction and education,' and of exalting what is called 'sound, extensive and practical scientific knowledge,' is, even more here than in Europe, a very popular design, and makes great and rapid progress.

I am going to ask whether the present movement for ousting letters from their old predominance in education, and for transferring the predominance in education to the natural sciences, whether this brisk and flourishing movement ought to prevail, and whether it is likely that in the end it really will prevail. An objection may be raised which I will anticipate. My own studies have been almost wholly in letters, and my visits to the field of the natural sciences have been very slight and inadequate, although those sciences strongly move my curiosity. A man of letters, it will perhaps be said, is quite incompetent to discuss the comparative merits of letters and natural science as means of education. His incompetence, however, if he attempts the discussion but is really incompetent for it, will be abundantly visible; nobody will be taken in;

he will have plenty of sharp observers and critics to save mankind from that danger. But the line I am going to follow is, as you will soon discover, so extremely simple, that perhaps it may be followed without failure even by one who for a more ambitious line of discussion would be quite incompetent.

Some of you may possibly remember a phrase of mine which has been the object of a good deal of comment; an observation to the effect that in our culture, the aim being *to know ourselves and the world*, we have, as the means to this end, *to know the best which has been thought and said in the world*. A man of science, who is also an excellent writer and the very prince of debaters, Professor Huxley, in a discourse at the opening of Sir Josiah Mason's college at Birmingham, laying hold of this phrase, expanded it by quoting some more words of mine, which are these: 'The civilized world is to be regarded as now being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result; and whose members have for their proper outfit a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another. Special local and temporary advantages being put out of account, that modern nation will, in the intellectual and spiritual sphere, make most progress which most thoroughly carries out this programme.'

Now on my phrase, thus enlarged, Professor Huxley remarks that, when I speak of the above-mentioned knowledge as enabling us to know ourselves and the world, I assert *literature* to contain the materials which suffice for thus making us know ourselves and the world. But it is not by any means clear, says he, that after having learned all which ancient and modern literatures have to tell us, we have laid a sufficiently broad and deep foundation for that criticism of life which constitutes culture. On the contrary, Professor Huxley declares that he finds himself 'wholly unable to admit that either nations or individuals will really advance, if their common outfit draws nothing from the stores of physical science. An army without weapons of precision, and with no particular base of operations, might more hopefully enter upon a campaign on the Rhine, than a man devoid of a knowl-

edge of what physical science has done in the last century, upon a criticism of life.'

This shows how needful it is, for those who are to discuss any matter together, to have a common understanding as to the sense of the terms they employ,—how needful, and how difficult. What Professor Huxley says, implies just the reproach which is so often brought against the study of *belles lettres*, as they are called: that the study is an elegant one, but slight and ineffectual; a smattering of Greek and Latin and other ornamental things, of little use for anyone whose object is to get at the truth. So, too, M. Renan talks of the 'superficial humanism' of a school-course which treats us as if we were all going to be poets, writers, orators, and he opposes this humanism to positive science, or the critical search after truth. And there is always a tendency in those who are remonstrating against the predominance of letters in education, to understand by letters *belles lettres*, and by *belles lettres* a superficial humanism, the opposite of science or true knowledge.

But when we talk of knowing Greek and Roman antiquity, for instance, which is what people have called humanism, we mean a knowledge which is something more than a superficial humanism, mainly decorative. 'I call all teaching *scientific*,' says Wolf, the critic of Homer, 'which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original sources. For example (says he): a knowledge of classical antiquity is scientific when the remains of classical antiquity are correctly studied in the original languages.' There can be no doubt that Wolf is perfectly right; that all learning is scientific which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original sources, and that a genuine humanism is scientific.

When I speak of knowing Greek and Roman antiquity, therefore, as a help to knowing ourselves and the world, I mean more than a knowledge of so much vocabulary, so much grammar, so many portions of authors, in the Greek and Latin languages. I mean knowing the Greeks and Romans, and their life and genius, and what they were and did in the world; what we get from them and what is its value. That, at least, is the ideal; and when we talk of endeavoring to know Greek and Roman antiquity

as a help to knowing ourselves and the world, we mean endeavoring so to know them as to satisfy this ideal, however much we may still fall short of it.

The same as to knowing our own and other modern nations, with the aim of getting to understand ourselves and the world. To know the best that has been thought and said by the modern nations is to know, says Professor Huxley, 'only what modern *literatures* have to tell us; it is the criticism of life contained in modern literature.' And yet, 'the distinctive character of our times,' he urges, 'lies in the vast and constantly increasing part which is played by natural knowledge.' And how, therefore, can a man, devoid of knowledge of what physical science has done in the last century enter hopefully upon a criticism of modern life?

Let us, I say, be agreed about the meaning of the terms we are using. I talk of knowing the best which has been thought and uttered in the world; Professor Huxley says this means knowing *literature*. Literature is a large word; it may mean everything written with letters or printed in a book. Euclid's *Elements* and Newton's *Principia* are thus literature. All knowledge that reaches us through books is literature. But by literature Professor Huxley means *belles lettres*. He means to make me say, that knowing the best which has been thought and said by the modern nations is knowing their *belles lettres* and no more. And this is no sufficient equipment, he argues, for a criticism of modern life. But as I do not mean, by knowing ancient Rome, knowing merely more or less of Latin *belles lettres*, and taking no account of Rome's military and political and legal and administrative work in the world; and as, by knowing ancient Greece, I understand knowing her as the giver of Greek art, and the guide to a free and right use of reason and to scientific method, and the founder of our mathematics and physics and astronomy and biology—I understand knowing her as all this, and not merely knowing certain Greek poems and histories and treatises and speeches—so as to the knowledge of modern nations also. By knowing modern nations I mean not merely knowing their *belles lettres*, but knowing also what has been done by such

men as Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Darwin. 'Our ancestors learned,' says Professor Huxley, 'that the earth is the centre of the visible universe, and that man is the cynosure of things terrestrial; and more especially was it inculcated that the course of nature had no fixed order, but that it could be and constantly was altered.' But for us now, continues Professor Huxley, 'the notions of the beginning and the end of the world entertained by our forefathers are no longer credible. It is very certain that the earth is not the chief body in the material universe, and that the world is not subordinated to man's use. It is even more certain that nature is the expression of a definite order, with which nothing interferes.' 'And yet,' he cries, 'the purely classical education advocated by the representatives of the humanists in our day gives no inkling of all this!'

In due place and time I will just touch upon that vexed question of classical education; but at present the question is as to what is meant by knowing the best which modern nations have thought and said. It is not knowing their *belles lettres* merely which is meant. To know Italian *belles lettres* is not to know Italy, and to know English *belles lettres* is not to know England. Into knowing Italy and England there comes a great deal more, Galileo and Newton amongst it. The reproach of being a superficial humanism, a tincture of *belles lettres*, may attach rightly enough to some other disciplines; but to the particular discipline recommended when I proposed knowing the best that has been thought and said in the world, it does not apply. In that best I certainly include what in modern times has been thought and said by the great observers and knowers of nature.

There is, therefore, really no question between Professor Huxley and me as to whether knowing the results of the scientific study of nature is not required as a part of our culture, as well as knowing the products of literature and art. But to follow the processes by which those results are reached ought, say the friends of physical science, to be made the staple of education for the bulk of mankind. And here there does arise a question between those whom

Professor Huxley calls with playful sarcasm 'the Levites of culture,' and those whom the poor humanist is sometimes apt to regard as its Nebuchadnezzars.

The great results of the scientific investigation of nature we are agreed upon knowing, but how much of our study are we bound to give to the processes by which those results are reached? The results have their visible bearing on human life. But all the processes, too, all the items of fact, by which those results are established, are interesting. All knowledge is interesting to a wise man, and the knowledge of nature is interesting to all men. It is very interesting to know that, from the albuminous white of the egg, the chick in the egg gets the materials for its flesh, bones, blood and feathers; while, from the fatty yolk of the egg, it gets the heat and energy which enable it at length to break its shell and begin the world. It is less interesting, perhaps, but still it is interesting to know, that when a taper burns the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water. Moreover, it is quite true that the habit of dealing with facts which is given by the study of nature is, as the friends of physical science praise it for being, an excellent discipline. The appeal, in the study of nature, is constantly to observation and experiment; not only is it said that the thing is so, but we can be made to see that it is so. Not only does a man tell us that when a taper burns the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, as a man may tell us, if he likes, that Charon is punting his boat on the Styx, or that Victor Hugo is a sublime poet; but we are made to see that the conversion into carbonic acid and water does really happen. This reality of natural knowledge it is, which makes the friends of physical science contrast it as a knowledge of things, with the humanist's knowledge, which is, say they, a knowledge of words. And hence Professor Huxley is moved to lay it down that, 'for the purpose of attaining real culture, an exclusively scientific education is at least as effectual as an exclusively literary education.' And a certain President of the Section for Mechanical Science in the British Association is, in Scripture phrase, 'very bold,' and declares that if a man, in his

mental training, 'has substituted literature and history for natural science, he has chosen the less useful alternative.' But whether we go these lengths or not, we must all admit that in natural science the habit gained of dealing with facts is a most valuable discipline, and that everyone should have some experience of it.

More than this, however, is demanded by the reformers. It is proposed to make the training in natural science the main part of education, for the great majority of mankind at any rate. And here, I confess, I part company with the friends of physical science, with whom up to this point I have been agreeing. In differing from them, however, I wish to proceed with the utmost caution and diffidence. The smallness of my acquaintance with the disciplines of natural science is ever before my mind, and I am fearful of doing them injustice. The ability of the partisans of natural science makes them formidable persons to contradict. The tone of tentative inquiry, which befits a being of dim faculties and bounded knowledge, is the tone I would wish to take and not to depart from. At present it seems to me that those who are for giving to natural knowledge, as they call it, the chief place in the education of the majority of mankind, leave one important thing out of their account—the constitution of human nature. But I put this forward on the strength of some facts not at all recondite, very far from it; facts capable of being stated in the simplest possible fashion, and to which, if I so state them, the man of science will, I am sure, be willing to allow their due weight.

Deny the facts altogether, I think, he hardly can. He can hardly deny, that when we set ourselves to enumerate the powers which go to the building up of human life, and say that they are the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, and the power of social life and manners—he can hardly deny that this scheme, though drawn in rough and plain lines and not pretending to scientific exactness, does yet give a fairly true representation of the matter. Human nature is built up by these powers; we have the need for them all. This is evident enough, and the friends of physical science

will admit it. But perhaps they may not have sufficiently observed another thing: namely, that these powers just mentioned are not isolated, but there is in the generality of mankind a perpetual tendency to relate them one to another in divers ways. With one such way of relating them I am particularly concerned now. Following our instinct for intellect and knowledge, we acquire pieces of knowledge; and presently, in the generality of men, there arises the desire to relate these pieces of knowledge to our sense for conduct, to our sense for beauty—and there is weariness and dissatisfaction if the desire is balked. Now in this desire lies, I think, the strength of that hold which letters have upon us.

All knowledge is, as I said just now, interesting; and even items of knowledge which from the nature of the case cannot well be related, but must stand isolated in our thoughts, have their interest. Even lists of exceptions have their interest. If we are studying Greek accents, it is interesting to know that *país* and *pas*, and some other monosyllables of the same form of declension, do not take the circumflex upon the last syllable of the genitive plural, but vary, in this respect, from the common rule. If we are studying physiology, it is interesting to know that the pulmonary artery carries dark blood and the pulmonary vein carries bright blood, departing in this respect from the common rule for the division of labor between the veins and the arteries. But everyone knows how we seek naturally to combine the pieces of our knowledge together, to bring them under general rules, to relate them to principles; and how unsatisfactory and tiresome it would be to go on forever learning lists of exceptions, or accumulating items of fact which must stand isolated.

Well, that same need of relating our knowledge, which operates here within the sphere of our knowledge itself, we shall find operating, also, outside that sphere. We experience, as we go on learning and knowing—the vast majority of us experience—the need of relating what we have learned and known to the sense which we have in us for conduct, to the sense which we have in us for beauty,

The Mantineian prophetess, Diotima, once

explained to Socrates, that love, and impulse, and bent of all kinds, is, in fact, nothing but the desire in men that good should be forever present to them. This desire for good, Diotima assured him, is our fundamental desire, and love is only one particular form of it. And this primordial desire it is, I suppose—this desire in men that good should be forever present to them—which causes in us the impulse for relating our knowledge to our sense for conduct and to our sense for beauty. At any rate, with men in general the instinct exists. Such is human nature. And the instinct, it will be admitted, is innocent, and human nature is preserved by our following the lead of its innocent instincts. Therefore, in seeking to gratify this instinct in question, we are following the instinct of self-preservation in humanity.

But some kinds of knowledge do not directly serve the instinct in question, cannot be directly related to the sense for beauty, to the sense for conduct. These are instrument-knowledges; they lead on to other knowledges, which can. A man who passes his life in instrument-knowledges is a specialist. They may be invaluable as instruments to something beyond, for those who have the gift thus to employ them; and they may be disciplines in themselves wherein it is useful for everyone to have some schooling. But it is inconceivable that the generality of men should pass all their mental life with Greek accents or with formal logic. My eminent friend, Professor Sylvester, holds transcendental doctrines as to the virtue of mathematics, but those doctrines are not for common men. In the very Senate House and heart of our English Cambridge I ventured, though not without an apology for my profaneness, to hazard the opinion that for the majority of mankind a little of mathematics, even, goes a long way. Of course this is quite consistent with their being of immense importance as an instrument to something else; but it is the few who have the aptitude for thus using them, not the bulk of mankind.

The natural sciences do not stand on the same footing with these instrument-knowledges. Experience shows us that the generality of men will find more interest in learning that, when a taper burns, the wax

is converted into carbonic acid and water, or in learning the explanation of the phenomenon of dew, or in learning how the circulation of the blood is carried on, than they find in learning that the genitive plural of *pais* and *pas* does not take the circumflex on the termination. And one piece of natural knowledge is added to another, and others are added to that, and at last we come to propositions so interesting as the famous proposition that 'our ancestor was a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits.' Or we come to propositions of such reach and magnitude as those which Professor Huxley delivers, when he says that the notions of our forefathers about the beginning and the end of the world were all wrong, and that nature is the expression of a definite order with which nothing interferes.

Interesting, indeed, these results of science are, important they are, and we should all of us be acquainted with them. But what I now wish you to mark is, that we are still, when they are propounded to us and we receive them, we are still in the sphere of intellect and knowledge. And for the generality of men there will be found, I say, to arise, when they have duly taken in the proposition that their ancestor was 'a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits,' there will be found to arise an invincible desire to relate this proposition to the sense within them for conduct and to the sense for beauty. But this the men of science will not do for us, and will hardly, even, profess to do. They will give us other pieces of knowledge, other facts, about other animals and their ancestors, or about plants, or about stones, or about stars; and they may finally bring us to those 'general conceptions of the universe which have been forced upon us all,' says Professor Huxley, 'by physical science.' But still it will be knowledge only which they give us; knowledge not put for us into relation with our sense for conduct, our sense for beauty, and touched with emotion by being so put; not thus put for us, and therefore, to the majority of mankind, after a certain while unsatisfying, wearying.

Not to the born naturalist, I admit. But

what do we mean by a born naturalist? We mean a man in whom the zeal for observing nature is so strong and eminent that it marks him off from the bulk of mankind. Such a man will pass his life happily in collecting natural knowledge and reasoning upon it, and will ask for nothing, or hardly anything, more. I have heard it said that the sagacious and admirable naturalist whom we lost not long ago, Mr. Darwin, once owned to a friend that for his part he did not experience the necessity for two things which most men find so necessary to them—poetry and religion; science and the domestic affections, he thought, were enough. To a born naturalist, I can well understand that this should seem so. So absorbing is his occupation with nature, so strong his love for his occupation, that he goes on acquiring natural knowledge of and reasoning upon it, and has little time or inclination for thinking about getting it related to the desire in man for conduct, the desire in man for beauty. He relates it to them for himself as he goes along, so far as he feels the need; and he draws from the domestic affections all the additional solace necessary. But then Darwins are very rare. Another great and admirable master of natural knowledge, Faraday, was a Sandemanian. That is to say, he related his knowledge to his instinct for conduct and to his instinct for beauty, by the aid of that respectable Scottish secretary, Robert Sandeman. And so strong in general is the demand of religion and poetry to have their share in a man, to associate themselves with his knowing, and to relieve and rejoice it, that for one man amongst us with the disposition to do as Darwin did in this respect, there are fifty, probably, with the disposition to do as Faraday.

Education itself lays hold upon us by satisfying this demand. Professor Huxley holds up to scorn mediæval education, with its neglect of the knowledge of nature, its poverty even of literary studies, its formal logic devoted to 'showing how and why that which the church said was true must be true.' But the great mediæval Universities were not brought into being, we may be sure, by the zeal for giving a jejune and contemptible education. Kings have been their nursing fathers and queens have been

their nursing mothers, but not for this. The mediæval Universities came into being because the supposed knowledge delivered by Scripture and the Church so deeply engaged men's hearts, by so simply, easily, and powerfully relating itself to the desire for conduct, the desire for beauty. All other knowledge was dominated by this supposed knowledge and was subordinated to it, because of the surpassing strength of the hold which it gained upon men's affections by allying itself profoundly with their sense for conduct and their sense for beauty.

But now, says Professor Huxley, conceptions of the universe fatal to the notions held by our forefathers have been forced upon us by physical science. Grant to him that they are thus fatal, that the new conceptions must and will become current everywhere, and that everyone will finally perceive them to be fatal to the beliefs of our forefathers. The need of humane letters, as they are truly called, because they serve the paramount desire in men that good should be forever present to them—the need of humane letters to establish a relation between the new conceptions and our instinct for beauty, our instinct for conduct, is only the more visible. The Middle Age could do without humane letters, as it could do without the study of nature, because its supposed knowledge was made to engage its emotions so powerfully. Grant that the supposed knowledge disappears, its power of being made to engage the emotions will, of course, disappear along with it; but the emotions themselves, and their claim to be engaged and satisfied, will remain. Now, if we find by experience that humane letters have an undeniable power of engaging the emotions, the importance of humane letters in a man's training becomes not less, but greater, in proportion to the success of modern science in extirpating what it calls 'mediæval thinking.'

Have humane letters, then, have poetry and eloquence, the power here attributed to them of engaging the emotions, and do they exercise it? And if they have it and exercise it, how do they exercise it so as to exert an influence upon man's sense for conduct, his sense for beauty? Finally, even if they both can and do exert an influence upon the senses in question, how are they

to relate to them the results—the modern results—of natural science? All these questions may be asked. First, have poetry and eloquence the power of calling out the emotions? The appeal is to experience. Experience shows that for the vast majority of men, for mankind in general, they have the power. Next, do they exercise it? They do. But then, *how* do they exercise it? And this is perhaps a case for applying the Preacher's words: 'Though a man labor to seek it out, yet he shall not find it; yea, further, though a wise man think to know it, yet shall he not be able to find it.' Why should it be one thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say, 'Patience is a virtue,' and quite another thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with Homer,

τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν—*

'For an enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men?' Why should it be one thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with Spinoza, *Felicitas in eo consistit quod homo suum esse conservare potest*—'Man's happiness consists in his being able to preserve his own essence,' and quite another thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say, 'What is a man advantaged, if he gained the whole world, and lose himself, forfeit himself?' How does this difference of effect arise? I cannot tell, and I am not much concerned to know; the important thing is that it does arise, and that we can profit by it. But how, finally, are poetry and eloquence to exercise the power of relating the modern results of natural science to man's instinct for conduct, his instinct for beauty? And here again I answer that I do not know how they will exercise it, but that they can and will exercise it I am sure. I do not mean that modern philosophical poets and modern philosophical moralists are to come and relate for us, in express terms, the results of modern scientific research to our need for conduct, our need for beauty. But I mean that we shall find, as a matter of experience, if we know the best that has been thought and uttered in the world, shall find that the art and poetry and eloquence of men who lived, perhaps, long ago, who had the most limited natural knowledge,

who had the most erroneous conceptions about many important matters, we shall find that their art, and poetry, and eloquence, have in fact not only the power of refreshing and delighting us, they have also the power—such is the strength and worth, in essentials, of their authors' criticism of life—they have a fortifying and elevating and quickening and suggestive power, capable of wonderfully helping us to relate the results of modern science to our need for conduct, our need for beauty. Homer's conceptions of the physical universe were, I imagine, grotesque; but really, under the shock of hearing from modern science that 'the world is not subordinated to man's use, and that man is not the cynosure of things terrestrial,' I could desire, for my own part, no better comfort than Homer's line which I quoted just now,

τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν—

'For an enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men.'

And the more that men's minds are cleared, the more that the results of science are frankly accepted, the more that poetry and eloquence come to be received and studied as what they really are—the criticism of life by gifted men, alive and active with extraordinary power at an unusual number of points; so much the more will the value of humane letters—and of art also, which is an utterance having a like kind of power with theirs—be felt and acknowledged, and their place in education be secured.

Let us, therefore, all of us, avoid indeed as much as possible any invidious comparison between the merits of humane letters, as means of education, and the merits of the natural sciences. But when some President of a Section for Mechanical Science insists on making the comparison, and tells us that 'he who in his training has substituted literature and history for natural science has chosen the less useful alternative,' let us make answer to him that the student of humane letters only, will, at least, know also the great general conceptions brought in by modern physical science; for science, as Professor Huxley says, forces them upon us all. But the student of the natural sciences only, will, by our very hypothesis,

* "Iliad," xxiv. 49.

know nothing of humane letters; not to mention that in setting himself to be perpetually accumulating natural knowledge, he sets himself to do what only specialists have in general the gift for doing genially. And so he will probably be unsatisfied, or at any rate incomplete, and even more incomplete than the student of humane letters.

I once mentioned in a school-report, how a young man in a training college, having to paraphrase the famous passage in *Macbeth* beginning,

Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased?

turned this line into, 'Can you not wait upon the lunatic?' And I remarked what a curious state of things it would be, if every pupil of our national schools knew that when a taper burns the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, and thought at the same time that a good paraphrase for

Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased?

was, 'Can you not wait upon the lunatic?' If one is driven to choose, I think I would rather have a young person ignorant about the converted wax, but aware that, 'Can you not wait upon the lunatic?' is bad, than a young person whose education had been such as to manage things the other way.

Or to go higher than the pupils of our national schools. I have in my mind's eye a member of our British Parliament who comes to travel here in America, who afterward relates his travels, and who shows a really masterly knowledge of the geology of this great continent and of its mining capabilities, but who ends by gravely suggesting that the United States should borrow a prince from our Royal Family and should make him their king, and should create a House of Lords of great landed proprietors after the pattern of ours; and then America, he thinks, would have her future happily and perfectly secured. Surely, in this case, the President of the Section for Mechanical Science himself would hardly say that our member of Parliament, by concentrating himself upon geology and mineralogy and so on, and not attending to literature and history, had 'chosen the more useful alternative.'

If, then, there is to be separation and option between humane letters on the one

hand, and the natural sciences on the other, the great majority of mankind, all who have not exceptional and overpowering aptitudes for the study of nature, would do well, I cannot but think, to choose to be educated in humane letters rather than in the natural sciences. Letters will call out their being at more points, will make them live more.

I said that before I ended I would touch on the question of classical education, and I will keep my word. Even if literature is to retain a large place in our education, yet Latin and Greek, say the friends of progress, will certainly have to go. Greek is the grand offender in the eyes of these gentlemen. The attackers of the established course of study think that against Greek, at any rate, they have irresistible arguments. Literature may perhaps be needed in education, they say; but why on earth should it be Greek literature? Why not French or German? Nay, 'has not a man of English speech models in his own literature of every kind of excellence?' As before, it is not on any weak pleadings of my own that I rely for convincing the gainsayers; it is on the constitution of human nature itself, and on the instinct of self-preservation in humanity. The instinct for beauty is set in human nature, as surely as the instinct for knowledge is set there, or the instinct for conduct, or the instinct for society. If the instinct for beauty is served by Greek literature as it is served by no other literature, we may trust to the instinct of self-preservation in humanity for keeping Greek as part of our culture. We may trust to it for even making the study of Greek more prevalent than it is now. Greek will come, I hope, to be studied more rationally than at present; but it will be increasingly studied as men increasingly feel the need in them for beauty, and how powerfully Greek art and Greek literature can serve this need. Women will again study Greek, as Lady Jane Grey did. I believe that in that chain of forts, with which the fair host of the Amazons is engirdling the English universities, I find that in the happy families of your mixed American universities out West, they are studying it already.

Defuit una mihi symmetria prisca, 'The antique symmetry was the one thing want-

ing to me,' said Leonardo da Vinci; and he was an Italian. I will not presume to speak for the Americans, but I am sure that in the Englishman the want of this admirable symmetry of the ancients is a thousand times more crying than in any Italian. The results of the want show themselves in our literature and in all our art. *Fit details, strictly combined, in view of a large general result, nobly conceived*—that is just the beautiful 'antique symmetry' of Greece; and it is just where we English fail, and where our execution fails. Striking ideas we have, and well executed details we have; but that high symmetry, which with satisfying and delightful effect combines them, we seldom or never have. The glorious beauty of the Acropolis at Athens did not come from a number of fine things stuck about at random on that hill, a statue here, a gateway there; no, it came from all things there being perfectly and symmetrically combined for a supreme total effect. What must not an Englishman feel about his deficiencies in this respect, as the sense for beauty, whereof symmetry is an essential element, awakens and strengthens within him! what will not one day be his respect and desire for Greece and its *symmetria prisca*, when the scales drop from his eyes as he walks the London streets, and he sees such a lesson in meanness as the Strand, for instance, in its true deformity! But here I have touched our friend Mr. Ruskin's province, and I will not intrude upon it, for he is its very sufficient guardian.

And so we at last, it appears, find flowing in favor of the humanities the natural and necessary stream of things, that current which seemed against them when we started. The 'hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits,' this good fellow car-

ried hidden in his nature, apparently, something destined to develop into a necessity for humane letters. Nay more; we seem finally to be even led to the further conclusion that our hairy ancestor had latent in him, also, a necessity for Greek.

And indeed, to say the truth, I cannot really think that humane letters are in much actual danger of being thrust out from their leading place in education, in spite of the array of authorities against them at this moment. So long as human nature is what it is, their attractions will remain irresistible. As with Greek, so with letters generally: they will be studied (one may hope) more rationally, but they will not lose their place. What will happen will rather be that there will be crowded into education other matters besides, far too many; there will be, perhaps, a period of unsettlement and confusion and false tendency; but letters will not in the end lose their leading place. If they lose it for a time, they will get it back again. We shall be brought back to them by our wants and aspirations. And a poor humanist may possess his soul in patience, neither strive nor cry, admit the energy and brilliancy of the partisans of physical science, and their present favor with the public, to be far greater than his own, and still have a happy faith that the nature of things works silently on behalf of the studies which he loves, and that, while we shall all have to acquaint ourselves with the great results reached by modern science, and to give ourselves as much training in its disciplines as we can conveniently carry, yet the majority of men will always require humane letters, and so much the more as they have the more and the greater results of science to relate to the need in man for conduct, and to the need in him for beauty.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

KISMET.

Fate, passing over earth one night,
Laid his stern seal on three new lives;
One died a king—one sank in fight—
One wasted in his felon gyves.

THOS. S. COLLIER.

ROTHENBURG IN BAVARIA.

NOW that this famous old town has been made easily accessible to the traveling public, it will not be long before modern improvements enter in to disturb the unique antiquity which still prevails in its gabled houses and pebbled streets. The tall chimneys of manufactories will soon rival the mediæval towers, and gas-lamps at the corners will supersede the cumbrous lanterns still swinging by chains across the streets. The mania for destroying what is old, which has already robbed Rothenburg of several of its most ancient and curious monuments, will break out again with renewed fury, and the powder and dynamite of this utilitarian age will speedily make breaches in walls which the guns and battering-rams of centuries of primitive warfare failed to tear down. Let me, then, hasten to give my readers some idea of what Rothenburg is likely to become and be.

Travelers by the railway enter the city by the Röder-Thor, a low, massive archway in a round tower opening into a green inclosure between the walls, and from thence through another tower into the Rödergasse, a long street leading to the market-place, that central point of all old towns, toward which the principal streets converge.

The first view of the interior of Rothenburg is disappointing. The beautiful verdure of the surrounding fields, as well as the ranker vegetation of the shaded moat, are shut out by the walls; the walls are hidden behind the houses, and the houses themselves, though duly adorned with pointed gables, are low and mean. Evil odors pour out of their doors; a few stray geese paddle in the gutters; children swarm upon the pebbled pavement, and slovenly women stand around the dingy little shops and stare at the passing stranger. Was it, then, to protect a city full of houses such as these that the double walls and massive bastions and lofty towers were erected?

But after passing through the narrow

gateway which marks the limit of the earliest fortification, the prospect brightens. The buildings, though not apparently older than those in the outer street, are statelier and more profusely ornamented, and at last the market-place is reached and the grand old *Rathhaus*, or city hall, challenges the unqualified admiration of every beholder.

After rambling about the town for a time, one perceives that its most interesting features are clustered in the neighborhood of the *Burg-Thor*, or castle gate, and a reference to local history informs us that originally the castle stood almost alone upon the height, the walls having been gradually enlarged to give protection to the outlying population attracted hither by the comparative safety of the situation and the remarkable fertility of the surrounding country.

The date and circumstances of the founding of the castle are lost in antiquity. According to one legend, the first inhabitants were a colony of warriors and tradesmen brought hither from the Rhine country in the fourth century, by the Duke of Franconia, to assist the people of Thuringia in their struggles against the Alemanni; according to another, Duke Pharimund of Franconia came here in the fifth century and built an exceedingly massive tower, which was still standing at the beginning of the present century, when a certain inspector of roads ordered it to be torn down and the stones broken up for street pavement!

Many writers consider this to have been one of the strongholds which a certain Count Ruodo, created Duke of West Thuringia by King Dagobert in 630, erected as a defense against the Wends, and afterward strengthened still more, in order to ensure his own independence of the Franconian king. Those who hold to this theory assert also that the Count named the castle after himself, *Ruodenburg*, which was easily corrupted into Rothenburg. For that matter, the word may mean *the castle within the forest clearings*, or, *the red castle*. The latter

is probably the correct signification, as the castle upon the city coat-of-arms is red.

The earliest mention of the place in history is in 804, and soon after this period the Castle of Rothenburg was well-known as a place of refuge for all the country round about, in case of an invasion of the Huns. And this burg, or castle, was situated at the most favorable and picturesque point of the height, upon a narrow tongue of land defended upon three sides by a precipice two hundred feet above the river, and made still more inaccessible by hewing off the projecting rocks to a plane surface.

At present there is nothing remaining of the old castle but a portion of the chapel. The narrow tongue of land has been converted into a public garden shaded by lofty trees and interspersed with green lawns and beds of brilliant flowers, while rustic arbors command the choicest views of the beautifully-varied landscape. The people of Rothenburg deserve all credit for the good taste displayed in this charming little pleasure-ground; but it cannot be sufficiently regretted that the moat on the eastern side has been filled up and the stately Pharimund's Tower on the western wall torn down, in the zeal for improvement. Another change, if possible still more unpardonable, is the comparatively recent removal of a building upon the north-east side, consisting of a gabled roof supported upon six stone pillars, where formerly the courts of justice were held with due ceremony three or four times a year. The establishment of the courts dated from the time of Rudolf of Habsburg, and the sessions were held at first in the open air; after a time the covered porch was erected, and so firmly, that it might have stood to this day, had not a barbarian police officer condemned the building as "unæsthetic" and ordered its removal! Really, considering the peculiar notions of the barbarians as regards "æsthetics," it is a pity that Rothenburg and Nürnberg cannot be taken out of their hands before they have time to lay waste entirely those strong treasuries of architectural art!

For one instance of devastation, however, the people of Rothenburg are not responsible. A little beyond the castle upon a steep slope, stood formerly a massive tower

built by Duke Pluvemund as a protection against his unfriendly neighbors of Suabia. In delight at the inaccessible position he had chosen for his fort, he exclaimed:

"I will place here a little jug of vinegar so sharp, that the Suabians will set their teeth on edge if they attempt to meddle with it!"

So the tower was called the Vinegar-Jug (*Essig-Krug*), and it stood until it was destroyed by an earthquake in 1336, after which a spring was discovered upon its site, not of vinegar, but of sulphur and carbonate of iron, which has supplied the watering-place of Wildbad, in the valley below, from that day to this.

At first the only buildings inside the castle walls were a collection of small houses inhabited by weavers and petty tradesmen, whose labors were necessary to the dwellers in the fortress.

But by degrees the neighboring lands became the property of the rulers of the castle and the knights who formed their court, and the stately *Herren Strasse*, or noblemen's street, was built up with patrician mansions which were gradually extended around the market-place and into the adjoining streets. Churches and other public buildings were erected, and artisans of all kinds found occupation in the various needs of the growing city. The walls were enlarged and strengthened and towers were built at the gates, while the guards and soldiery were increased in proportion to the extent of territory to be protected. Rothenburg now became an important centre of the aristocratic history of the time. It rivaled Nuremberg in the splendor of its patrician life, and excelled that famous city in beauty of situation and in the fruitfulness of its surrounding dependencies. In the year 942 the second tournament of the German nation was held here by Duke Conrad of Franconia, in honor of his wife, Luitgard, and the spot in the valley below the town, which was the scene of the contest, is called the *Tournament Field* to this day.

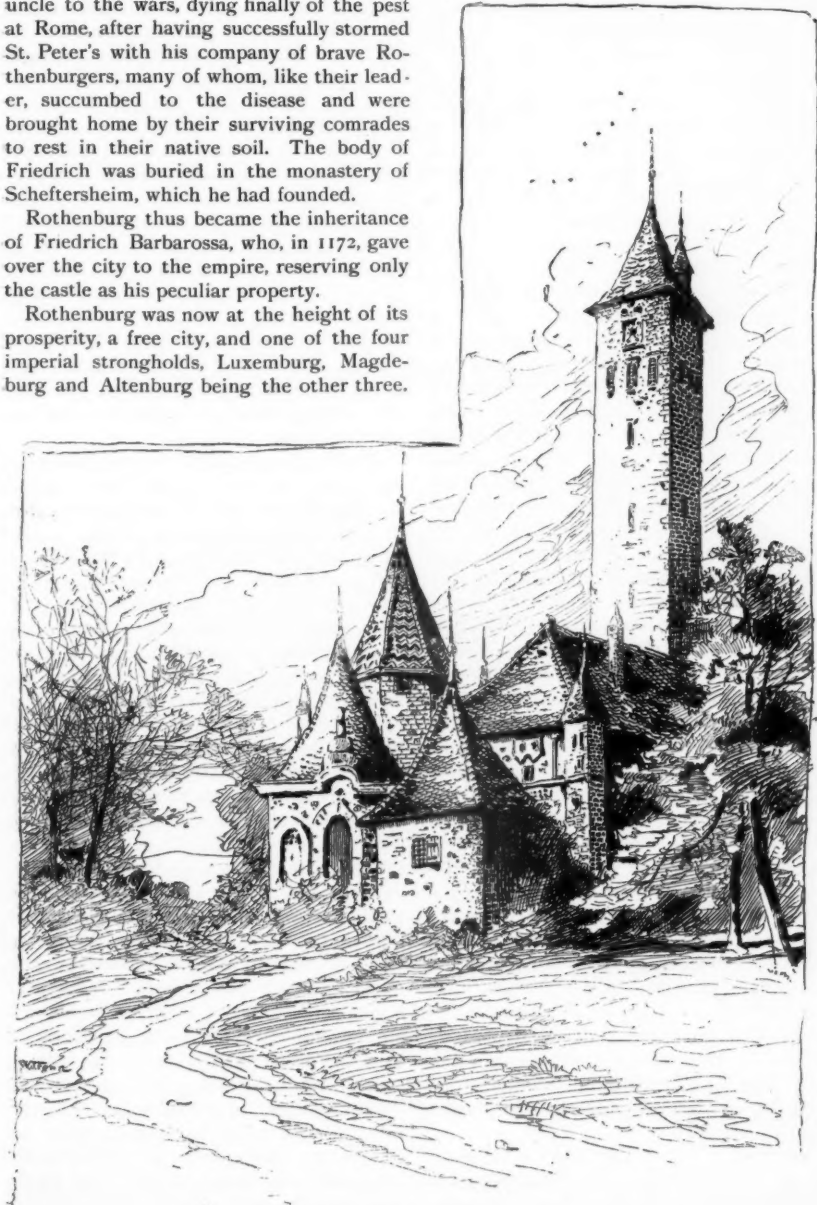
From the year 804 Rothenburg was governed by a succession of earls, until the death of the last of the race in 1116, when his possessions fell to Conrad, Duke of Suabia, and after him his son Friedrich, with his wife Gertrud, held a brilliant court at

the castle. This Friedrich was a nephew of Friedrich Barbarossa, and followed his uncle to the wars, dying finally of the pest at Rome, after having successfully stormed St. Peter's with his company of brave Rothenburgers, many of whom, like their leader, succumbed to the disease and were brought home by their surviving comrades to rest in their native soil. The body of Friedrich was buried in the monastery of Scheftersheim, which he had founded.

Rothenburg thus became the inheritance of Friedrich Barbarossa, who, in 1172, gave over the city to the empire, reserving only the castle as his peculiar property.

Rothenburg was now at the height of its prosperity, a free city, and one of the four imperial strongholds, Luxemburg, Magdeburg and Altenburg being the other three.

Its wealth was from time to time increased by the purchase of many villages, castles



THE BURG-THOR AND NEIGHBORHOOD

and farms belonging to impoverished noble families in the neighborhood, there being but few rich monasteries in that region to absorb the outlying lands.

The houses of the patricians, though inferior to those of the same class in Nuremberg, were large and roomy, and calculated to accommodate two or three generations at the same time. The ground floor and court were used as a storehouse for wine and goods. The great hall in the story above, set apart for social gatherings, was the finest apartment in the mansion, and was often adorned with a paneled ceiling and richly-carved wainscoting. There were balconies and bow-windows, and all the nooks and corners which make Gothic houses so picturesque; there were galleries surrounding the court, and a garden beyond gave sufficient privacy to out-door enjoyment. Each noble family possessed also a house or castle in the country for a summer residence, where the sports of hunting and fishing could be pursued with abundant success.

When a young patrician married, he generally chose his bride from one of the families of his own class in Rothenburg, and brought her home to his father's house, where a suite of rooms was given up to the young pair, and they commenced house-keeping under the auspices of their parents. The elder nobles were members of the city council; their eldest sons also were admitted to that assembly, but the younger sons were obliged to study law or theology, or enter the army. The artisans, who had all this time been living in small houses in the outskirts of the city (such houses as one sees on first entering the gates), gradually increased in riches and importance, until finally they became powerful enough to demand and obtain a share in the city government. Several aristocratic families could not endure the disgrace thus brought upon their order, and so they left Rothenburg and removed to Nuremberg. Among the most prominent of these names were Holzschuher, Behaim, Löffelholz and Plattner—all well known in Nuremberg at the present day.

In the history of almost every old town some character stands out as its hero and representative for all after time. Rothenburg's most famous son was Heinrich Top-

pler, who was born about the middle of the fourteenth century, and perished miserably in the dungeon of the Rath-Haus in 1408. He was considered the richest man of the day in Rothenburg, his property consisting of woods, farms and mills, besides his house in town and his little castle at Rosenthal, just below the city, in the valley of the Tauber. He was a brave man, and conducted many successful assaults against the strongholds of neighboring enemies. He was especially zealous for the fame and prosperity of Rothenburg, having always a sharp eye for the ambitious designs of the Burggraf of Nuremberg and the Bishop of Würzburg, and contributing freely from his own purse for the strengthening of the public defenses.

A good portion of the city wall was built at his own cost, and he was urging another enlargement of the boundaries when ruin overtook him.

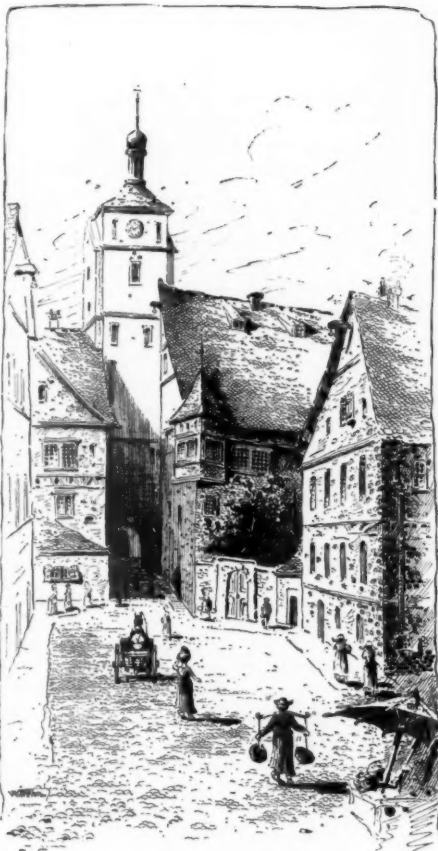
Of course, so rich and powerful a citizen had plenty of enemies, and these were at last able to turn even his most public-spirited acts to his destruction. It was a hard case. Until the moment of his fall his prosperity seemed to have no shadow. Chief member of the council, richest man in all the country round about, feared as a warrior, respected as a citizen, blessed with a good wife, who had borne him three stout sons and five blooming daughters—what could happen to blight so exceptionally brilliant a career? Well, there were envious persons in Rothenburg, and they got up a story that Toppler, in his pride, had ventured to execute justice himself against his vassals, and had built a private prison for the criminals among them, instead of referring his troubles to the public courts, as the law enjoined. They even accused him of treachery, and, finally, the charge took definite form in the statement that in an interview with Friedrich, Burggraf of Nuremberg, he had staked the future ownership of Rothenburg upon a throw of the dice, and had lost; thus leaving the city at the mercy of the Burggraf, whom he was bound to assist in the acquirement of his new territory. The fact that Toppler had objected to the repairing of a breach in the wall gave coloring to the story, and so the next time he rode outside of the city the Rathhaus bell was rung. The council as-

sembled in haste, and officers were sent to arrest the suspected criminal. On appearing before the tribunal, he, as chief councillor, was asked what ought to be the fate of a traitor to the city.

"He should be starved to death," was the reply; whereupon the wretched man, who had unwittingly pronounced his own doom, was seized and thrown into the lowest dungeon of the Rathhaus, where he died of hunger before his faithful wife, who caused a subterranean passage to be dug from his house to the dungeon, could reach him.

His family immediately afterward sold their possessions and removed to Nuremberg, where a patrician house retained their name until its demolition within the present century. Toppler's body was said to have been buried in the cathedral, where he and his wife had endowed an altar. In 1839, in removing the pavement of the choir, the bones of a man, supposed to be the remains of Toppler, were found underneath. His coat-of-arms, as one of the mayors of Rothenburg, hangs in its place in the large hall of the Rathhaus and the city resounds to this day with his name and fame. The whole story of his fatal stake with the Burggraf may have arisen from the device upon his shield, which is two dice numbering *eleven*, whereas the Burggraf is said to have thrown *twelve*, and so won the game.

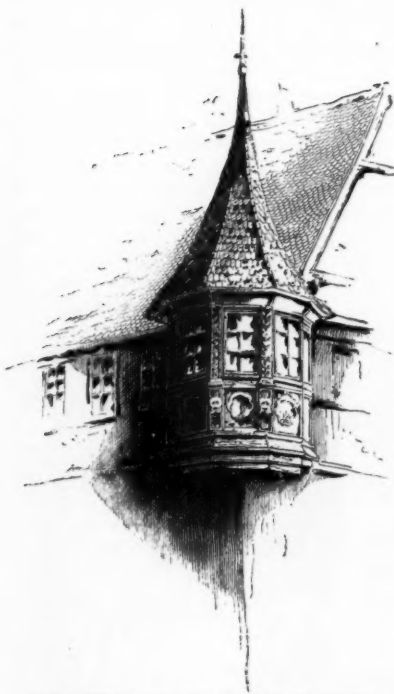
Of all the public buildings in Rothenburg the Rathhaus, or city hall, is the most conspicuous. It is a fine specimen of Renaissance architecture and occupies an imposing site upon the market square. The ground in front slopes a little and the wide flight of steps, seven or eight in number, at the lower end, gradually cease with the rise of the ground, so that at the upper end the entrance to the piazza is only one step higher than the street. The effect is singularly graceful and pleasing and is another instance of the good taste of old-time architects in making their buildings appear to have grown up out of the ground, instead of having been lugged, stone by stone, and set upon it. If a modern architect were to rebuild the steps, he would begin by grading the ascent so that there should be a



THE WEISSER-THURM (WHITE TOWER)

clean flight of prosaic stairs instead of these careless masses of granite cropping out just where they are wanted and apparently retreating into the earth again when their assistance is no longer needed.

The present edifice was erected between 1572 and 1578, upon the site of an older Rathhaus, in Gothic style, a part of which is still standing. The older portion is even more interesting, architecturally, than its successor, besides possessing greater historical and legendary charm. Its tower, 180 feet high, is as strong to-day as when it was finished, more than six hundred years ago. In 1501 it was entirely burned out, but the walls were unharmed; indeed, so



BAY-WINDOW ON THE FEUERLEIN HOUSE

firmly are the massive blocks of stone, fastened together with iron clamps that the whole structure stands as fast as a tree and sways like one in a heavy storm. The motion, in a high wind, is so great that water slops over from vessels standing in the watchman's room. The view from the balcony is very extensive. A student once fell over the balustrade, but his cloak caught the wind in its folds and let him gently down to the ground. A curious story is told of the origin of the fire which burned up the inside of the tower and a part of the adjoining Rathaus in 1501. It seems that a pair of storks had built their nest upon the top of the tower, to the delight of one of the watchmen, but to the great annoyance of the second watchman's wife, who complained bitterly of the dirt which they let fall upon the windows, and finally induced her husband to throw the fledglings out of the nest while the old birds were absent. There was great lamentation when they returned; but at last they flew away

and the woman began to enjoy her clean windows in peace. A few days afterward one of the storks came back carrying in its bill a fire-brand, which it threw into the empty nest, and this, in dropping, set fire to the roof of the Rathaus. The cruel watchman and his cruel wife perished in the flames; the good watchman barely escaped with his life by climbing down the outside of the tower.

Let us hope that the storks lived to build another nest upon some more friendly height and raise a brood as beautiful and strong as the ones which are now to be seen trying their wings in the sunshine upon the summit of an old square tower near the Röder-gate.

One of the principal treasures of the Rathaus collection is an immense pokal or goblet, holding twelve Bavarian *schoppen*, full six quarts. It was intended to be passed around the table at grand feasts; but on one memorable occasion it was drained to the last drop by a single individual, who was none the worse for his excess. Perhaps his motive was his protection. It happened in this wise: When, in 1631, Count Tilly, with his whole army, took possession of the city, he called the council together, informed them that they were all to be beheaded, and sent the mayor to summon the executioner forthwith. As may be supposed, the man did not hurry to do his errand, and when he at last arrived at the house the executioner plumply refused to undertake the task of cutting off the heads of his respected fellow-citizens, the councillors.

During this interval, while the people were lamenting, the executioner protesting, and the mayor shaking in his shoes, the councillors, in their desperation, hit upon a bright idea. They filled the great pokal with their choicest wine and offered it to Tilly and his attendants. In a few moments the temper of the haughty conqueror was softened, he grew more compassionate toward his victims, and at last, becoming jolly over his frequent draughts of the mellow liquor, he promised to set his trembling prisoners at liberty, if one of their number would, in his presence, drink the great pokal full of wine.

This offer seemed at first only a cruel

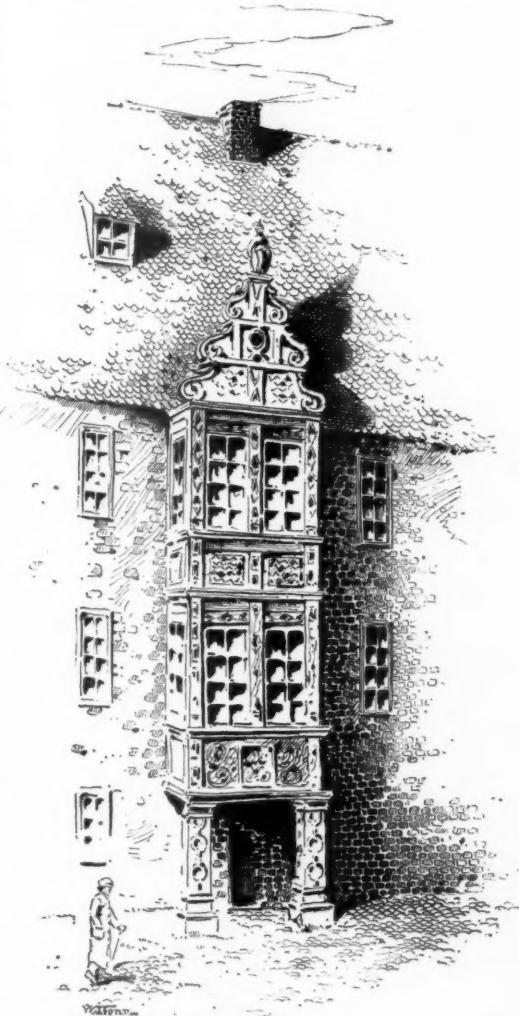
aggravation of their misery; but after an anxious discussion a certain Herr Nusch, a former mayor, accepted the challenge and succeeded in the apparently impossible task. Tilly kept his word; a servant was sent in all haste to call back the mayor and bid the executioner cease his preparations. The street through which the servant ran on his welcome errand is called Peace Alley (Friedensgässchen) to this day, and the descendants of the brave ex-mayor still enjoy a yearly pension from the public funds, besides remaining owners of the famous pokal.

Tilly's invasion was by no means the first misfortune of its kind; nor was it the last from which Rothenburg had to suffer. The position of the town made it an object of desire to all the neighboring principalities, as well as a sort of half-way house in the march of various conflicting armies. Consequently, its inhabitants were never safe. There were the dreaded Huns, likely at any time to make their appearance. Then there were the Burggraf of Nuremberg and the Bishop of Würzburg, each waiting for a chance to surprise the coveted stronghold, while the quarrelsome tribes of the Rhine country were always ready to unite in a campaign against the famous free city of the Tauber. And, besides having in earlier times to contend against expeditions sent directly against themselves, the Rothenburgers had to suffer in body and goods in consequence of the more general disturbances, religious and political, which agitated all Europe in later ages.

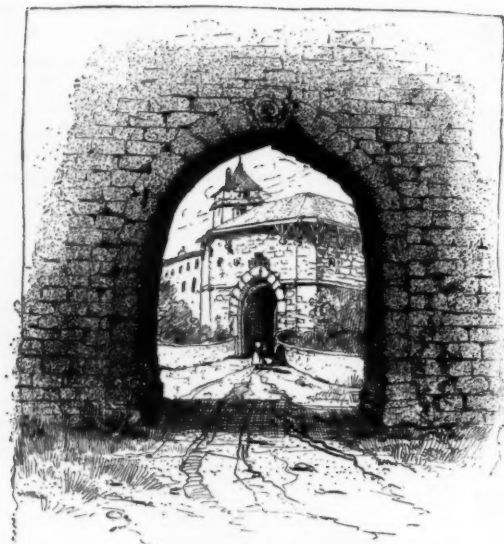
During the Peasants' War, in the sixteenth century, Rothenburg was the headquarters of the insurgents, who at one time held full possession of the city.

The battle of Königshofen brought the Catholic party again into power, and they proceeded without delay to execute vengeance upon their enemies.

So many heads were cut off in the marketplace that the Schmied-gasse, a street leading down to the lower part of the town, ran with blood like a brook. But, notwith-



BAY-WINDOW ON THE VON KEGEL HOUSE



INNER SPITAL-THOR

standing the restitution of former laws and customs, the hearts of the great majority were fully turned toward the new religion, and in 1545, in obedience to a written appeal from Luther himself, the council, in the name of the citizens, declared for the Reformation. The Catholic worship was ordered to cease, the monasteries and convents were closed, and a gymnasium was established in one of the principal religious houses.

Scarcely was this contest at an end when Rothenburg was called upon to take its share in the horrors of the Thirty Years War. Being the central point between Thuringia, Suabia and Franconia, it was the scene of frequent bloodshed, and suffered from the reverses of each party. Nor was it from actual battles alone that trouble came. Each conqueror demanded a heavy tax, whether merely passing by the town or stopping long enough to partially demolish the fortifications. We have seen how narrowly the citizens escaped the vengeance of victorious Tilly, and Tilly's clemency was by no means free grace, for he made the people pay twenty thousand thalers, and stayed in the city eleven weeks with his whole army, feasting at the public expense. Indeed, the

visits of royal personages and great military commanders was a frequent and serious drain upon the resources of the inhabitants. Friedrich the Third Charles V., Gustavus Adolphus, Piccolomini, Turenne—all these and a host of other celebrities at some time in their career honored Rothenburg with a visit to the increase of its after fame, but to the temporary injury of the entertainers. And that the distinction was not always courted (just as English noblemen used to dread being selected as hosts during Queen Elizabeth's "progresses") is shown by a joke which has come down in the shape of a proverb from a very early time. King Wenzeslaus came once to Rothenburg and took up his abode in Heinrich Toppler's little castle at Rosenthal, where he stayed so

long that he wore out his welcome, if, indeed, he met with a welcome on his arrival. So completely did he take his ease in another man's inn, and so outrageous were his exactions upon the hospitality of his host, that to this day whenever in the Rothenburg region any person lies around and does nothing, as when, for instance, a manservant or maid-servant stops at home for a few days before going into a new service, the people call it "*Wenzeling*." This same King Wenzeslaus, on another occasion, happening to be in want of money, sent to the Rothenburgers for the required sum, and not receiving it at the time appointed, followed up the demand by a threatening letter, as follows:

"To our Faithless Subjects at Rothenburg who are disobedient to the Imperial authority:

"The devil tried to shear a sow, and exclaimed, 'Great cry and little wool!' Weavers cannot work without wool. Disobedience is sure to be punished."

And so it came to pass, between all these wars, taxes, and luxurious expenses, that Rothenburg at the end of the Thirty Years' War was nearly ruined. Many of the richest estates were left with only one cow or one goat of all their numerous flocks and

herds. Many of the burned villages in the neighborhood were never rebuilt, and many choice vineyards and well-tilled fields were suffered to lie waste and gradually grow up into forests again.

A pestilence naturally followed, and in three months more than two thousand persons died of the epidemic. An affecting memorial of those dreadful days is to be seen upon an old tombstone in the graveyard of the Franciscan monastery:

"Johann Jacob Berzoldus.
Schöne tulibanen Art
Anna Maria Hartmännin
Gleich einer Rosen Zart.
Durch Schärfe des Nordwinds
Ihr Blätter geworffen ab
Als litt das Vaterland
Versammelt in ein Grab
An Tugend gleich an Alter
An Krankheit gleich und Tod
Bis die erweckt werden
Hienach allbeed in Gott.

{ GEBOREN, 1607, 7 August.
Beede. } 28 Novembris,
{ GESTORBEN 1631, 16 Decembris."

Which being interpreted, is the following:

"John Jacob Berzoldus, bright and gay as a tulip. Anna Maria Hartmännin, fair and tender as a rose. Their leaves were scattered by a sharp North wind which devastated their beloved country. Equally distinguished for their virtues, of the same age, dying of the same sickness on the same day, they were buried in one grave, where they lie until awakened to dwell together forever with the Lord.

"Both born in 1607; he on August 7th, she on November 28th; they both died on the sixteenth of December, 1631."

And then, as now, tragedy and comedy were mingled in the incidents of daily life.

One dark night, during the raging of the pestilence, when the dead-cart filled with corpses was on its way to the graveyard, the drivers found a man lying by the roadside whom they supposed to be another victim suddenly stricken down, and so hustled him into the wagon, without further ado, and continued their way. But the new passenger was really an old piper who had only fallen dead-drunk after too long a visit at the tavern, and being somewhat revived by the motion of the cart, he sat upright as soon as it stopped, to the consternation of the drivers, who left their job and ran back into the town as fast as their legs could carry them. The poor man waited awhile, and gradually becoming aware of his surroundings, concluded that he was acting a part in the general resurrection, and began to play upon his bagpipes a lugubrious

hymn-tune, well known in his generation—"Is this, indeed, the Judgment Day?"

Meantime, the grave-diggers came back, and hearing the doleful music, were more than ever convinced that the place was haunted by a ghost, and so hid themselves until returning daylight gave both parties courage to resume their proper characters and avocations.

The Franciscan church and monastery, to which the graveyard belonged, was formerly one of the most important institutions of Rothenburg. It was founded early in the thirteenth century and endured until the Reformation, when the brotherhood became extinct, and the buildings were taken by the city government for secular purposes.

The largest and strongest of the gates of Rothenburg is the Spital-Thor, or Hospital Gate, which might be made into a separate fortress, if desired.

Above the outer portal is a tablet, upon which is engraved the friendly greeting:

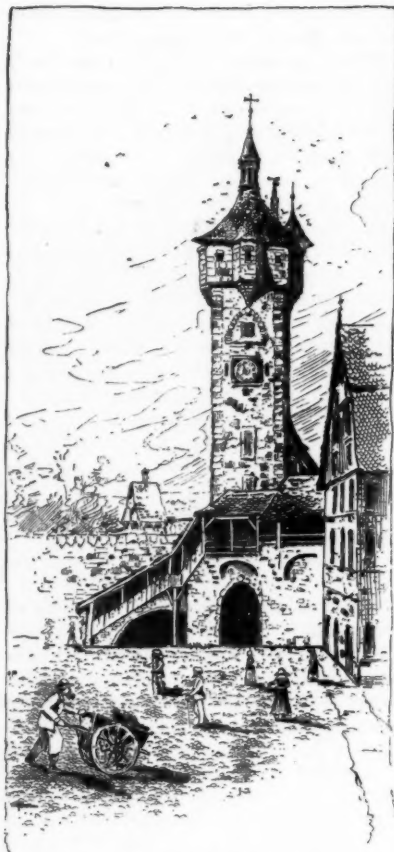
"Pax intrantibus.
Salus exeuntibus, 1586."

—"Peace to all who come in; safety to all who go out."

In the embrasure above the gate are several cannon, which have remained undisturbed from the old wars, excepting when



IN THE HOSPITAL COURT



KLINGEN-THOR

they were secreted for a few days in 1866, during the presence of the Prussian army in the neighborhood.

The first edifice inside the gate is the Hospital of the Holy Ghost, formerly an immensely wealthy institution under the care of a few priests who ministered to the spiritual wants of the sick and poor of the hospital and kept up constant services in the adjoining chapel.

When Rothenburg came into the possession of Bavaria, the government took the hospital under its charge, and besides continuing its former good work in caring for the sick and the suffering, devoted a part of its revenues to the general welfare of the city. The recent introduction of

pure water and the establishment of an industrial school are due to this source.

The Klinger-Thor, at the opposite end of the city, is the most conspicuous and beautiful of the four gates, being surmounted by a lofty tower adorned with turrets, and made still more picturesque by an outside staircase leading to the upper gallery of the wall. This tower contains hydraulic works, built in the fifteenth century by a monk, who discovered a spring in the valley below, and conducted the water into the tower, from whence it still supplies the fountains of a portion of the city. Some say that it was a German engineer who performed this useful work. But it is as well to give the fame thereof to the nameless monk, as an offset to the miserable stories about his brethren, who preferred stealing through subterranean passages in search of unholy pleasures, to wandering in the solemn forests and discovering fresh springs of water for the public health.

The extensive mass of masonry comprised in the Klinger-Thor offers a great variety of architectural effects, and conveys a deep impression of the mingled strength and beauty of the early Gothic style. On the outside, rising from the moat, is an immense rounded bastion, with arches built into the wall to increase its durability, and on the inside is the little church of St. Wolfgang, with the bastion for its rear wall. It is as though this contact with the stronghold of strife had changed the whole character of the house of prayer, for the loopholes of the outwork were allowed to pierce the sacred inclosure, and at one side a staircase was built to communicate with the tower-house, while behind the high altar a subterranean passage led under the moat to the open country outside the town.

The church was built in 1492, on the site of an ancient shrine, frequented chiefly by the shepherds of the neighborhood, who cherished the belief that prayers offered there secured protection to their flocks from wolves. By degrees the offerings of the worshipers amounted to a sum sufficient for the erection of the church, which soon became popular through the indulgences granted by the Bishop of Würzburg and other spiritual dignitaries. Once a year a special mass was held for the shepherds,

and the church was known as "The Shepherds' Church," though patronized by many citizens inside the walls. At present the building is unused, excepting twice in the year, when a sermon is preached there, in accordance with the terms of a small legacy left by some pious individual of more modern times. At the period of the absorption of Rothenburg into Bavaria this church possessed the sum of 42,775 florins, the accumulated treasure of a fund established by a citizen soon after its erection, and sufficient to have restored the ancient edifice to its original beauty. But the government took the money and turned it over to the sinking fund of the public debt.

St. James's Church, the Cathedral, was begun in the fourteenth century, and was over sixty years in building. It is one of the most complete specimens of Gothic architecture in Bavaria, and passed through the conflict of the Reformation with comparatively little injury to its monuments and other art treasures.

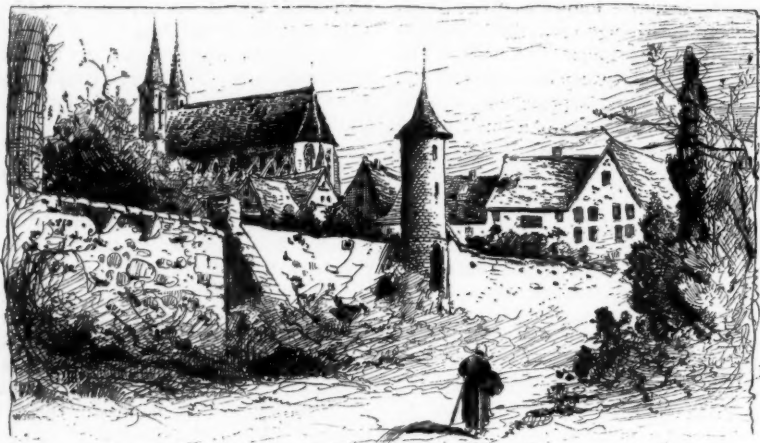
It contains many elaborate tombstones, chief of which, in point of local interest, is that of Heinrich Toppler. Just below the organ is the portrait bust in relief of a beautiful girl. She was the giver of the instrument, and her fame is perpetuated in this simple and exquisitely appropriate memorial. It reminds one, by its uniqueness, of the life-like figure of the architect of the Freiburg minster, looking and listening from his little chamber under the pulpit stairs, and of Erwin Von Steinbach, as he sits in effigy in the gallery of Strasburg Cathedral gazing forever upon his favorite achievement, the beautiful carved pillar in the transept below.

The lower portal of St. James's forms one side of an arched gateway over the street, and in the centre of the arch is a relic of the deepest interest to everybody, especially to materialists. For it is a *human soul*—the soul of a poor wagoner who lived in the old, old time, and who, being exasperated one day by the slow passage of his cart through the archway, swore a dreadful oath, and was thereupon seized by the devil and thrown violently against the ceiling, whereby his life was knocked out of him, and his body fell to the ground, while his soul, an ugly brown lump, flecked

with black spots, adhered to the wall, and remains there to this day.

The Jews had formerly a sorry time of it in Rothenburg. They were confined to a district in the northern part of the town and the narrow alley leading to their quarter was closed at night by high gates. They were supposed to be under the special protection of the Emperor, who, however, confided this duty to the Christian citizens, with the command to levy a tax of five per cent. upon the property of the Jews for his benefit. The Emperor, Charles IV., gave the colony over to the Bishop of Würzburg for a consideration, and relieved the citizens from the task of protection. Soon afterward a quarrel between the Emperor and the Bishop gave opportunity for the Christians to fall upon the Jews, burn and plunder their houses and drive them out of the town, into which they were allowed to return, only upon the promise of paying eight hundred florins to their conquerors. Once, upon the breaking out of a pestilence, they were accused of having poisoned the wells and were persecuted accordingly, and at various periods they were forced to leave the city; but it was not until 1519 that they were formally banished by order of the council. Even then the people did not wait for them to go quietly, but robbed them of their goods and plundered their synagogue. Their houses were afterward destroyed to make room for the mansions and gardens of the nobility, the synagogue was altered into a chapel to the "Immaculate Mary," and only a few gravestones with Hebrew inscriptions now remain to mark the site of the former Jews' quarter.

Rothenburg, from its situation, ought to be a very healthy place. It is a city set on a hill, whose beautiful grouping of towers and gables is visible to a great distance on every side. Returned crusaders were wont to liken it to Jerusalem, and in accordance with this highly-prized fame, a path of pilgrimage was made up the steep hillside, with stations along the way and a Calvary at the top, near the castle gate. During the Middle Ages, the city was noted for its comparative exemption from the frequent plagues which ravaged all low-lying towns, and this enviable distinction was, doubtless, due to its wind-swept position; for the



ST. JAMES'S CHURCH

habits of the people partook of the general filthiness of the period. There was a manure and refuse heap before every house and the streets were a mass of mud and slime.

It is said that once as a high dignitary, who had been sent to Rothenburg to exercise authority, was on his way to a grand entertainment in the full bravery of embroidered mantle and white silk stockings, he stumbled into a cesspool, from which he emerged wet and dirty, and glad to hurry home in the dark without any further attempt to make a display in the assembly. The very next day he issued a decree commanding the streets to be cleaned and to be kept clean, which rule has been in force ever since. This may be true; but the world's standard of cleanliness has advanced with the progress of time, whereas Rothenburg appears to cling to the old traditions as to the degree of purity necessary to be observed.

Certainly the drainage of the houses leaves much to be desired, and the horrible odors which pour out of almost every door are the more disgusting in contrast with the sweet, fresh air which breathes around wherever it is allowed unhindered play.

Formerly Rothenburg was famous for the excellence of its bread, as we learn from an old proverb:

"Zu Rothenburg on der Tauber,
Ist das Mühl und Beckenwerk sauber."

In this respect also the ancient standard of excellence appears still to be considered adequate to the demands of a later generation.

Once during the wars the bakers played a shrewd trick which did the city good service. After a long siege, the supply of provisions being almost exhausted, the inhabitants began to talk of surrender, when to their surprise the enemy, supposing the place to be impregnable, made overtures of peace, which were gladly accepted, and the heads of the opposing force prepared to enter the city to confer with the commander of the garrison. Whereupon the bakers made haste to bake up all their remaining flour into bread and to fill their shop windows with the fresh loaves, so as to give the appearance of plenty when the troops should pass by. The trick succeeded, and the general, turning to his host, exclaimed, "There is no use in trying to besiege a city so well supplied with food as yours!"

It makes a stranger feel sad to roam about a dead town like this and think how, besides the historical reminiscences connected with the most important public buildings, there is many a story of human experience attached to each of the private dwellings. What revelations of romance would be disclosed if the walls of those old gabled mansions could speak! In only a

few instances has any legend of domestic life been handed down.

They tell of an alchemist who lived in a dark house in a narrow street, where for years he carried on his experiments behind barred doors and closed shutters. Once he went away for a few days, and when he returned, he brought with him a young and beautiful wife, who settled down with apparent content with his isolated existence, and was seen abroad only on Sundays, when she made her appearance at the parish church. She grew paler with each recurring week, and at last she came no more. Her disappearance aroused so much curiosity that finally the authorities visited the house and demanded of the alchemist an account of his domestic affairs. He replied by conducting the officers to the cellar, where, lifting a portion of the floor and opening a long box, he showed them the dead bodies of his wife and two new-born twin sons.

There was nothing to be done. The woman had evidently died in childbirth and the infants had died with her. But the man was threatened because of his silence in the matter and on account of the general secrecy of his habits. He did not wait for legal proceedings, but departed in the night, carrying his manual skill and his lonely thoughts to some more busy and consequently less inquisitive community, where he could work in solitude and muse in peace.

There is another mournful story of an aged nun who lingered on, the last of her sisterhood, and lived alone in the empty convent for many years, refusing to leave the familiar place for a more cheerful home among her relatives. At her death the building passed into the hands of the government and was used for secular purposes. There must have been a degree of pensive happiness in that secluded life, and it is pleasant to remember that the officials, although Protestants refrained from taking possession of the property until the nun had done with it.

The interesting associations of Rothenburg are not confined to the city itself, but extend to the whole neighborhood.

There is Wildbad, at the foot of the hill, which owes its first recognition as a watering-place to the public-spirited Heinrich

Toppler, who built the original bath-house at his own expense.

Farther down the valley is Toppler's curious little castle, like a bird-house on a post, with the stream still winding around its base and the bridge still forming its only communication with the shore.

Between these two points, upon the slope below the city wall, is the little church of *Our Lady of Cobolzell*, which stands upon the site of the former cell of St. Cobol, a hermit, and one of the first messengers of Christianity to the heathen of this region. After his death, a small chapel was erected which soon became a famous place of pilgrimage, and by the end of the fifteenth century the offerings of the worshippers amounted to a sum sufficient for the building of a massive and beautiful Gothic chapel which was the pride of the valley until the breaking out of the Peasants' War, when it was plundered and its choicest treasures of art were thrown into the river below. In this mutilated condition it remained until 1853, when King Max bought the property, and after causing the church to be fully restored, presented it to the Catholics of Rothenburg as their second parish church.

There are legends of buried treasures connected with this site, and the story goes that a laborer, who was employed to take down the wall after its partial destruction, was interrupted by an apparition of the Virgin, who offered to show him where the treasure was hid, if he would discontinue his work. But he, trusting more to the payment of his daily wages than to promises of supernatural rewards, was disobedient unto the heavenly vision and persisted in finishing his job, from which he went home tired and ill and took to his bed with a slow decline, recognizing before his death the Virgin's just vengeance upon his impiety.

The church and hamlet of Cobolzell form a very picturesque group upon the hillside, the effect being heightened by a double bridge, which spans the river at this point. The bridge itself is a remarkable piece of architecture, its double arches rendering it so strong as to defy the ravages of time. There was once a tower at each end, which must have made its beauty complete.

Not far away is the ancient village of Detnang, containing a stately church and many

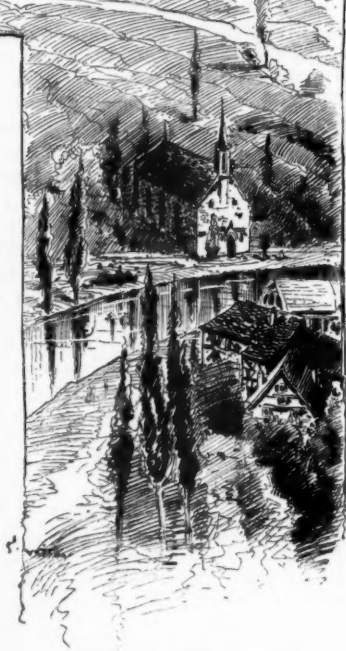


ROTHENBURG FROM THE SOUTH-WEST

other tokens of its former alliance with the fortunes of the aristocracy of Rothenburg. And scattered through the valleys and among the hills are endless relics of past history, in the form of ruined castles, monasteries and chapels, every one of which has its local memory of brave conflict or pious endurance.

Far down in a low meadow is a reedy pond which tradition asserts to have been the abode of a sociable water-nymph who was in the habit of visiting the inhabitants of a neighboring village and taking part in their homely cares and simple pleasures. Often, when the women were obliged to be at work all day in the fields, she would flit into the empty cottages and watch by the cradle or keep the fire burning under the soup-kettle, so that the weary peasants might find all safe and warm on their return home. But one night when she had been to a merry-making and danced until a late hour, she told the young rustic who accompanied her to the edge of the pond that the time had come when she should probably suffer the consequences of her attachment to mortals. "If," she continued, "after I have sunk out of sight, you see a column of water spout up, you may know I am safe and have not been punished by my companions. But if the jet be blood instead of water, you may know that my fate has overtaken me." The peasant watched anxiously, and in a few minutes a jet of blood spouted into the air. From that time the naiad was never seen again.

On the wooded hill to the south-west is an enormous boulder known as the Devil's



COBOLZELI CHURCH

Rock. They say that the devil brought it thus far on his way to destroy a certain chapel which formerly stood in the valley below. As he reached the summit of the hill he met an old woman carrying a basketful of ragged shoes which she had begged of the people in a neighboring village.

"How far is it to the little chapel in the valley?" asked the devil.

"So far," answered the old woman with ready wit, "that I have already worn out all

these shoes you see in my basket in walking from there here."

In a rage at the task before him, the devil threw down the stone and went back to his own place. During the recent Franco-German war, the boulder acquired new fame from the descent near it of a balloon containing four French spies and a quantity of valuable papers, which unexpected prize was duly forwarded to the proper government officials.

The slender church spire in the opening beyond the hill marks the little village of Geb-sattel, or Geb-esedil, as it was formerly called — *Geba's seat*, in memory of Geba, wife of a Duke Heinrich of the old days, who spent much of her time at the castle built there for her by her husband. These little touches of domestic story lend a charming tenderness to the mute masses of stone which alone remain to tell of other scenes and other customs in the dead past.

Upon one of the highest points in the neighboring hills was formerly a tower, in whose lantern a lamp was kept burning every night for many years, in accordance with a provision made by a nobleman of the district, who had once been saved from falling down a precipice by the timely twinkle of a light in a hermit's cell. That high beacon was no doubt blessed by many a lonely wayfarer through the pathless woods; probably, too, it helped many a beggar to find his way to Rothenburg, since we read that at one time the town was so besieged by traveling mendicants that a law was passed forbidding any such person to enter. Soon after the issuing of this edict an old beggar, well known from his frequent visits, made his appearance at the gate, where he was stopped by the sentry and told of the new regulation.

"So they won't let me come in!" he exclaimed in wrath. "Very well! let's see what they'll do the next time they're in want of a beggar!"

But of all the old legends, the pleasantest is the story of the *Kitten of Varbach*.

Varbach was a little village in the valley of the Tauber, which had been nearly laid waste by the passing of various armies; so that when the scattered peasants were able to return to their homes, they were obliged to begin afresh the accumulation of domes-

tic goods. By degrees their prosperity in flocks and herds, and broods and litters, was renewed — only a cat was wanting, and a cat was not to be had for love nor money, although the milk and butter in the dairy, the eggs in the barn and the grain in the garret was suffering from the lack of that use-



COBOLZELL CHURCH AND THE DOUBLE BRIDGE

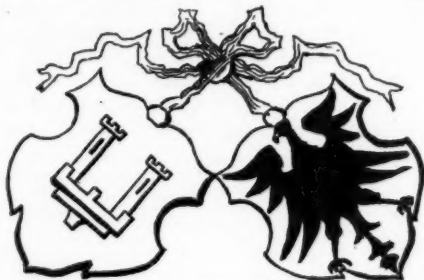
ful animal. At last, somebody heard of a kitten to sell in a distant settlement and a messenger was dispatched forthwith to secure the treasure. It cost a good round sum, too. But the man returned in triumph and the kitten became at once the pet of the whole village. Every door stood open for her entrance; every bed was at her service for the necessary cat-naps, and, doubtless, the richest cream and daintiest meat would have been her portion, if she had not been surfeited continually with the flesh and blood of her natural enemies. She reigned alone to a fat old age, when an enterprising peasant, who lived in a hut on the hillside, went into the business of importing cats for sale, and soon the whole country was overstocked, so that kittens were bought no more, and probably the best beds were no longer considered the appropriate place for their slumbers.

It was a bright, dewy summer's morning when our party left Rothenburg. We felt

that our stay had been too short and our scrutiny too hasty; every old tower and house we had visited seemed to invite us to further research; every unfamiliar object we passed seemed to reproach us with our neglect of its claims; but we could only say

as we hastened on, "We will come again!" and to this wise resolve is hereby added a general appeal to all lovers of antiquity for a due recognition of the grandeur and beauty of this long-forgotten treasury of Gothic art.

ELIZABETH E. EVANS.



CITY ESCUTCHEON

AN EASTER EGG.

"IS that your last word, Miss Avice?"

"I'm afraid it is, Mr. Coleburn; I'm very sorry."

There was a touch of genuine regret in the girlish voice that answered, for little Miss Barton, beauty and belle as she was, and fully conscious of her high distinctions, was no coquette at heart. She liked Jack Coleburn, and she was honestly sorry for his disappointment.

"Don't be vexed with me," she pleaded, lifting up dewy eyes full of sweet entreaty. "I am *so* sorry! and won't you please just forget all about it? There are a great many nicer girls in Merivale than I am."

"Are there, really? Well, you're nice enough for me," was the grim reply. "I don't ask for anything better."

"You're very foolish," said Miss Barton, with a soft little sigh. "There's Mary Goodwin now—everybody knows what a clever girl she is; and Nelly Perkins—just as pretty as a pink, and never gets cross and horrid, as I do. If you were to ask either one of them, Mr. Coleburn, I don't believe they would say no to you."

"You've no right to believe anything about it," said Jack roughly. "I've asked *you*, and you've said no. That's enough, Miss Avice. I won't trouble you to answer for another woman."

"Very well," returned Avice, her pretty cheeks reddening at the rebuke. "I'm sorry you feel so, Mr. Coleburn, but I don't see how I'm to blame for it."

"I haven't blamed you, Miss Barton."

"Oh, not in so many words, I know. But you're vexed with me, all the same, and cross and disagreeable. And I think it's too bad," pouted pretty Avice, "just when sleighing time has come, and we might have had so many lovely rides together. Now, I suppose whenever I see you, you will be as sociable as an iceberg; and I shall feel like a bad child that has been put in the corner. I don't think it's fair."

"The remedy for that will be for me to keep out of your way. Whoa, Flash!" with a sudden tightening of the reins as they neared the comfortable brick dwelling-house in which Miss Avice—only child of Andrew Barton, widower—held undisputed sway. "I have brought you home safe, at all events," lifting her out from the warm nest of furs that he had so carefully arranged for her comfort an hour or two before. "And now I can only promise not to spoil another sleigh-ride for you this winter, Miss Barton."

"You've spoiled them all, already!" she retorted pettishly. "And you're going away without even shaking hands with me. That's very rude of you, Mr. Coleburn."

"I beg your pardon, but being an iceberg, I'm afraid of chilling you. Good-night, Miss Barton."

Jack Coleburn lifted his hat to his sweetheart with a great effort at dignity, and springing into his cutter again, was out of sight almost before the hall-door was opened to admit the young lady. She looked after him for a moment half-wistfully, half-angrily.

"He's just as hateful as he can be! Was it my fault if he chose to fall in love with me? I can't marry *everybody* that asks me," she said to herself with a little vain self-consciousness. "But it's a pity, too—I really believe he loves me, poor fellow!"

For a day or two afterward her thoughts dwelt upon her rejected lover with a pensive persistence. She recalled his handsome face and manly bearing, his broad-shouldered strength, his sturdy good sense and genial good-humor, with an increasing appreciation of these varied attractions. More than once she sighed, "Poor fellow!" and pitied herself, and pitied him, because instead of being the distinguished lawyer or merchant whose wealth and fame could satisfy little Avicé's ambitious dreams, he was only Jack Coleburn, just beginning business in the hardware line, in poor little Merivale. It wasn't to be thought of as a possibility, marrying and settling down in Merivale! For Nelly Perkins or Mary Goodwin it would do well enough; but Avicé had relatives in New York—relatives who were "in society," and whose names appeared in the social chronicles of the great city—and Avicé's vain little soul fed itself in secret with fond anticipations of similar distinction for herself some day.

The correspondence between the related families was rather formal and infrequent, and there had never been any exchange of visits. Neither Mrs. Lippincott, nor her fashionable daughters, nor the elegant young gentleman her son, had ever felt moved by a strong "desire of nearness" for their rustic kinsfolk. But there were obligations that could not be quite ignored. Mrs. Lippincott owed her education in a New York boarding-school, and the good marriage it enabled her to make, to her half-brother, Andrew Barton, who had toiled and denied himself in order to afford it.

He had worn homespun to dress her in silk, and trudged after the plough that she might finger the piano-keys. And though all this was long past, and she no longer needed his favors, he had still the habit of sending her homely gifts of Western produce that were not unacceptable.

The Lippincotts had to keep up an expensive establishment, and Mr. Barton's consignments of fine flour and potatoes and apples, with the boxes of choice grapes and hampers of native wine, were welcome enough, making as they did an appreciable saving in household bills. It was upon the arrival of one of these at Christmas, that a family consultation was held concerning a long-felt but long-delayed necessity.

"We really must make some return to my brother," said Mrs. Lippincott, "for his remembrance of us all these years. He has been unfailingly kind and thoughtful, and the least we can do is to show some attention to his daughter. Avicé is grown up now, and a winter in New York would be a great thing for her. We must invite her."

"Certainly, if you think best, mamma," her daughters responded civilly. And her son shrugged his shoulders and said, inwardly, "what a bore!" But he made no objection.

So it happened that the invitation, which for years had been the secret desire of Avicé's heart, came to her just three days after she had said no to Jack Coleburn. And all thoughts of *him* were scattered as swiftly as dandelion seed in a high wind, while she made her hasty and eager preparations to shine in a new orbit. Untold dreams inflated her heart, and kept her beauty bright through all the fatigue of travel; and when in the frosty dusk of a winter evening she arrived at the Lippincott mansion, her cheeks glowed and her eyes sparkled under the gaslights with a radiant sort of loveliness that took her cousins by surprise.

They discussed her briefly when she had retired for the night.

"Extremely pretty," said Gertrude, the elder daughter; "but rather too highly colored, don't you think?"

"Altogether too loud," returned Mr. Mortimer, languidly. "Needs an immense deal of toning down."

"And, as was to be expected, is a barbarian in dress," said Miss Adelaide. "Think of anyone traveling in blue ribbons!"

Avice, cuddling under the blankets in a glittering brass bedstead, and much too excited to go to sleep, was happily unconscious of their criticisms. Her impressions had been altogether delightful.

"What a distinguished air my Cousin Mortimer has! And how tall and graceful and aristocratic the girls are! I suppose their long trains have something to do with it" (it was in the day of those abominations); "mine are too short entirely. I'll have to ask Gertrude about letting them down," she murmured sleepily, as she drifted off into dreamland at last.

And next day when the girls made a pretense of helping her to unpack she proffered her request innocently, only to be met with a little supercilious surprise.

"My dear child, you don't suppose we make our own dresses? I haven't the least idea how trains should be lengthened. You'll have to have a dressmaker, if you think it important."

"Is it really worth while?" asked Miss Adelaide considerably. "Your dresses are very pretty as they are, dear, and you are not very tall, you know. I don't think I should go to the expense of having them altered."

So Avice was put down with a little gentle patronage, and the dresses remained as they were. "Very pretty dresses," as Adelaide said; but lacking, as Avice herself lacked, the indefinable something that made all the difference between herself and her cousins.

They were content to have it so. There was less danger of being thrown into the shade by her fresh, blooming beauty, when it was tempered by a little dowdiness and rusticity. Accordingly they were very amiable to her, and praised everything she wore, and never gave any hints or suggestions that could tend to enhance her attractions. And while she felt vaguely disappointed in things generally, she had still nothing to complain of.

Her cousins did their duty by her gracefully. She was taken to the opera and the theatre; she strolled through picture-galleries, and visited loan collections, and the

rooms of the Art League; she drove through the avenue to the Park on bright afternoons and dawdled away her mornings in trivial shopping on Broadway, with always Gertrude or Adelaide for a companion. Her cousins were used to this way of spending their time, and they found it pleasant to take Avice about. Everything was new to her, and she had a fund of bright spirits and a flow of girlish talk that entertained them. They found themselves very well amused in her society; and so, by and by, did Mr. Mortimer, notwithstanding his first opinions of her.

Possibly some weeks spent in his atmosphere had "toned her down" to his taste. At all events, he fell into the way of stopping at home on the evenings when the ladies had no engagements. And these evenings by degrees came to be more enjoyable to Avice than those that were spent abroad. She did not find herself quite in her element in New York society. The beauty and the belleship that were paramount at Merivale did not count for much here. At every party she went to there were a dozen prettier girls than herself; or, at least, they seemed so to her irritated consciousness of "an air" that she could not compass in spite of desperate inward efforts, and much secret posturing before a mirror. In fact, her very efforts to acquire something unnatural to her, put her at a disadvantage. Her charm was in her mirthfulness, her careless chatter, her unconventional freedom of thought and speech; she was awkward and uninteresting when she tried to imitate a high-bred repose that was not "to the manner born."

She came back from most of the festive gatherings of the winter with a vexed sense of her own insignificance. And the evenings at home, when her Cousin Mortimer stood by the piano and turned over her music for her, or lay at his lazy length on a couch and encouraged her merry talk with bantering comments but admiring looks, grew to be delightful by contrast. Then she felt herself queen again, for Gertrude and Adelaide did not interfere with the incipient flirtation, which they knew could never come to anything serious. And the elegant Mortimer, who could be very fascinating when he chose to take the trouble,

devoted himself assiduously to the new amusement.

He teased and flattered her by turns; brought her flowers and bonbons; said charming things that thrilled her with delight at one time; at another vexed her almost to tears with mocking repetitions of her little Western provincialisms, or merciless ridicule of her cherished opinions. She had any quantity of these, of course, for she had been accustomed to lay down the law at home, and no one ever disputed her logic. Mortimer found it amusing to draw her into an argument, lead her on to all sorts of absurdities, and then cover her with confusion by their exposure. The tantrums that she flew into in consequence were not unbecoming in a girl so pretty as Avice. Her little pouts and flouts had color and sparkle to them, and excited him agreeably. He knew, moreover, that he could always soften the flash in her eyes, and turn the edge of her anger with a tender whispered word or two.

The sweetness of these tender whispered words made Avice blind to their heartless selfishness. She could not imagine that he played with her feelings simply for his amusement. He was to her a hero of romance—her very idea of what an English nobleman might be. If there were titles in this country, thought the silly child, he would honor the highest one. And in her secret heart she dubbed him Lord Mortimer, and thrilled to her finger-tips at the bare idea that this superior being was in love with her.

"Poor Jack Coleburn!" she used to think in these days with a kind of scornful pity. "Poor old fellow! if he could only see my Mortimer, he would know why I could not marry him."

Jack Coleburn, attending to his honest work in an honest, manful way, had no wish to see her Mortimer. He heard stray rumors through old companions of the gay life she led in New York. Avice's home-letters painted everything *couleur de rose*; and it was currently reported in Merivale that she had beaux by the dozen, native and foreign, and that a French count and a German baron were fairly at sword's-points on her behalf.

"She goes to balls all the week, I'm told,

and to theatres on Sunday," said Nelly Perkins, rather spitefully; "and *flirts*—beyond everything! I suppose it'll end up in her marrying one of those foreign fellows with a title, and they'll live on her father's money. 'Tisn't likely we'll see much of her here again."

"I'm glad she's enjoying herself," said Jack Coleburn, in reply.

But he knew when he said it that he lied. He despised himself for the fact, but he would have been glad to know that she was not enjoying herself in the least. It was no passing fancy that absence could conquer, or indifference chill, his feeling for pretty Avice. He was a positive sort of young fellow who knew his own mind, and was not apt to change it easily. There were girls in Merivale, as Avice had truthfully asserted, who would willingly have consoled him for her loss; but he did not want to be consoled. He was one of those unreasonable men who will have what they want, or nothing at all; and he wanted Avice, and loved her, and filled his life with the memory of her, exactly as if she had not rejected him. Nelly Perkins brought all her little artilleries to bear upon him in vain, and even enlisted her brother's aid.

"Come out with us to-night, Jack," said Ned Perkins to him, one glorious moonlight evening, when half Merivale was on runners. "We've got old Woodward's big team, and a lot of us are going over to Cranch's for a dance. Nell said she'd keep a place for you, if you liked."

"Much obliged," was Jack's reply. "Miss Nelly's very kind, but I can't possibly go to-night. I've another engagement."

"Oh, bother your engagement! That's too thin, Jack. You never go anywhere with us nowadays, and I'd like to know the reason why?"

"I've just told you that I'm engaged for to-night," returned Jack.

"Ya-as, you've always got an excuse. All right," said Ned. And he went off, miffed, to tell his sister that she might as well "drop" Jack Coleburn.

"You're just giving yourself away for nothing," he remarked with fraternal frankness. "It's all humbug about his having another engagement. When Avice Barton comes home he won't put on so many frills."

It was not altogether an excuse, however, for Jack had accepted an invitation from Tom Lefferts to help him pack eggs.

"If you ain't going on that sleighing frolic, I wish you'd come over to the store to-night and lend me a hand," Tom had said in the afternoon. And Jack, who hated the sound of sleigh-bells since that last ride with Avice, had replied that he didn't care if he did. So while the merry bells jingled, and echoes of laughing voices floated out in the distance, the two young men, who were not "in the good times," sat together in a dingy loft over old Lefferts' store, and packed eggs in sawdust.

"I don't see," said Tom, reflectively, pausing in his labors to refill his pipe, "why you didn't go with that crowd to Cranch's. It would have been better fun than this, a darned sight."

"Why didn't you go yourself?" retorted Jack.

"Haden't the chance. The girls don't run after me as they do after you, Jack. I ain't what you call a popular man."

"You're too bashful, that's what's the matter. The girls like a fellow that ain't afraid of 'em. But you turn all colors if a woman looks at you."

"That's so."

Tom's pink face flushed in the dim candle-light as if to verify the charge.

"It ain't my fault, though; it's the way I was made. I'd give my eyes if I could be as free and easy as you are, Jack. For I tell you what"—and Tom's tones grew pathetic—"I have my feelings, if I *am* a homely old cuss. I know a pretty girl when I see her, and if I had your good looks, and your cheek, I wouldn't live like a toad in a hole, you bet! I just wish I was you."

"More fool you are for that," returned Jack, remembering grimly how little his "good looks and cheek" had availed him. "Don't you be an idiot about women, Tom. If there's a girl you like, go and tell her so out and out, and take your chances. Ten to one they're as good as mine would be, after all. There's no accounting for women's notions."

"You're a little down on the sex, lately, aren't you? Who is she, Jack, and what's the trouble?"

"None of your business," was the gruff

answer. "Here—get something to mop up this mess. Where did you pick up such a lot of smashed eggs?"

"Accidents will happen," said Tom, fishing up a rag from some dusky recess. "Shove that other box over here. There's a prime lot there that we've got to pack by themselves."

"Where are you sending them?" asked Jack.

"To New York. Clarke and Macready. There's a great demand for eggs just now."

"I suppose so. It's Lent."

"And pretty nigh upon Easter," rejoined Tom. "By the way, Jack, did you ever send your sweetheart an Easter egg?"

"I've got no sweetheart," said Jack, curtly.

"No? Well, that's queer, seeing it's you. I haven't, either, so I'm going to send my egg out to find me one."

"What sort of nonsense are you talking, Tom? Have your wits gone wool-gathering?"

"No," said Tom, sheepishly, "but I'll tell you something, Jack. I'm going to try my luck, just for fun. See this big, white egg?—well, here goes for my name and address;" and Tom began to scribble on it with a lead pencil.

"What the dickens does the egg want with your name and address?" asked Jack, in honest wonder.

"The egg? Oh, the egg doesn't want anything with it! It's the person that gets the egg, don't you see? It might happen to be a young lady, you know—"

"Tomfoolery!" interrupted Jack, disgusted.

"Think so? Well, here's another one for Jackfoolery;" holding out the egg and the pencil with a persuasive smile. "Just for fun, old fellow, if we're in the same boat as to sweethearts. Who knows but it may bring us good luck?"

"You're the biggest goose I ever came up with," said Jack, serenely. "Catch me sending my name traveling on an egg-shell that some Irish Biddy will crack!"

"What if she does?" retorted Tom. "Where's the harm? On the other hand, suppose it's the pretty young lady daughter that cracks it—or no, she won't do that when she sees your manly name and the

modest request to communicate with the writer. She'll view it with amazement at first, and then with interest. Her impulse to laugh will give way to a sense of sympathy. Here's a yearning heart, she will say, stretching out blind hands—"

But here Tom's eloquence was cut short with a shout of laughter.

"A yearning heart with blind hands! O Lord!" roared Jack. "Give us your pencil, Tom. Anything to float that yearning heart!"

And taking the egg he scribbled rapidly over its surface, and handed it back to Tom, laughing more heartily than he had laughed since Avice went away, at the absurdity of the whole thing.

"Here, you sentimental idiot, here's another chance for you. If the young lady sends me her photograph, I'll pass it on to your blind hands."

"Honest Injun! will you?" said Tom, eagerly. "I'll remind you of that promise, Jack, for your egg will be the lucky one, of course. I shouldn't wonder in the least if it did bring you a photograph, and a wife to boot. Queerer things have happened."

"Something queer has happened to you, that's dead sure," was the rejoinder. "I never knew you quite so sappy before, you soft-hearted old donkey. Pity you haven't got a woman to lead you by the nose! Never mind, though—maybe your egg will bring you a bouncing widow, and if that doesn't shake the nonsense out of you, I'm mistaken. Give me some more sawdust."

Tom obeyed, with a meek protest against the widow.

"If it's all the same to you, I'd rather not invest in a second-hand article," he replied. "My appearance may not be all that could be desired, but my feelings are fresh."

At which, of course, Jack roared again, for Tom's little sentimentalities, taken in combination with his perky, pink-faced, comical aspect, were irresistibly funny. Or, at all events, they seemed so to Jack at the moment; and as Tom was in an unusually effusive mood, and didn't in the least mind being laughed at so long as he was listened to, Jack spent a merry evening on the whole, and certainly did not regret the sleighing-party.

As for the egg upon which his "manly

name" was inscribed, he never thought of it again. He had humored Tom's whim, but a night's sleep put the whole nonsense out of memory even; and the wildest flight of fancy never suggested the possibility of its falling into Avice's hands.

The process was perfectly simple, however. Mr. Barton—in grateful appreciation of the attentions shown his daughter—had made up another shipment for the Lippincott larder; and being Lent, and nigh upon Easter, it occurred to him that a box of fresh eggs would be an appropriate addition. Old Lefferts, Tom's father, was induced for a consideration to alter his bill of lading, and let Barton have part of the particularly "prime lot" that had been packed separately. Tom was not around at the time, and knew nothing of the transaction; and as luck would have it, Jack's egg was in the box chosen. Tom's went on its uneventful way to the New York dealers; and whether it was boiled for some old bachelor's breakfast or beaten into an omelette by some innocent Biddy whose accomplishments did not include reading and writing, this chronicler is unable to say. The sad fact remains that it brought no response to Tom's yearning heart.

Some days later Avice was standing before a long mirror in the Lippincott drawing-room with a little fanciful feather-broom in her hand. Ostensibly she was flirting off specks of dust from the bronze Mercury, with lightly poised limbs just checked in their airy flight, that adorned the projecting marble slab. In reality she was studying the outlines of her own pretty figure in its flowing princess robe, and the flower-like tints of her charming face, which her Cousin Mortimer had just likened to the rose Bonsilene, in Gertrude's window-garden.

Among roses, dear and delightful as all are, there is none like this to touch the heart. Its fresh and tender bloom is ravishing to the eye, its ineffable fragrance lifts one's soul into a purer atmosphere. At least my Lord Mortimer expressed his opinion to this effect, and then proceeded to make the comparison aforesaid, emphasizing his remarks by snatching a kiss, as he departed, from the rose-leaf cheek that flushed and paled in absolute ecstasy under

the caress. She did not dream, poor child, that this first kiss which meant everything to her was only a final bit of self-indulgence before the winding up of the pretty pastime that even he began to feel might be carried too far.

Others had already discerned the dangerous possibility, and for some days Mrs. Lippincott had sought an opportunity to speak a word in season to her son. She waited in the doorway of her morning-room until she heard the snap of his match in the hall below, then softly rustled down and intercepted him at the point of departure.

"One moment, if you please, Mortimer; I have something to say to you before you go. You have lighted your cigar, I see, but no matter; we will go into the smoking-room."

"Is it a lecture, Mme. Mère?" as they stood together in the small apartment at the end of the hall, which had been resigned to a disagreeable necessity. "You're not fond of cigar-smoke, as a rule, so I conclude there is something important."

"There is," said Mrs. Lippincott, gravely. "I wish to tell you, without any circumlocution, that you are not acting sensibly—or *honorably*, if you will excuse the word—by your cousin."

"I expected that would be the complaint. Well, mother, without circumlocution, as you say, suppose I tell you that I have about come to the same conclusion?" he replied deliberately.

"I am glad to hear it!" she exclaimed, with a look and tone of relief. "There was nothing amiss up to a certain point, but of late you have been far too lover-like in your attentions to Avice; and I am afraid she has— Well, never mind, if you put a stop to it at once. Perhaps there is no harm done yet."

"I think you need not distress yourself," he said lightly. "Between ourselves, Avice is a charming little coquette. She will go back to her rustic beaux all the better armed for conquest after trying her hand on me."

"Perhaps so," Mrs. Lippincott assented briefly. "I suppose you know," with a little involuntary acidity, "that Lily McAllister is coming home on the 'Caledonia?'"

"I am aware of the fact. And in view of it, perhaps it would be as well—"

"If Avice went home beforehand? You are very sensible, Mortimer," with a sarcastic intonation that she could not help. "I am glad to see that as far as *your* feelings are concerned, I need not distress myself—as you say. Good-morning, my dear."

She rustled softly away, and my Lord Mortimer stared after the vanishing Watteau back with a mingled expression of surprise and chagrin on his handsome countenance.

"Confound the women!" he muttered under his mustache. "They put a pretty girl in my way, and tempt me; then they warn me off, and sneer at me for taking the warning, by Jove! How can a man satisfy the illogical sex?"

He had "satisfied" one of them pretty effectually by this time; for little Avice—not ashamed to be a listener where such vital matters were at stake—had heard every word of the colloquy. Neither Mortimer nor his mother had dreamed of her presence in the breakfast-parlor, which adjoined the smoking-room. The one thought her upstairs with her cousins; the other knew that he had left her playing with a bunch of red feathers at the farther end of the long drawing-room.

But Gertrude's flowers occupied the bay-window of the sunny breakfast-parlor; and Avice wanted to take a look at the Bonsilene rose after her careful dusting of the bronze Mercury. One of the sashes was lowered to give the flowers air, for it was mild weather. Naturally, a window in the smoking-room was also open, and the quick ears, whose hearing was sharpened by love and shame, caught the whole story. Certainly its logic was clear enough. It satisfied her of one thing—that she should hate the smell of Bonsilene roses as long as she lived; and of another—that if it were within the bounds of possibility she would be at home in Merivale before the "Caledonia" reached her moorings in New York harbor.

She went upstairs, very quietly, when she had heard the street-door shut behind the false lover, and locked herself into her own room. Her step was quick and light as ever, the pretty rose-bloom had not faded from her cheeks; no one who had met her

would have guessed that the poor child's heart lay like lead in her bosom, and that in five little minutes the whole world had changed color for her. Pride and self-respect rose up in arms to hide her trouble; but the gay young life had come to its bitter hour.

There was a tap at her door by and by and Gertrude's voice called cheerfully:

"Avice, I want you. What are you doing?"

"I am writing to papa."

"Oh, then, you can tell Uncle Barton that his boxes have just arrived. Mamma is having them unpacked, and I have already devoured a bell-flower apple. Tell him it is delicious and that he is an angel."

"Is that all?"

"No, but mamma will say the rest. Hurry through your letter and come downstairs. I want you to help me with my Easter eggs. You can paint much nicer butterflies than I can. By the way, Uncle Barton has sent a boxful."

"Of butterflies?"

"No, you silly child, of eggs. He really is an angel," said Gertrude, merrily.

She was in a flutter of pleasant excitement about the Easter eggs, which were intended for her Sunday-school class at St. Jude's. Perhaps the fact that Philip Van Wyck—the most eligible *parti* of her acquaintance, was superintendent of the school, had something to do with her zeal. A good many young ladies had taken to piety and Sunday-school labors on Mr. Van Wyck's account. But Gertrude had been singled out for much flattering consultation of late, and she was only too happy to carry out his suggestion of the decorated eggs as an appropriate accompaniment to the Easter offerings of her class. He was to come that evening and bring her some moss and lichen to make a nest in which the eggs, and the more significant dollars, should lie together. And Avice, who had a pretty taste in such things, had promised to help her in the painting of flowers and butterflies.

It seemed to poor little Avice, when she came downstairs to fulfil that promise, as if it had been made a hundred years ago. She had grown suddenly old, indifferent, uninterested, and the whole matter an utter

triviality. Yesterday she had entered into Gertrude's enthusiasm with quick sympathy, and anticipated with interest the pretty spectacle of the Easter anniversary, when the long procession of children would throng the aisles with their flowers and banners, and make the Gothic arches ring with their triumphant anthems. She knew her cousin's *penchant* for the handsome young superintendent, and sympathized with it to the extent of wishing secretly that Mortimer "cared about those things," for love and religion touch each other closely in innocent young hearts. To-day, what did she care for any of it? It was all a mockery, a vain show; and neither love nor religion meant anything worth having.

Bitter thoughts, and hard, and cynical, crowded each other in her mind as she turned over the eggs that her cousin had asked her to examine, while she herself went out to purchase some pigments that were lacking. Avice had promised to pick out the whitest ones and oversee the boiling, in Gertrude's absence; and she was inspecting them listlessly with no heart for the task, when suddenly she was startled by the sight of some penciled words on one of the white shells.

"The lady into whose hands this egg may fall," so the inscription read, "will confer a favor by communicating the fact to J. C., P. O. Box 48, Merivale, Michigan."

"Who is J. C., I wonder?" thought Avice, astonished. Is it *Jack Coleburn*?

Her cheek flushed with sudden anger; for she knew instinctively that it *was* Jack Coleburn, and her first thought, natural but irrational, was that he had taken this silly way of recalling himself to her memory. A second thought, and a second reading made her doubtful of her conclusion. Granting the possibility that he might have happened to be around when the eggs were put up, it was hardly likely—after what had passed between them—that he would be in the humor for any jesting communications by way of an egg-shell. Moreover there were ten chances to one that Mrs. Lippincott would have found it, not herself; and he was not the man for such impertinent trifling.

"There is some mistake," the girl said to herself, and quietly wrapped up the penciled egg, and hid it in her work-basket,

not choosing that any eyes but her own should see it.

She could not understand the meaning of it, but it dwelt in her thoughts through the day with an odd persistence, even dividing them with the miserable recollection of the morning. Gertrude found her dull and *dis-trait* as they worked together, and soon made an excuse for going out with Adelaide, since she had discovered that her cousin's fingers were much more deft and skilful than her own.

"You'll get on better without me, for I shall only bother you with talking," she said.

And Avice was very willing to be left alone. She worked on through the long day and covered the Easter eggs with many a dainty device of bird and butterfly and flower-wreathed nest, with ecclesiastical emblems and mottoes duly intermingled. The last one was finished in the pale March twilight, and laid with the others on a majolica dish, whose deep green color made an effective background for them. Gertrude, coming down-stairs in dinner dress, all shimmering silk and lace, met her cousin coming up, pale and tired, with the dish in her hands.

"Oh, you dear thing! You have finished them all, and how lovely they are! Who would have thought you were such an artist? Mortimer!"—as his tall figure appeared in the vestibule—"do come and look at Avice's pretty work. Stop, dear, one minute!"

But Avice left the dish in her cousin's hands and sped lightly up-stairs, just in time to avoid the meeting. And instead of making haste to dress for dinner, she quietly disrobed herself and laid her weary little body down to rest. Nobody missed her very much, though, of course, all the due regrets were expressed, and tea and toast and aconite-drops were sent up, when dinner was declined. But Avice knew that her absence was a relief, and she cried herself to sleep, wishing that she had wings like a dove, and could fly to her father's arms that very night.

She could not very well make her flight before the next day, however, but that she had decided upon already. She announced the decision when she appeared at breakfast

in the morning, and had a small compensation for her own chagrin in seeing the perturbation it caused.

"Going home to-day!" Mrs. Lippincott exclaimed, her face reddening with painful consciousness. And my Lord Mortimer looked down into his plate with a sudden sense of alarm, and some honest shame, too, both of which expressions Avice discerned with a woman's swift apprehension.

"Yes," she answered quietly. "I have put it off too long already, I think. I came to the conclusion yesterday that I ought to be at home, so I wrote to papa to meet me at Detroit to-morrow night."

"And never spoke of it to us! I declare, Avice, you have a startling way of doing things," cried Adelaide, angrily. "I suppose you have your reasons, but—"

"Yes, I have my reasons," Avice returned, trying to smile, but faltering a little in her speech. "You have all been very kind—but—I am getting rather homesick, I believe. I have never been so long away from papa. May I be excused now? I ought to begin my packing."

"Certainly, my dear," Mrs. Lippincott answered coldly, and Avice left the room; and there was a family conclave afterward, in which some hot and hasty words were exchanged between the elegant Mortimer and his lady mamma. It was clear enough to both of them that the colloquy in the smoking-room had been overheard, and it was the natural thing, of course, for my lord to put the blame on his mother for speaking to him, rather than upon himself for giving cause for speech.

Avice did not know, or much care, what they were saying of her downstairs. She was putting together her belongings with all speed, for the carriage which she had asked one of the servants to order for her would be at the door in an hour, and she had no time to spare. She had planned it so purposely, and was infinitely glad when the hurried leave-takings were over, and the westward-bound train was actually bearing her out of the great city which she had come to so eagerly two months ago.

It was a sad and sober little face that looked out upon the receding streets and houses; a sorrowful little heart that said to itself, "I shall never see them again." But

of sorrow is born wisdom, and as the great city vanished, its illusions faded, and Avice began to appreciate the reality of things. She contrasted the homely, hearty hospitality of her father's house with the many little shams and meannesses that she had seen, and shut her eyes to, in her aunt's. She compared his simple manners and uncultured speech with her Cousin Mortimer's elegance; and asked herself what the airy grace was worth in the balance with manly truth and unselfishness.

"My father would never have trifled with a girl's heart for his own amusement," she said to herself.

And then she fell to wondering if in any circumstances Jack Coleburn could have made love to one woman while he was intending to marry another. Lily McAllister—as she had discovered by some apparently careless questions—was an heiress, not very pretty, or otherwise desirable; but immensely rich, and very fond of Mortimer. "He could marry her any day he chose," said Gertrude, carelessly. And Avice knew he would marry her, not for love but money. Would Jack Coleburn do that? she wondered. And said no to herself with involuntary indignation. Not he! He could not dress, or dance, or talk, or look like an English nobleman; but he would marry the girl he loved, or nobody.

An uneasy remembrance of some penciled words on an egg-shell crossed her mind at this moment. What could they possibly mean? Was J. C. really Jack Coleburn, and if so, was he advertising for a lady-correspondent, "with a view to matrimony?" A pang of involuntary jealousy shot through her heart at the fancy, though she indignantly assured herself that it was utterly absurd.

The long day, the longer night, the weary next day's travel through a thick-falling snow-storm, were unutterably dreary. The outer world was shut from sight by the multitudinous whirl of white flakes, and our little traveler was shut into a solitude of spirit such as never before had encompassed her. Oh, for the welcome night and the dear shelter of her father's arms! Would she never, never reach it?

She had written to her father to meet her at Detroit, from whence a branch train

must be taken to Merivale, fifty miles beyond. Her letter had gone twenty-four hours in advance of herself, and it never occurred to her that anything might hinder him from coming, until somebody remarked behind her that this snow was going to make it bad for the way-trains, and he reckoned that a good many folks would have to put up in Detroit to-night that hadn't meant to. The sudden fear smote her; suppose her father's train had been delayed or blocked up—what should she do? It was horrible to think of, and, alas! it was no vain fear, for when she stepped out upon the platform at the terminus, there was no dear familiar face on the watch for her. And her anxious questions concerning the Merivale train, brought her only the cheerful information that there was a blockade on the western branch and no train had left Merivale since noon!

Avice turned away from the blunt official who had given her such ill news with a stunned sensation, as if she had had a blow. The lights, the noise, the hurrying crowd, bewildered her; the air of the steam-heated waiting-room was sickening. She sat down somewhere, feeling dazed and faint, and tried to think what she should do. There were people in Detroit that knew her father and would help her in her strait, if she could only find them. But how to do that in the night and the storm? Who were they, anyhow? What were the names of those gray-headed men who came out to Merivale sometimes and dined with her father and bought wheat of him? Smith—Robinson—Potter?

Avice's brain seemed to whirl around like a teetotum in a vain effort to recall names that she knew as well as her own. Curious sparks shot to and fro before her eyes, and the floor was a see-saw, tilting up and down. With a desperate consciousness that she was in danger of fainting, and a wild desire to avert such a catastrophe, she opened her traveling-bag, and fumbled in it for a little bottle of spirits of camphor that she remembered having brought with her. Some small object she clutched and drew forth, and held to her nose with frantic exertions. Then, somehow, memory faded and effort ceased, and everything grew blank before her eyes. As she swayed forward helplessly

somebody leaped toward her with a sudden outcry and caught her in strong arms.

"Avice! Avice! is it *you*?"

The voice was like something heard in a dream—so faint, so far away! But it seemed to Avice, even in the reeling blankness of her sorrow, that she knew it, and that the strong arms about her had somehow a right to hold her in that close and tender clasp. At all events, when her eyes unclosed and she saw Jack Coleburn's bearded face almost touching her own, and heard his passionate whisper, "*My darling! my darling!*" it was no shock to her wakening sensibilities. On the contrary, her first consciousness was one of sweetest rest and content; and her smile of recognition set Jack's heart to beating with tumultuous hopes, sprung to an undreamed-of resurrection.

Some weeks later, when Miss Barton had quite recovered from a slight illness, incident upon the fatigues and excitements of her journey, Mr. Coleburn drove up to her door one afternoon with a neat little turnout. April sunshine had melted the March snowbanks, and there was an Easter brightness over the world, though Easter Day was a thing of the past.

"I wish you would tell me something, Avice," said Jack, familiarly, as they rolled along a level road that began to show the greening tints of spring-time. "What's the virtue in eggs to keep off a fainting fit."

"In eggs!" repeated Avice, bewildered. "What do you mean, Jack?"

"Well, when I found you that night in the depot you were holding an egg to your nose," said Jack, laughing gayly at the recollection. "It was the droll look of it that called my attention to you in the first place. I never dreamed of your being in that crowd, you know."

"An egg!" repeated Avice again. "What

nonsense, Jack. It was a camphor-bottle."

"No such thing; it was an egg; and a hard-boiled one at that; which was lucky, considering that it was smashed between us."

"Jack, you don't mean to say—"

Avice stopped, her cheek livid with blushes. Now she could account for the disappearance of that mysterious egg which she had secretly boiled to insure its safe carriage, and which she had never seen since she brought it from New York.

"Jack," she exclaimed suddenly, "what's the number of your post-office box?"

"Forty-eight," was the prompt answer.

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Everything," returned Avice demurely. "It enables *the lady* to communicate with J. C. according to request."

Jack looked thunderstruck. "Did that thing fall into *your* hands?" he cried, incredulously.

"It fell back again into yours, it seems," she said, mischievously. "What made you smash it, bad boy? I would liked to have kept it always, since it did me such a good turn."

"Upon my word, I shall believe after this that Tom Lefferts is a genius," laughed Jack. "He said it would bring me a wife and it did. It brought *you* to me, Miss Avice, in spite of that last word of yours that spoiled my sleigh-ride."

"I am not your wife yet, Mr. Coleburn," with a pretty toss of her head; "and unless you can explain to me why you are sending your name and address to strange ladies, on egg-shells—"

Jack caught her in his arms and explained satisfactorily. But poor Tom Lefferts carries a yearning heart still, for *his* dove has never returned to the ark.

MARY E. BRADLEY.



EL MAHDI TO THE TRIBES OF THE SOUDAN.

I have heard the Voice of the Lord
As the Prophet heard of old ;
For me have the blessed angels
The book of Fate unrolled ;
Gabriel, holiest, highest,
Flashed to my cave from the sky,
And cried, as the dawn illumed the east,
" Wake ! for the end is nigh !
Speed ! for 'tis thine to save the saints,
And their proud oppressors slay,
And to fill the earth with righteousness
Before the Judgment Day."

Then he was gone as the lightning goes ;
And my heart leapt up as flame ;
And forth I rushed to the Holy War
For the glory of Allah's name ;
And rippling river, and rustling reeds,
And the wind of the desert sighing,
Echoed his cry as I passed them by,
" Speed ! for the hours are flying !"
The sunbeams shone, like lances keen,
Across the Meccan plain ;
The roar of hosts was in my ears,
Their fury in my brain ;
And I vowed to the God of the Faithful
His Prophet alone should reign !

Now, who is on the side of God
To fight this fight with me,—
To break the ranks of the Infidels
And hurl them back to the sea,
And all this tortured, trampled land
From greed and spoil to free ?
Who yearns for bliss in Paradise ?
Who fears eternal flame ?
Let him follow me to the Holy War
For the glory of Allah's name !
Leave your flocks on the grassy hills
Of cool Atbara's stream ;
Under the palms by the lonely wells
No more at noontide dream ;
From Nile's fair groves and uplands,
From meadow and marsh and mere,
Throng to the Crescent banner
With lance, and shield, and spear !
Come on your flying stallions
From lordly Darfur's side ;

THE MANHATTAN.

Bold from Sahara's burning depths
 On your swift camels ride ;
 The sun by day shall bid you speed,
 By night each guiding star,
 Through the thorny wastes of Kordofan,
 The wide plains of Sennaar !
 And from Fez and far Morocco ;
 From Yemen and Hejaz ;—
 For round the world to the Faithful
 This fire of God shall blaze—
 And from the realms of the Indian Sea,
 And isles of spice and balm,
 Shall a thousand thousand hither haste
 For the glory of Islâm !

And as in the Valley of Bedr,
 When the Moslems charged the foe,
 The angels stooped to the stormy pass
 And laid the faithless low—
 So shall they watch my Standard,
 And all along our line
 Will hover their shining legions,
 And the battle be divine !
 And should you fall in the conflict,
 O glorious, glad surprise !
 White-winged camels will bear you thence
 To the bowers of Paradise—
 Up to the crystal fountains,
 And the feast of the Tuba tree,
 The songs of Israfil to hear,
 The face of God to see !

Allah ! I long for the onset !
 Moslems ! welcome the day
 When forth in the rosy dawn we sweep
 As victors to the fray !
 For fierce as the lion leaping
 At night from his woody lair ;
 Dread as the hot simoom whose breath
 No living thing may dare ;
 Strong as the sun when he mounts the sky
 To bathe in the western sea—
 So fierce, to the godless of the earth,
 So dread, so strong are we !
 And, by the soul of Mohammed—
 Nay, by the Throne of God—
 The Infidel and the Spoiler
 Shall into the dust be trod !
 And away by the winds of heaven
 As worthless chaff be blown,
 And the Prophet, and true Believers,
 Shall rule in the earth alone !

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

RECENT TENDENCIES IN AMERICAN JOURNALISM.

HE must be a rash critic who attempts to call attention to objectionable tendencies in the course of the daily press. "I never quarrel with the newspapers," said an eminent politician to a Washington correspondent, "for they always have the last word." The writer or preacher who tries to get the ear of the public to censure the newspapers is pretty sure to realize that they have the last word, in the discussion he has provoked, and that this word goes far toward carrying the verdict of opinion against him. The newspapers are made to suit the public taste, and to criticise them is to criticise the current taste of the day—always an unpopular thing to do. So it happens that while the press passes judgment upon everything and everybody, very few persons pass judgment upon the press, in a way to invite its attention and reply. The would-be censor knows that if he delivers his single shot from pulpit or periodical page he invites a whole volley in reply, which may be repeated from day to day until the marksmen are tired of the sport.

Nevertheless, it would seem as if this most influential force in our modern civilization—the daily journal—should undergo some criticism from the outside. The newspapers haul each other over the coals often enough for faults and shortcomings, and even for trivial errors of grammar, but there is always the suspicion of professional jealousy attaching to their complaints and ridicule of each other. The philosophic spirit is lacking.

Sometimes a popular preacher devotes a sermon to finding fault with the newspapers, but they are apt to resent his assumption of a superior moral standpoint, and to ridicule his themes of good journalism. If there be any medium where the discussion of the subject would be entirely in place, it would seem to be the monthly periodical, which is constantly reviewed by the daily press, and which might, it would seem, fairly and acceptably exercise the same office in return. Here at least no jealousies would come into play and there would be

no looking at one profession through the lenses of another, especially fitted to detect and magnify faults. In the hope of stimulating such a discussion, rather than with an idea of opening it in any adequate way, the following observations on some tendencies of the American press of the present day are written.

Ten or fifteen years ago the best of our city dailies combated what was called "sensationalism" in the press, a practice of magnifying the importance of news by startling head-lines, which gave to a page the appearance of carrying some very remarkable information, when there was really nothing to be told but the ordinary occurrences of the day. There grew out of these protests a reform which consisted in giving space and prominence of position to matters of news, in proportion to their importance and interest to intelligent people. Of late there has been in many papers a return to sensationalism, not in the old form, but in a new and a worse one; not in head-lines, but in the deterioration of the old standard of the kind of news proper for publication, and the relative degree of importance to be given to different classes of news. An entire class of events, which used to be excluded from papers of the better sort, now finds place in some of them, and other classes which used to be put in corners and in small type, under the head of "Crimes and Casualties," is now paraded upon the first page, with ingenious headings calculated to provoke curiosity. The doings of legislative bodies and of scientific convocations, the thoughtful discourses of famous men, the news of social reforms and of the intellectual movements of the world, and to a great extent of its business affairs, are often summarized or omitted altogether, to give space for columns about divorce suits, elopements, church scandals, murders, forgeries, bigamies and vice and gossip of all sort. Even dailies of an old and higher reputation for respectability have fallen into the current and changed their characters. Their news pages have become a queer combination of law-

lessness and scandal, savoring both of the bar-room and of the gossipy tea-party.

It is related that the elder Bennett once said to a novice in journalism: "Young man, you seem to think that the province of the newspaper is to instruct and improve. You are mistaken; it is to astonish and amuse." This seems to be the motto of the new departure in journalism. All women and most men like to read personalities and gossip. The journalism of the period builds upon this weakness in human nature. It describes not so much events as the people who figure in them; it discusses public interests less than the dresses, houses and horses, the movements, talk, diversions and foibles of men and women. When writing of serious topics, it adopts a flippant tone, or at best a sprightly hop-skip-and-jump style of going over the subject. Its theory is that the reader wants to be entertained, not informed.

It should not be inferred that a majority of the prominent daily papers are yielding to the new tendency. Many are standing up resolutely against it, and are carefully preserving the substantial character of their news pages and the serious and instructive method in editorial treatment of current topics. The new tendency is only made more conspicuous, however, by these striking contrasts, while its momentum is shown by the number of once grave and excellent sheets that have been borne away by it—not in the West alone, but in the very focus of journalistic example and effort—the metropolis. The influence of this new departure is felt throughout the country. A journal from the remote Pacific Northwest lies before me, which vigorously defends the practice of printing crimes, scandals and social gossip *in extenso*, on the ground that it is the province of the newspaper to present to its readers *all* sides of life—the bad as well as the good. We might not dissent from this theory if relative space could be allotted to the good and evil events in the community. The trouble is that the orderly, useful lives of ninety-nine reputable men and women call for little mention in the public prints, while the mischief or sin enacted by one person in a hundred is paraded by the column. There is no just balance. The

bad elements make news; the good ones do not. Thus the paper which prints all the accounts of crimes and other invasions of social order which can be gathered by telegraph from a population of over fifty millions, presents its readers with a deceptive view of the life and morals of the people of this nation. It is no wonder that foreigners are horrified at the picture of American life given in many of our great dailies. They might well imagine, as many of them no doubt do, that human life is unsafe even under the eyes of our police, and that domestic morals are at a dreadfully low ebb. The truth is that a large proportion of the murders committed in the United States are the deeds of foreigners, who have come to our shores to escape the close surveillance which European governments keep over the criminal classes; and, further, that our social morals are purer and more elevated than those of any other country in the world. How long they will remain so, if our daily journals bring into the family circle every day the results of drawing a drag-net over the whole country to gather details of immorality and crime, who can say? People of mature years and fixed characters are not much influenced by this sort of reading, except to be wearied by its monotony; but the young, full of eager curiosity to know what the world is, absorb false ideas of life and a morbid interest in its vicious phases. No apologist of sensational journalism will say that the daily reading of six or seven columns of murders, burglaries, defalcations, divorce trials, elopements, abductions and domestic scandals would tend to the formation of a fine character, and to the development of pure, earnest views of life's duties in a young man or a young woman. Yet this is the sort of mental food the young are feeding upon in thousands of respectable households to-day.

In France and Belgium, where statistics have been developed to the rank of a science, it has been ascertained that the proportion of crimes to population varies little year by year. Those countries have been mapped out by districts, and the ratio of crimes against property and crimes against the person to the number of inhabitants is shown by shadings of different

degrees of density. In a given district, the statistician knows that next year about so many persons will commit murder, about so many arson, and so on through the whole list of offenses. Why cannot our newspapers let us take these things for granted, without loading us with the details? Why should we be expected to read of the homicide in Texas or the rape in Indiana. There is a monotony about crime which deprives it of any real interest as news to intelligent minds. So far as is necessary for the safety of society, it is proper that we should be informed of the doings of the criminal classes, and it may be added that offenses that show new and dangerous tendencies in business or social life should be fully described, that the evil may be combated by all good citizens; but of what good or of what national interest is it to give long catalogues of violence and wickedness, which are alike day after day, with only a change of names and dates? And the same thing may be said of offenses against domestic morals. An entire continent will always afford, until the millennium dawns, a considerable list of discovered offenses of this sort every day. But why rake them together and put them into the newspapers? There is not even the spice of variety in them. All phases of the infraction of good morals are presented in a single week's issue of one of our enterprising dailies, and thenceforth, even to the most verdant mind, it is all repetition.

Why print this sort of stuff? Because people want to read it, the answer will be. Some people do, no doubt, but not all people. Let there be papers where it can be found, if needs be. But there is no reason why it should be forced on the general newspaper reader in the daily journal he is accustomed to taking into his household.

Running side by side with the tendency toward sensationalism in its new form, and reaching out beyond it, so as to affect papers that are still respectable in the old sense of the word, is a manifest drift toward curtness and flippancy—a touch-and-go style of treating all subjects, a disposition to make a felicitous point in the wording of a paragraph rather than to convey an idea, a way of skipping over the surface of things in a half-humorous, half-sarcastic mood, which

makes a paper what is called "bright" and "newsy." The patient, thoughtful editorial writer who puts conscientious work into his articles is voted an old-fashioned bore, and forced to make room for the chipper paragrapher, who has a quaint or funny knack of putting sentences together, and of treating life as a jest, in the spirit of the elegy on the tombstone of the poet Gay. The aim of this new school of newspaper writing is to tickle the fancy rather than to inform the mind. You are entertained while reading its efforts; they are like whipped syllabub and champagne—light, frothy and pleasant to take—but you can read columns of them without getting anything that you can remember next day. It would not be possible to introduce into America the essay-like style of editorial which characterizes the great English papers, because it is not adapted to our national habits of thought. Yet in intellectual rank, it is a long way ahead of most of the work done in editorial columns in our daily journals. The long, solid articles of the London *Times* or the *Daily News* are addressed to rational people, who want facts and arguments on matters of current interest put into a finished literary style. Our new-fashioned editorial writing goes to the other extreme, and appears to be turned out on the idea that the readers only desire to be amused or excited, and that any thorough treatment of public questions would bore them. There is, of course, a legitimate field for journals that seek to be only entertaining. But surely there is a constituency, and a large one, who want to get some mental profit out of the hour spent in reading their daily paper.

A movement for cheapening prices is coincident with those tendencies we have just considered. It began in Boston, where an old and prosperous three-cent daily reduced its price to two cents, and soon extended to New York, where it has brought the price of two of the eight-page morning papers which formerly sold for four cents, down to two cents, and of a third down to three. In Philadelphia the leading eight-page paper caught the infection and is selling for two cents. The movement is now ravaging the West, where, I am glad to note, the principal papers in the large cities are holding out against it. This cheapening

of rates has arisen from a desire on the part of newspapers of the better class to obtain a larger circulation. Their proprietors saw the population tributary to their news centres rapidly increase, without any marked addition to their subscription lists. The gain all seemed to go to the small low-priced papers. They saw, too, that the great London dailies, like the *News*, the *Telegraph* and the *Standard*, could boast of circulations approaching 200,000 each, while there was not an eight-page paper in New York, with one exception, or in any other American city, that printed 50,000 copies a day through the week. The London papers, except the *Times*, are sold for one penny—two cents. Why should not an American paper of equal size gain a great circulation and a profitable business by reducing its price to two cents? The question was a natural one, but the publishers who made haste to answer it in the affirmative and to act accordingly, have, I believe, made a mistake. New York is not London. With its suburbs it has only two millions of people against London's five. Instead of the thirty millions of people in England who can be reached by a London morning paper before sunset, there are less than ten millions living within an equal radius of New York, and by no means all of them are the natural constituency of our metropolitan journals. In two hours' ride eastward a region is reached where people regard Boston as the centre of the universe and care little for New York and its affairs. Two hours west of New York lies the province of which Philadelphia is the commercial and journalistic capital. Thus the field of the New York daily is circumscribed in two directions, and is only far-reaching within the boundaries of the State of New York. Besides, the London tradespeople are more general if not more liberal advertisers than those of New York. In New York, advertising more and more tends to confine itself to special trade journals and to avoid the daily papers. Take the theatre, railroad and steamship notices and the advertisements of a few great dry-goods and clothing concerns and publishing houses out of the New York dailies and there would not be much left in their advertising pages, excepting, of course, those of the one fortu-

nate sheet which has almost a monopoly of the "wants." Not one retailer in a thousand advertises in the newspapers, and the wholesale trade is rarely represented at all in their columns. Increase of population and business in the American metropolis has by no means brought a corresponding increase of advertising patronage.

Many judicious observers of the field of daily journalism regard the cheap newspaper movement as unfortunate in its influence and results. An eight-page sheet, which is retailed for two cents a copy, yields to the publisher a margin over the cost of white paper only about large enough to pay press-room expenses. All other expenses must be covered by advertising receipts. The natural tendency of this dependence on advertising is that the paper is edited with one eye on the counting-room. Its independence is crippled to some extent, for if any single line of advertising, such as new books, dry-goods, or insurance statements should be withdrawn, the narrow margin between profit and loss might disappear. Then, the disposition of the proprietors is to cut down the cost of the editorial department, by hiring cheap men in the places of accomplished writers of reputation, dispensing with outside contributors, whose work has to be well rewarded, reducing the number and salaries of correspondents, printing fewer special despatches, paying the reporters who do "space work" such poor rates as to drive the best of them into other pursuits, and thus cheapening and lowering the intellectual standards of the paper. From a business point of view this policy seems a good one at the start, since the new readers who have been attracted to the paper by the two-cent rate do not demand the old order of excellence. But gradually the old audience falls away and the paper finds that in gaining increased circulation it has changed its constituency and lost its old influence with the influential classes.

That there is a field, and a broad and profitable one, too, for two-cent papers no one can doubt, in view of the great success of journals like the *Herald* in Boston, the *Sun* in New York, the *Times* and *Ledger* in Philadelphia and the *Sun* in Baltimore. There is also, in a few large cities, where there are thousands of poor but intelligent

working-people, an excellent field for one-cent papers, already, in most localities, well filled. The mistake now being made, it would seem, is for papers of the class which have hitherto sold for three and four cents in the East, and for five cents in the West, to endeavor to crowd into the two-cent field. They had their distinctive constituencies among people who wanted an ampler presentation of the news, a more thorough editorial treatment of the topics of the day, and a wider range of able correspondence and contributions than is consistent with the retail price of two cents per copy. Why should there be a uniform low price for daily papers any more than for books and magazines, or, for that matter, for coats and hats? Is the two-cent movement a natural and wholesome one? intelligent people may well ask. Is it not rather the result of excessive competition and of jealousy of the large circulations of the old low-priced sheets? Further, is there any popular demand for cheaper newspapers? Considering the cost of its production the daily paper is the cheapest product in the market, whether it be sold for one cent or five.

Instead of a cut-throat effort to capture each other's subscribers, would it not be sensible for newspaper proprietors to stand together for mutual protection against a ruinous and demoralizing competition? It is a singular fact that in no important branch of business is there less harmony or a keener and more destructive rivalry than in that of publishing daily papers. Manufacturers and traders of all sorts join together in associations for the purpose of guarding against overproduction, sustaining remunerative prices, and protecting the capital embarked in their enterprises. Daily newspapers require as heavy investments as iron mills and cotton factories; their management is supposed to demand a superior grade of intelligence. Yet their relations to each other are of a purely Ishmaelitic character. Everyone's hand is against its neighbor. The settled maxims of trade seem to have little force in their counting-rooms. There is rarely any concert of action to maintain remunerative rates for subscriptions and advertising, or to protect a limited field already fully occupied from becoming overcrowded. The Associated

Press unites the leading journals in an organization for gathering and distributing news. But this great league has no other function, and has not even been able to assert any proprietary right in the information it collects at great expense. The despatches printed at four o'clock in the morning by the papers belonging to the Association can be copied at five by other sheets which pay nothing for them. The need of daily journalism in our large cities is not greater competition, cheaper prices, and a leveling down to one plane of price and character, but rather a concert of action to maintain profitable rates, a recognition of each journal's right to the field it has made for itself, and also less uniformity in size, style, tone and cast. Differentiation, not uniformity, marks progress on all the lines of civilization. I believe there is an opening in New York to-day, or soon will be, for a paper which sells for five cents, and is worth the money.

The tendencies toward both sensationalism and triviality which are showing themselves of late in many newspapers of the better class, may, perhaps, be attributed to the lack of momentous questions of a national character. The crimes and gossip of a continent are gathered to fill the space once occupied with the details of important political movements and the clashing of leading minds. When the statesman, the philosopher, the scientist and the poet have nothing new to say, the public occupies itself with the furnishing of their houses and the cut of their garments. In the absence of great events little ones have to suffice. We are in a transition period, when old questions have been settled and the new questions of the future, although looming spectre-like on the horizon of the prophetic eye, are not seen clearly by the multitude. As they approach nearer, the light and gossipy epoch in journalism will give place to one of earnest thinking and vigorous writing. New giants of the press will be developed.

One feature of the present phase of journalism is especially satisfactory. The newspapers are more free from the influence of the politicians than ever before. Even the strong party papers display a robust independence. They criticise freely the meas-

ures and leaders of their own party. Indeed, they are themselves the leaders of the organizations they support. The political chief in Congress is much more influenced by the opinions and wishes of the editors in New York, Boston and Chicago than the editors are by his. Except in the case of a few obscure sheets that live upon municipal patronage, the daily papers do not care for the views of this or that party "boss" or leading statesman, save as a matter of news. Their opinions on politics are their own. This independence of the dictation and influence of professional politicians extends to the weekly press, which has largely outgrown its old subserviences to the dispensers of county patronage and become manly and self-reliant.

In escaping from the thumb of the politician, however, the press has in many instances got under that of the capitalist. Men who are not journalists, and have no ambition to become such, put money in newspaper properties, not for the direct profit of the investment, but for ulterior purposes. They want to control the utterances of the editorial columns or the tone of the financial reports, to advance their individual or co-operate speculations and enterprises. Or, if they have no special purpose in view, they form syndicates and take stock, on the general idea that it is a good thing to have a hand on the levers which move public opinion. Such ownership is highly detrimental to honest journalism. The editor who must write with cau-

tion, lest he offend the prejudices or run against the pecuniary interest of outside stockholders, is not a free man. He is muzzled and hampered in a hundred ways. His readers have no assurance that he is writing candidly, from the point of view of the fair-minded journalist. It may be a railroad, or a bank, or a manufactory that is putting forth opinions disguised under the editorial "we." The newspaper that fulfills the highest functions of journalism must be owned by the men who make it. The most threatening evil of current journalism is the hidden hand of the outside capitalists, laid upon it to shape its opinions and manipulate its views. If this evil gains ground, as seems inevitable, in an age when a rage for money-getting has taken possession of the mass of intelligent minds and obscured higher aims, the remedy will be found in journals of opinion. The costly work of news-gathering may be left to the papers which control large capital, while the public turns for aggressive and candid views on the events and issues of the times to small and cheaply-made sheets which are under no obligations to stockholders. In France there are scores of successful journals which make no effort at covering the field of the world's news. They are organs of opinion only. Each is the production of a group of original minds, and each represents the general ideas of a segment of French political or industrial life. There are indications that such a phase of journalism is approaching in this country.

E. V. SMALLEY.

LOVE'S CREED.

I hold one simple faith throughout the days
That wear on slowly to an unknown end—
A faith which glorifies the darkest ways
That lead me to my friend.

I may not understand the reason why
Some things are hidden which I fain would see,
My faith, the faith by which I live—or die—
Is still enough for me.

And thus it is I am content to wait,
For fear and questioning to doubt belong.
Love knows but this, and proves it, soon or late,
The king can do no wrong!

DOROTHY HOLROYD.

ONE VIEW OF THE CHAUCERIAN MANIA.

"O Mayster Chaucer, fadir reverent,
Mirrour of fructious entendement,—
O universal fadir in science!
What eyled Death? Alas! why would he slay the?"

—OCCLEVE.

THIS "fadir" of English poetry, familiarly known as "Dan" or Lord Chaucer, was a good-natured, interesting, lovable sort of fellow, who has been greatly overestimated, placed by the highest authorities above all English poets, save Shakespeare, and who has had more beautiful things said of him and his work than he ever said himself. He certainly showed a willingness to "father" much good work produced before his time, and was a general dipper into other people's wells, while credited by Spenser for being himself "A well of English undefyled," also styled the "Greatest Story Teller in Verse," possibly to distinguish him from that amusing gossip, Munchausen Mandeville, who, with his amusing records of men, beasts and birds, and his positive statement of impossibilities, was certainly the greatest liar in prose.

As to his personal history, a medley of statements have been manufactured, from which you take your choice. He was born at four different places, at different dates, but was only blessed with three fathers, Richard, Thomas and John Chaucer. The paternal relative was a shoemaker, a military man in the best society, and a vintner. "Dan" never received a liberal education; he is claimed by both Oxford and Cambridge, but anyone who has seen his spelling would deny that. Still, everything he did is viewed with such blind and unreasonable reverence, that even his execrable orthography has been revised and closely imitated by the advocates of phonetic spelling without, however, giving him credit for the ideas. See his hous for house, mous, hors, rime, bras, pees, aked, etc. He flogged a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street, proof positive that he was a law-student, but, unfortunately, the lawyers did not occupy the Temple until long after Chaucer's youth.

Godwin, the father-in-law of Shelley, who

filled two enormous folios with his own opinions on every subject and called the result "A Life of Chaucer," thus deals with the legal tradition: "Let us, however, for a moment, conceive of Chaucer as a student at law, and let us examine what ideas and conceptions would have been produced in his mind by this study." And Lounsbury's comment is capital. He says: "On this most insecure of pegs, he thereupon proceeds to hang several pages of disquisition, in which he gives an account of the civil law, of the canon law, of the feudal law, of the English Constitution, of early writers on English law, of modes of pleading, of the venality of the administration of justice, and of the attempts for its reformation. This is no extreme case, and the application of this process through two volumes causes Chaucer himself often to appear to the reader as an exceedingly dim and dubious speck on the horizon of the book devoted to his life." All that is known with certainty of his history could be condensed into a paragraph, but the erudite biographers maunder on and we are expected to follow.

One finds internal evidence of unrequited love in these lines:

"I hold it to be a sicknessse
That I have suffered this eight yere
And yet my boot is never the nere."

Then it is affirmed that he married a maid of honor, her name Phillippa. It is also affirmed that neither statement is correct.

He speaks in his "Dream," which, by the way, is now not considered to be his, of

"A lodge out of way,
Beside a well in a forest."

This well is an old stock property of mediæval verse, but is mentioned as convincing proof that Chaucer had a lodge in Woodstock Park, where there happened to be a well, but where he did not happen

to reside. A deal of time has been wasted by his laborious worshippers in their bulky volumes; weary quagmires of surmise and conjecture. One author has the frankness to say that if Chaucer could only get back to earth he would have been aghast at such doubtful material, if, indeed, he did not fail to recognize himself!

The "Testament of Love," which is not the tender confessions of a sighing swain, but a wearisome, almost unintelligible treatise in three books modeled on a stupid work of the Middle Ages, called "The Consolation of Philosophy of Boethius," where an aged but beautiful woman appears to Boethius to comfort him with prosy aphorisms, has been the foundation for all the made-up stories of Chaucer's career. And it is now positively proved that it is not Chaucer's work, and this opinion has been accepted by the Early English Text Society. This is, of course, a terrible conclusion to come to, and endless fights and discussions have been caused by it. Then there is a sad discrepancy of statement in regard to his personal appearance.

First we are told:

"His stature was not very tall,
Leane he was; and his legs were small.
 Hosed within a stock of red;
 A buttoned bonnet on his head,
 From under which did hang I ween
 Silver haire both bright and sheene.
 His beared was white, trimmed around
 His countenance blithe and merry found.
 A sleeveless jacket large and wide,
 With many pleights and skirtes tide
 Of water chamlet did he weare;
 A whittell by his belt he beare.
 His shooes were corned broad before,
 His nick-home at his side he bore;
 And in his hand he bore a book,
This did the aunter poet look."

This is all very well; a vivid picture; and we see him before us "*leane*," slender-legged, with a smiling phiz.

But soon we stumble on an exactly opposite picture, drawn by Chaucer himself.

Harry Bailey, the jolly, corpulent landlord, is made to say:

"Thou lookest as thou woldest fynde an hare,
 For ever on the ground I see thee stare,
 Approche neer and looke up merrily.
 Now war you sires, and let this man have place,
 He in the waast is shape as well as I.
 This were a popet in an arm to embrace
 For any woman and fair of face,
 He seemeth elyvesh by his countenance,
 For unto no wight dooth he dalliance."

These conflicting accounts can only be reconciled by a little roundel referring to his tortured heart.

It is not at all certain that he wrote it, but that makes it all the more interesting and valuable.

You will now see how he went through "thick and thin," or rather thin and thick, as he was under Cupid's thralldom, or escaped from captivity.

"Syn I fro Love escaped am so fat,
 I nere thinke to ben in his prison lene;
 Syn I am fre, I count him not a bene.
 He may answer and seye this and that;
 I do not fois; I speak right as I mene;
 Syn I fro Love escaped am so fat,
 Love hath my name i-strike out of his sclat,
 And he is strike out of pray bokes clene,
 For ever-mo there is none other mene.
 Syn I fro Love escaped am so fat."

We begin to feel quite sure again of his corpulence. But Bell's edition for "*lene*" reads "*tene*," or taken, which upsets this theory.

So it is all through. Take that apparently simple line:

"Thou lookest as thou woldest fynde an hare."

You may interpret it literally, that he seemed abstracted and gazed on the ground.

Or humorously—that the coy and cunning animal had hid under the ample folds of his chamlet-frock and that the poet's proportions prevented discovery. This idea may have been borrowed from the illustration, so familiar to us all, of the Dutchman whistling in vain for the pup that roguishly sits at his feet under the shadow of his waistcoat as he sings:

"O where, O where has my leetle dog gone?
 O where, O where is he?"

But one of the learned annotators spoils all this by insisting that he was staring on the ground as if he would find a hair!—a habit common with near-sighted persons. So that Charles Lamb might have inquired of him as he did of a boy returning from a day's hunt, swinging a hare by the tail—"Is that your own hair—or a wig?"

We now turn in a hopeless way from himself to his writings.

Dull, wordy prolixity was the style of that age. There is at present a mania for the study of early English and Anglo-Saxon, and young girls who are sent to college after a three-year course in Greek, Latin and Mathematics, with scarcely time to read the daily

paper, and no knowledge whatever of current authors, are advised to spend a year or two on such torsos as the "magnificent epic of 'Beowulf!'"—a fragment of a pagan poem, with a few Christian interpolations, which can be read in good, plain English in an hour, and does not, except to a philologist, repay more than an hour's attention. If, as some ingeniously argue, the monster Grendel, stalking along the moor, under the misty hills, was only a metaphor for malaria, it would prove that this now fashionable disease did not originate in defective plumbing. "Beowulf" shows that our ancestors, though hampered by fatalistic doctrines, were no cowards. "Death is better than a life of shame."

Excepting Wycliffe there is no author of Chaucer's age that is worth protracted study, unless for pictures of the time, or as showing the growth of the language. Yet students are often kept so long upon this early period that they scarcely get beyond the Robin Hood Ballads before other duties prevent further study. It is a fact that a graduate of one of our most renowned colleges inquired of Mr. James T. Fields if he knew Pope personally when he was abroad! while a senior in one of our colleges for women asked me if Choate was living, and in a class of twenty girls there was but one who could repeat any poem of Longfellow, save the "Psalm of Life" and "Beware!"

It would be idiotic to underrate Chaucer. He will ever be invaluable to the historian, antiquarian and philologist.

My plea is for the young students who need to know so much besides, that it is about time to sift the rich wheat from the bushels of dirty chaff with which it is now encumbered, as the classics are buried in notes, scholia, commentaries and various readings. For instance, Chaucer used three thousand dull, pedantic verses to conduct Troilus to his first stolen interview with Cressida, and it had been far better for her if they never had met. The entire poem numbers 8,253 lines, and Rosetti calls it "one of the most delightful of English or possible poems—an entire and perfect chrysolite," but "it is not quite moral"—"not a poem for youth!"

I make a bold appeal for students of literature in the distant future. Must this sort

of thing always go on, and the boys and girls of 2884 be obliged to spend half the time they will have for this study on Anglo-Saxon and Chaucer, with all the added burdens of another century. If we were blessed with antediluvian longevity and the "secular leisures" of Methuselah, this sort of work might go on indefinitely, if the text were sparkling or refined, but life is too short for gross descriptions of unspeakable intrigues, long drawn out and with evident gusto, as in "January and May," especially when you need a glossary and notes to find out what it all means, like wading through the filth of Zola with the aid of a pocket dictionary. It seems hard enough to get through teething, colic and pins; measles, whooping-cough and alphabet; multiplication table, mumps—and first love; without forcing young folks to spend months on an author who, in the first place, can't be read without hard study, and secondly, with the exceptions of his wonderful descriptions of life and character in old England, which could be easily grouped by themselves, and a few sentences and paragraphs of striking beauty, which can be found in familiar quotations, ought not to be read by the young.

Chaucer borrowed wholesale from many, but especially filched from the "moral" and "almost worthless" Gower, of whom Lowell says that "he positively raised tediousness to the precision of science. The word *lengthly* has been charged to our American account, but it must have been invented by the first reader of Gower's works—the only inspiration of which they were ever capable." I do not agree with Byron, who said: "Chaucer, notwithstanding the praises bestowed on him, I think obscene and contemptible; he owes his celebrity merely to his antiquity, which he does not deserve so well as Pierre Plowman or Thomas of Ercildoune."

But I do think there are many to-day who study Chaucer because it is the proper thing, or resemble the man described by John Earle in the seventeenth century "that cries Chaucer for his money above all our English poets because the voice has gone so, and he has read none." And I firmly believe there is a degree of insanity in this excessive reverence for what is old. We have annotations of Chaucer's minor poems that fill twice as many pages as the original

work, which is of no consequence in itself. See the "Parliament of Foules." And these notes generally struggle on into deeper mystification, as, for instance:

"The swalwe, morthese of the bees smale."

Note.

"For bees, the MSS. read without an exception *foules*, except B., which has *flies*, and F., which has *brydder*, all unaccountable readings."

Who feels a deep interest in the fact, "the word stoupen (bent), given by Tyrwhitt at line 8,433, it is now shown, should be stape, advanced; in line 13,850, printed stopen!" Or that "the old English word *seagh* is written saugh, sauh, seigh, sigh, segh, sihe, sauhe, sawh, sagh, sy, sie, sey, say, segh," etc., etc.—all of which mean saw.

Too much like the daft old Greek scholar, who regretted when dying that he had not given his whole life to the dative case.

As to the pronunciation of Chaucer's poetry, it is a work of months to attain any degree of correctness. You musn't boggle over the final e, but say horsie, doggie, handie, like a three-year-old. The grass small, soft, sweet, is sma-le, sof-te, swo-te gras.

And after long, faithful practice and careful study you may be able to read in this way; a rare and valuable accomplishment.

"Ther was ahlsoa a nōōn, a preeoressa,
That of her smeeling was fōōl sim-pland covy;
Heer graitest otht was bōōt bee Si-ent Lovy,
And shay was cleppēd Mādam Eglanteena.
Fōōl well shay sang the servicē divīnē,
Entuned in heer nohsa fōōl saimaly;
Ahfter the scohl of Strahtford ahtta Bow-a,
For French of Pahrees was toh her dōōknow-a."

In "Specimen Bricks from the Ruins of English Literature," an amusing brochure published at Rochester, N. Y., there is a parody of the opening lines of the Prologue, which, for spelling and general Chaucerian air, is worth giving:

"Whan Helianthe with hire beautie swoote
Hath perced everich sowle to the roote,
And drenched everich sense in swich licour,
Whose mystik gaude symbol clept sonne-flour;
Whan Wilde Oscar eek with his swete arte
Enspired hath in everich gentil herte
The gret desir and the crowde i-ronne
To heere him utter *utter* nonsense just for funne,
And smal cats maken melodie,
That slegen al the night with open eye—
Thanne pricketh folk their new-found corages
And longen thei to gon on pilgrimages,

Instead of gowying to swich place galore
And finden everych thingge an awful bore;
Thei wisheth moch to seeken straunge strondes,
To skedaddle off to sondry londes,
And specially, thei longen for an ende
Of miserie—so homward thei mot wende."

Patient Griselda is considered an exquisite story of wifely patience and silent submission, but Chaucer himself said slyly there were few such to be found and in these days the type is extinct.

Leigh Hunt has told her sad story in his dainty way and passes over the "glorious, sainted Griselda."

But state the facts and they become ridiculous if not absolutely pernicious. Think of the deleterious effects on young and headstrong husbands, with a tendency to "boss."

Grizzy was a weak, spiritless goose, who was so flattered that a marquis should select her, a maiden lowly born, for his wife (he had been one of the dissipated, fastidious bachelors), that everything he did, no matter how cruel or tyrannical, was exactly right. He was a bear, a monster, who should have been promptly lynched by appreciative neighbors and his saintly spouse hurried to the nearest asylum. In the first place, he made her promise never to say no when *he* said yes, and she smilingly acquiesced, even if he should wish to kill her. For a test of her fidelity he ordered his sergeant to carry off her first-born, her dear little daughter, with a rough snatch as if to murder her. And the mother sat still as a lamb—I mean a sheep.

Then her baby boy, the heir, was made away with in the same style. To crown all she was sent home to her aged father, because it pleased her lord to get a new and younger companion—her only dowry, the rags she brought. There was one faint spark of spirit, when she begged not to be obliged to go back absolutely naked. And the marquis, with unusual consideration, allowed her the "smock" she had on (another instance of "Love's Last Shift"). And so, stripped of all her magnificence, barefooted, bareheaded, she trudges wearily to the old hut she used to call home. Speak of Job's patience! Boils are nothing. Even his croaking friends are nowhere after this. Of course she is at last recalled, and all ends pleasantly. And this and the Knight's

Tale are almost the only ones of all the "Canterbury Tales" that can be read aloud or even the plot be told.

For some reason Boccaccio is always frowned upon as a libertine with his pen, while the world shakes its sides over Rabelais's downright vulgarity, and a society is formed in England to do him honor, and, Chaucer-like, Fielding only illustrated the coarseness of his age, and is lovingly apologized for.

We have great reason for gratitude that Chaucer's tales are unfinished. There might have been more than a hundred of these obscure obscene stories to wrestle with, and it would have taken an entire lifetime to cope with Chaucer. Imagine venerable sages, as they met, comparing progress, one mumbling reverently, "I have now arrived at the ninety-seventh Tale and pray life may be prolonged to complete the great work." This is no exaggeration, when we realize how Chaucer is studied now word by word, month after month, as reverently as is the Bible, and that he left nearly fifty thousand lines.

Let those who revel in his "Meditarianism" say frankly that they do enjoy it; let the philologist study his works for his own purposes.

What the young folks want of Chaucer is his descriptions of English life and character, his humor, pathos and satire, and they can be given them in a dozen pages. He loved birds and flowers and trees and books and pretty women, as all poets since and before his time have done. But hasn't a little too much been said about his "daisy" and his "smale fowls?" I contend that except for philology and history there are many poets who outrank him and are far more worthy of attentive study and admiration. Rather than run to such an extreme as we see now with Chaucerian scholars at one end of the line and the admirers of Browning at the other, I should adopt the system which Professor Herbert Adams, of Hopkins University, lately advocated for the study of history—begin at the literary light of your own town or city and work backward. Is this heresy or progress?

KATE SANBORN.



JASPER FRANCIS CROPSEY, N. A.

TO be associated in the minds of others with nature in one of her most beautiful aspects, to have one's name linked with the most delightful season of the year, is the lot of very few. But such is the happy fortune of Jasper Francis Cropsey, whose worthy career is less known to his countrymen than it deserves to be.

When he was born—on Staten Island, near Rossville, in 1823—our country had not made much progress in the fine arts. Sixteen years before, at Philadelphia—when it was still, as it had been for more than a quarter of a century previously, the most important city in the republic—had been founded the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. But in 1823 the National Academy of Design, in New York, had not yet been thought of. There was then living, however, one American portrait painter whose works would confer distinction on any country or on any age. And it will always be a matter of pride in the United States that it is the native land of Gilbert Stuart.

Cropsey early exhibited artistic tendencies, which were a surprise to those who knew him. None of his family had shown any taste or talent for art. And he is the only artist whom the lovely island where he first saw the light has yet produced. But in childhood his school-books were filled with his sketches and he drew before he could write. His health was delicate and prevented his regular attendance at school, but he was always busy with his pencil or in the execution of some mechanical contrivance. When he was about fourteen, after a year's work, he completed a little model of a country house, with a colonnade and garden fence, which attracted much attention. It was done with such tools as a boy could manage, and by the advice of his friends was sent first to an exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute in New York, and later to the fair of the American Institute. From both institutions he received a diploma. These awards gave him a name, and he was known through the whole country-side as "The boy who

built the house." The little model is still in existence. It is not only thoroughly constructed in its mechanical part, but perfect in its details and proportions, and remarkable as the work of a lad who had received no aid from architectural works, nor advice from mechanics.

The production of this model seemed to indicate that young Cropsey was intended for an architect. And in order to develop his talent in that direction, he was articulated for a term of years to a leading architect of New York. Under his instruction Cropsey made such rapid progress, that in the second year after entering the office he received a diploma from the American Institute for architectural drawing.

But while working diligently the youth was not altogether satisfied. His head was filled with visions of color, and although it was much easier to get off the city's pavement than now, he longed for the fields and woods in which his childish days had been passed, and was bent on becoming a painter. He held on, however, to his architectural employment for about five years. Then he gave it up and immediately began taking lessons in painting and sketching from nature. But his early training has borne goodly fruit in his paintings. His perspective—something which brilliant painters often disdain to acquire—is sure to be perfect, while the architectural effects he sometimes introduces on his canvases are always harmonious and consistent in detail. Such rapid progress did he make in painting that when, at the age of twenty, he sent to the National Academy—then about fifteen years old—a picture, it was accepted and favorably hung. This encouraged him to a still more diligent study of nature, and in the following year he sent to the Academy a picture of Greenwood Lake, which lies half in New York and half in New Jersey. The Academy not only hung this painting, but forthwith elected the young painter an Associate. So little acquainted was he with artists, and so retired had been



MR. CROPSY'S STUDIO IN HIS HOUSE IN ORANGE COUNTY

his habits, that he had the notice of election in his possession for several months before he understood exactly what it meant. But the pictures which followed from his brush brought him increased favor, and by 1847 he saw his way clear to marry and go abroad for study. His stay in Europe lasted more than two years, of which the larger portion was passed in Rome. Unwearied in his efforts to improve himself, he came back a much better artist than he went away, and his pictures readily found purchasers. By

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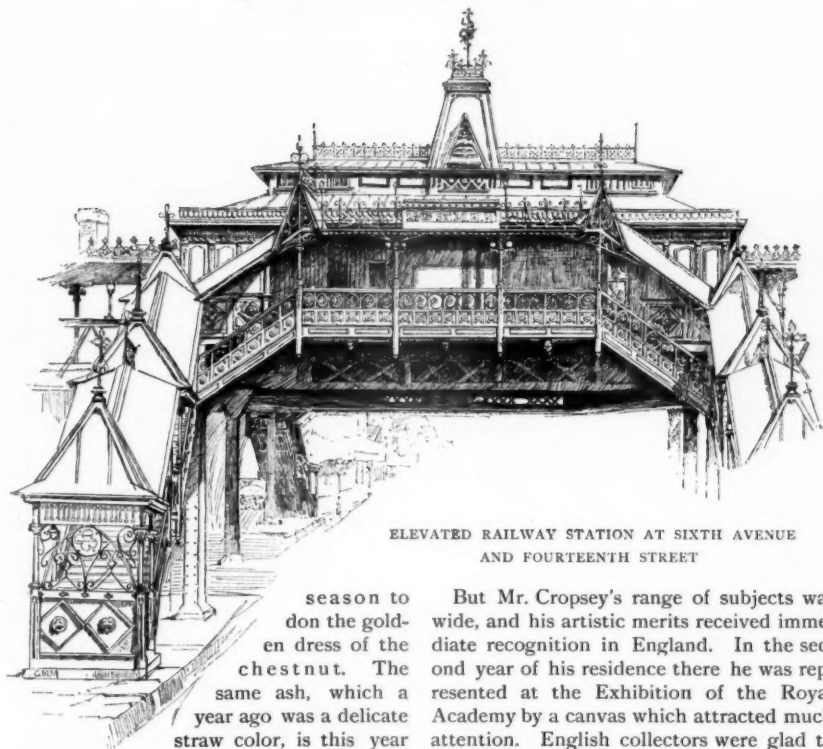
1851 he had become an Academician, and for five years thereafter worked incessantly. But his health, always delicate, gave way, and the English climate having been recommended as likely to restore him, he determined to make a long residence in England, justly thinking, moreover, for reasons which will presently be explained, that his artistic reputation among his countrymen would be higher if he lived on the other side of the Atlantic. So, early in 1856, with his young family, he sailed for Liverpool.

Having been told that he would do well to select a dry, gravelly soil for a residence, he established himself at Kensington, near London. His personal and artistic merits were not long in being appreciated by the English, and he was soon surrounded by a host of desirable friends. Before a great while he numbered among his acquaintances every one worth knowing in the artistic and literary world. To a house where one was sure of meeting, in the course of the season, most of the famous painters, sculptors, singers, actors and authors who were in London, and with them not a few of the leaders of society, it was pleasant to go. And thus it soon became an honor to be invited to Mrs. Cropsey's Saturday evenings, especially for the American colony in the British metropolis—a colony much smaller then than now. When the London season was over Cropsey continued his study of nature in various parts of the country, occasionally in the Isle of Wight or at the seaside.

But while the equable English climate agreed with Mr. Cropsey's health, it did not make him forget the charm of the changeable climate of his native land, with its many vicissitudes, which are too often made the subject of repining. For if these vicissitudes annoy occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us—in the Northern Atlantic States, at least—one of the most beautiful climates in the world. "They give us," says Washington Irving, "the brilliant sunshine of the South of Europe, with the fresh verdure of the North. They float our fleecy sky with clouds of gorgeous tints or fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are all poetical; the phenomena of our heavens are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with us has none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds, and thrilling frosts, and whirling snow-storms, but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day; when at night the stars beam with intensest lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance—and then the joyous outbreak of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and bloom, redundant

with vegetation and vociferous with life—and the splendors of our summer; its morning voluptuousness and evening glory; its airy palaces of sun-gilt clouds, piled up on a deep azure sky; and its gusts of tempest of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and the bellowing thunder volley from the battlements of heaven and shake the sultry atmosphere—and the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp and pride of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky—surely we may say that in our climate 'the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork; day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night uttereth knowledge.'"

But while Cropsey was keenly alive to the charms of all the seasons of our year, the deepest impression on his imagination was made by autumn. To him there is nothing melancholy about that time of year, but rather it seems to him full of joyous life and overflowing with everything that is cheering and gratifying. The rich color of the woods has always given him vivid enjoyment, and to be able to depict on canvas the charms of that glorious time early became with him a strong desire. But few attempts had theretofore been made to portray the aspect of nature at this season, and it required no little daring simply to copy nature. The artist had to become an innovator, for there is no precedent among the works of old masters for such coloring as nature requires here. And there are no slight difficulties in making the necessary studies. Three or, in specially propitious years, four weeks at the utmost are all that is allowed the painter from year to year. And men's memories of the aspects of nature are so transitory, that we easily forget the vivid hues which have claimed our passing attention, and suspect that the artist who reproduces those hues faithfully is imposing on us. Moreover, our autumn is a capricious beauty. She is never the same two years in succession. Under the combined influences of clouds and sunshine, of the soft haze or the clear frost, the same hillsides and the same trees vary greatly from year to year. The oak, which last October was deep crimson, may choose this



ELEVATED RAILWAY STATION AT SIXTH AVENUE
AND FOURTEENTH STREET

season to don the golden dress of the chestnut. The same ash, which a year ago was a delicate straw color, is this year a dark purple. And the charm of this brilliant color is heightened by atmospheric conditions peculiar to our October. Not infrequently the air is filled with a softening haze which adds a new glory to these vivid tints and gives an illusory but delightful addition to the landscape. The distant hills grow higher; their forms acquire a new dignity from the airy veil which enfolds them. Even the nearer and lesser knolls stand out with more importance. The distances of the perspective are magnified, while at the same time the comparative relations which the different objects bear to each other are revealed with a beautiful accuracy wanting in a clearer atmosphere. These subtle aspects of nature, these varying conditions, Cropsey studied diligently from year to year, and his skill in depicting them constantly increased, until when he went to reside in England he was acknowledged to have no superior as a painter of autumnal scenes.

But Mr. Cropsey's range of subjects was wide, and his artistic merits received immediate recognition in England. In the second year of his residence there he was represented at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy by a canvas which attracted much attention. English collectors were glad to purchase his works at good prices. His delineations of English scenery were especially admired. But at his American autumn scenes Englishmen at first shook their heads. These brilliant and varied colors—these maples of a vivid scarlet from the highest to the lowest leaf—these chestnuts, looking as though there had been flung over them cloth of gold—these oaks, dyed with Tyrian purple—all these, they said, did credit to Mr. Cropsey's imagination and his well-furnished color-box; but there was nothing like that ever to be seen in Great Britain, and they were not ready to admit that it was a true picture of anything to be seen in America. Still, every year, the number of Englishmen who passed October in the United States increased, and they on their return home bore testimony to the fidelity of Mr. Cropsey's brush. Of this fidelity, however, it took several years to convince English critics, and they hardly believed in it fully until they saw a large

picture of his, finished in 1860, "Autumn on the Hudson River." The painter selected a point of view not far from Cornwall, where the river looks almost like a lake. The lofty hills which here border the river made an impressive frame for the scene, and on their sides, as on an undulating foreground of forest and wood, were lavished with the prodigal magnificence of the season, all the richest tints of an American October. If English critics hesitated at first to concede that these bright tints were done with precision and local truth, they quickly appreciated the elegance and beauty of the composition—the refined feeling for aerial tenderness and light and repose throughout, the admirable technical skill and the lightness and vivacity of the execution. This painting was exhibited at the London Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations in 1862, where it attracted great attention from foreign visitors, and was the subject of special remark in the report of the commissioners on the American department. It passed into the collection of an English gentleman, who thought himself fortunate to get it at a round price. Mr. Cropsey was himself one of the commissioners for the exhibition, and received a medal for services rendered it.

But by the end of 1862 Mr. Cropsey found less satisfaction in living abroad. His native land had then been for about two years in the agony of civil war. The ocean cable as yet was not, and news from home reached him irregularly. But during those troubled years the news was always bad. Matters seemed to be getting constantly worse, and by the beginning of 1863 it seemed to him a sort of treason to spend his life thus pleasantly three thousand miles from the land which gave him birth, in the time of her bitter extremity. The United States had need of all their sons. And therefore he determined to return home, and stay there until brighter days should come. He had taken such root in England that it was not easy to tear himself away at once, and it was early summer before he could sail. Crossing the ocean in a sailing vessel—a mode of conveyance he has always adopted in preference to a steamer—he arrived in New York on one of the memorable days of the world's history—the day of Gettys-

burg and Vicksburg—the Fourth of July, 1863.

He found that his English reputation had reached this side of the ocean, and his countrymen, fortified by the opinions of English critics, recognized his artistic merits without reserve. He had left his English home and its furniture in charge of an attorney, to be rented during his absence, which he intended should be for a year or two.

Before Mr. Cropsey had fixed a time for his return to England, the rascally attorney to whom he had entrusted his affairs, sold the entire contents of his English residence, furniture, plate, books and pictures, and decamped with the proceeds. He has never been heard of to this day. This was a serious loss to Mr. Cropsey, and therefore he changed his mind about returning to England, and concluded to make his permanent residence in this country. It would have been wiser, however, for him to have carried out his original intention, for the same reasons which made it advantageous for him to go to live in England existed in full force.

The United States have for more than a century been endeavoring to secure their independence and have not wholly secured it yet. The mere political separation from Great Britain was indeed accomplished in 1783, but in the more important matter of ideas, we long remained a subject country. During the administration of the second President of the United States an acute foreigner traveled extensively in our republic, and upon his return home remarked that he had found here many Englishmen and many Frenchmen, but no Americans. More than thirty years afterward an obscure Englishwoman, after a residence here of three years, with the laudable object of adding to her means of subsistence, published a book in which she declared, in a vivacious and readable way, that the manners and customs of this country differed widely from those of Great Britain. All the people of the land were indignant and afflicted at what they considered an aspersion on our natural character, and made haste to vindicate themselves from so severe a charge. Even when the nineteenth century had more than half passed, we were

THE CORONATION OF THE NEW YEAR 1855, BY VICTORIA, PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND



still eager to know the opinion of us entertained by every Englishman of distinction who visited this country, and is was thought a matter of no little importance that he should approve of what he saw here. At last, however, by a great Civil War—which may be called our second War of Independence—we freed ourselves from the shackles that bound us, in all respects save one. In matters of art we still remain the most dependent nation in the civilized world. In all artistic matters we are content to let Frenchmen and Englishmen do our thinking for us and by their opinions and ideas we stand or fall. An American collector will give a great sum for a poor canvas signed by a famous English or French—especially a French—name, while he thinks it necessary to apologize, if he buys for a comparatively small sum a much better picture by an American artist. Of those who write for the daily and weekly press of the United States what they are pleased to term criticisms, by far the large majority are but poorly equipped for their work and share the subjection of their countrymen, thus paying more attention to the productions of foreign, than to those of native, artists. While most of the few critics among us who really can judge of pictures show the influence of the French art of this day, by dwelling most on the technique of a painting, forgetting, apparently, that technique is only a language, and good for nothing save as a vehicle of ideas; and that the ability to express one's self clearly and elegantly is of no value, if one has nothing to say or nothing worth the saying.

Of our subjection to Europe in matters of art two noteworthy instances which have occurred within a recent period may be mentioned. Less than half-a-dozen years ago the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in the city of New York, wanted a portrait of its first President. The members of the Museum could find no American artist fit for the work, and requested their President to sit to some French painter. He selected Bonnat, then at the height of fame in the French capital, and the portrait by that artist now hangs on the wall of the Museum. That as a mere piece of painting it is admirably done no one can deny. But a more brutal likeness was never painted. If the

original has any refined or intellectual qualities, they certainly do not appear on the canvas. And one would suppose that the children of the original—if he has any—would be glad to purchase the picture at any price and destroy it, to prevent their ancestor going down to posterity depicted as such an animal. Still more recently, when the richest club in the city of New York gave a house-warming to celebrate the completion of its new and splendid club-house, one of the plans of entertainment devised for the occasion was a collection of pictures loaned from the rich collections of the members of the club. To this loan collection it was warmly urged that no picture by an American artist should be admitted. With much difficulty those in charge of the matter obtained permission to admit four pictures by as many American artists, one of them a painting by Cropsey. Those who saw this splendid collection will remember how well these four pictures held their own, hung as they were beside masterpieces of French art.

But the malady from which we are suffering will in time cure itself. If many very bad pictures are imported into the United States, there are also imported many good ones. Doubtless a sufficient number of the latter will be hung, by public-spirited citizens, where they can constantly be seen, and a new generation growing up, among them, and learning to depend upon its own eyesight, will be able to judge a picture on its merits alone, caring little for the name by which it is signed or the country where it is painted.

In the meanwhile, however, the American artist has, and will have, a hard time of it. If he wishes to get due appreciation from his countrymen he must go abroad to live, and when foreign critics discover, as they will be sure to do, his merits, he will find himself famous in the United States.

It is this state of things which would have made it wiser for Mr. Cropsey to return to England. Although his style, so far from deteriorating, has constantly improved, and he has never lacked buyers of his pictures, he has found himself in a measure ignored by those who are supposed to shape public opinion, but who, in fact, only echo it. The dealers, too, wisely consulting their own in-

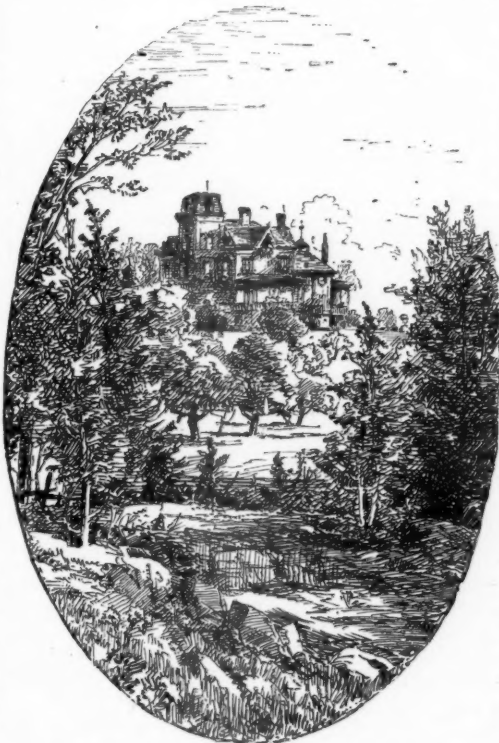
terests by supplying what picture-buyers demand, have given little attention to the works of Mr. Cropsey or any American artist.

When he had determined to remain here permanently he cast about for a home in the country, a residence in which for the larger portion of the year he has always found better for his health. He selected a site in Orange County, not far from the village of Warwick, and but a few miles from that Greenwood Lake, which, as he depicted it, made him an Associate of the National Academy, and was his first stepping-stone to reputation. Here he built a house on the side of a hill which the Indians called Noonantum — a word which can be construed to mean either "a beautiful view" or "the hill of joy." Whichever meaning you give the Indian appellation, it is singularly appropriate, for the view from the height is one of

rare beauty. This view extends from the hill which rises behind Newburgh-on-the-Hudson to Port Jervis, on the Delaware, thus traversing the entire width of Orange County. At a distance of two miles stands the village of Warwick, named by its first settlers after the English town of the same name, from which they came, but placed in a far lovelier landscape than its English prototype. The country beyond stretches for miles away, varied in surface, with green meadows and pleasant cornfields on the low-

lands framed in wood-covered hills, the two highest of which bear the names of Adam and Eve. In the far north tower the peaks of the lordly Catskills. Through the valley below runs for many a mile the Wawayandah, a bright, abounding stream, of which the waters, after mingling with the Wallkill, find their way at last into the Hudson. In the name Wawayandah or Winding Stream

the Indians showed their wonted sense of fitness. Winding, indeed, is the beautiful water-course, here sparkling in the sunshine as it traverses broad and fertile fields, there shut in by high banks and overhung with shrubbery. It has figured in many a picture painted by Mr. Cropsey since his return from England. One large and delicious "Autumn on the Wawayandah," by him, was bought by an English collector while on a visit to this country, and carried off to England before it had a chance to be seen here.



MR. CROPSEY'S HOUSE FROM THE NORTH SIDE

The house which Mr. Cropsey built on the side of this "hill of the beautiful view" was designed, and all the working plans were drawn, by himself. It is a building in which every poet and painter delights, for its exterior is a picture of no little variety, in which gable and tower and balcony blend in harmonious confusion. One of the show houses of Orange County, few strangers come within reach of it without asking permission to see its interior, and no matter how full the house may be of com-

pany no one is ever refused admission. The visitors, as they pass through the dining-room, cast an eye at the ceiling, with a border painted like the illuminated margin of an ancient manuscript, and stop to admire the portrait over the mantelpiece of Mrs. Cropsey in her youth—one of the masterpieces of Huntington—and which, when exhibited at the English Royal Academy, was the delight and despair of the Royal Academicians, who declared that no such flesh-tints had been seen in England since the time of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Passing from the dining-room to the conservatory the visitors examine the billiard-room, with its quaint nooks and corners, and come to the great studio, with its lofty pitched roof and lantern, giving such attention as time permits to the curiosities with which it is filled, and the pictures on which the artist may happen to be working. Shown thence through the large drawing-room and a cozy little morning-room, the visitors emerge on the broad piazza to feast their eyes on the lovely landscape which lies before them. Those who are admitted to the intimacy of the house find many things to interest them among the spoils of Mr. Cropsey's stay in England. Of these not the least noteworthy is a drawing, twenty inches by sixteen, done by the hand of the Princess Royal of England, now the Crown Princess of Germany. As the work of a girl who had just entered on her fifteenth year, for such was then the

age of the princess, the drawing is remarkable. The composition, as will appear by the reduced facsimile here given, shows her fertility of invention, and the lines have a truth and firmness which many an older artist strives in vain to attain. The subject, as will be seen, is the coronation of the new year, and the cherub breaking the sword, the angels with the trumpet and the palms are the expression of a hope that 1855 might end the Crimean War then going on and bring victory and peace, which did not come, however, until 1856.

If Fortune had not destined Her Highness to be the mother of emperors, it is evident she would have found it easy to earn her bread with her pencil. Thus it is that Art bestows her gifts indifferently on high and low, and it may be said of her as of a less agreeable divinity:

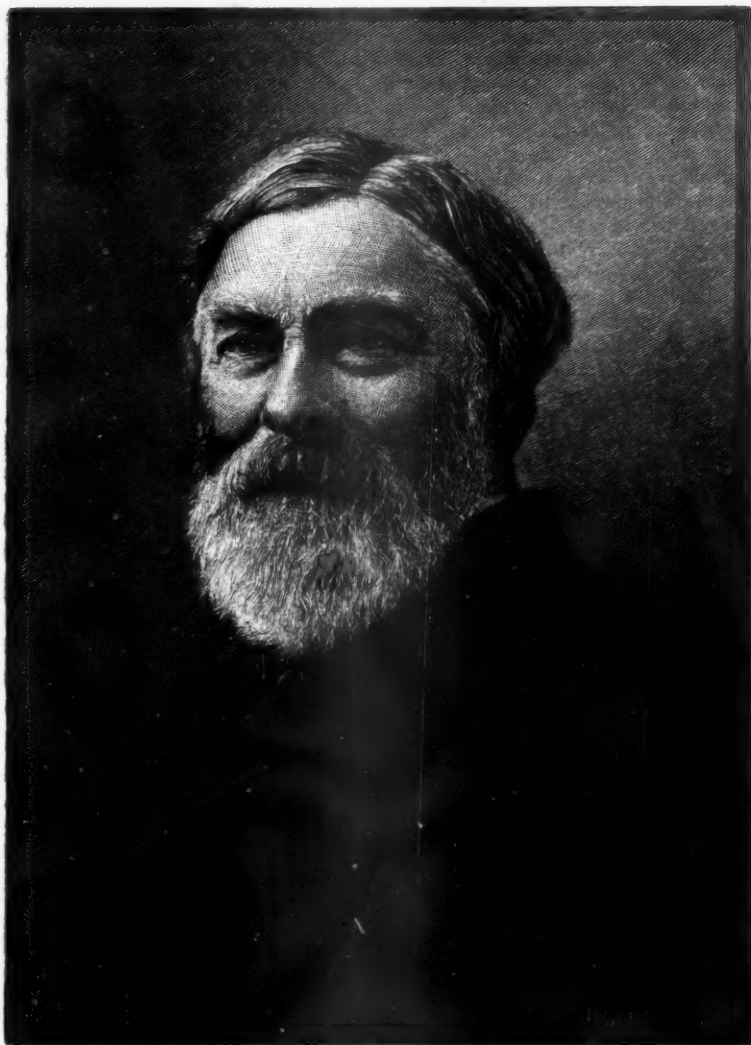
—"æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres."

Two benefits which Mr. Cropsey has, within a few years, conferred on the city in which the larger portion of his life has been passed may here be noticed.

Within a half-dozen years a new armory has been built for the Seventh Regiment of the militia of this State, a corps which has earned the respect of the citizens of New York by its usefulness in times of public disturbance. The public money which it was thought wise to appropriate for the armory was not sufficient to fit it up in a



MR. CROPSEY'S HOUSE FROM THE SOUTH SIDE



JASPER FRANCIS CROPSY N. A.

From a photograph by Sarony.

manner deemed worthy of the deserts of the regiment, and many voluntary gifts were made in order to complete the structure properly. Mr. Cropsey, as his contribution to the work, offered to prepare the designs for and superintend the decoration of the general drill-room, which covers two-thirds of the block which is occupied by the building. He found that he had undertaken to solve a problem which was by no means easy to be solved. The sole attraction of the room is its size, and it was easy by injudicious painting to diminish the impression produced by the amplitude of its height and breadth and length. Moreover, the iron-work which runs up

the sides and supports the roof is of unsurpassed and unsurpassable ugliness. If, as some Puritans suppose, eternal salvation is to be earned by ignoring beauty of form in this world, the future of the designer of this iron-work, if all his productions are of the same kind, must be secure beyond a peradventure. To add to the difficulty, the people who put in the steam apparatus were allowed to place, twenty feet in the air, along both sides of the room, a pipe which resembles nothing so much as a waste-pipe. All this iron-work and steam-pipe could neither be hidden nor painted out. But by a judicious use of color thereon and in the decorations, the eye is in a measure withdrawn from them, and the problem has been solved in a remarkably effective manner.

Still later, when the elevated railroads were erected, Mr. Cropsey was prevailed on to design and superintend the building of the station-houses of the Sixth Avenue road. The one at Fourteenth Street was built as a model, and served as a pattern for all the rest on that line. What he saved New York from was apparent when the stations on the Third Avenue line were put up. The latter, hideously ugly at first, were afterwards modified to correspond somewhat with those on the Sixth Avenue line. Moreover, the Sixth Avenue stations have since been enclosed in a manner not contemplated when they were originally planned. Those who saw them before

they were thus enclosed will remember their lightness, airiness, elegance and picturesque effect as they stood above the street, and will remember the charming effect of their color—which has since been altered for the worse—but which originally was agreeable at all times, alike in brilliant sunshine and under a cold, gray sky, in the early morning, at midday, and in the deepening shadows of the afternoon. His name, as was just, has been cast in the metal plate which bounds the foot of the staircase of each station.

But enough has been said of a man not yet old, still in the full vigor of his powers, who is always to be seen at every festal meeting of the several leading clubs to which he belongs, and frequently in general society. He has no son to perpetuate his name. But the sons of his daughters, though they bear another patronymic, cannot fail to recall with pride, that they are descended from a painter whose magic causes our room-walls to open, and makes us the possessors of some of the loveliest and grandest estates in which eye can revel, scenes in which the varying forms and countless tints are blended into a harmonious whole, and where, so far as is possible with pencil and canvas, all the infinite charms of our American October, with all its tender feeling and delicious calm, abide as an unfailing source of refreshment and delight.

WM. HENRY FORMAN.

EGO.

Why I am I, I do not know;
What limits every smile or sigh,
What bounds my spirits overflow—
These mysteries all my arts defy.

I press against the viewless bars
Before the souls of other men;
I give all love and wage all wars,
Yet come back to myself again.

The deep sea, throbbing on the shore,
Dumb with its own intensity,
Retreats for aye—thus, evermore,
Myself I am compelled to be.

CELESTE M. A. WINSLOW.

TINKLING CYMBALS.

X.

THE great Mrs. Chichester drove with her own hands, that summer at Newport, a pair of thorough-bred bays, and drove them very well. She was passionately fond of horses, and it was stated that the new fashion of ladies driving themselves had received its chief support from her zealous concurrence. Plainly and trimly dressed, with her curly chestnut hair gathered well beneath a dark riding-hat, with a fragmentary gossamer veil drawn across her remarkably fresh face, with her gloves of just the proper fit and texture to handle the reins easily, and with her whip held at just the approved angle, this lady presented an appearance in which ostentation had no part whatever, and in which even those critics who morosely condemned her pet pastime as unfeminine could not but admit that she had a very simple and dignified way of indulging it. She usually preferred to drive in the morning, and would sometimes call at the Tremaines' cottage for Leah to accompany her. Leah liked well enough to go. She stood in no awe of her friend's social grandeur, and would talk as familiarly to Mrs. Chichester as though she were one of the Marksley girls. Indeed, Miss Caroline and Miss Louisa had once, in that exaggeration of speech which so rarely forsook them, professed their joint wonder at this undaunted self-complacency.

"I believe that is why Mrs. Stephen A. dotes on you so," said Caroline. "Nearly everybody else grovels to her, you know. She is tired of being groveled to."

"I should think it would be a very tiresome experience," laughed Leah.

"But we don't see how you hold your own with her in that superb style—do we?" proceeded Louisa, nodding toward her sister. "Why, Carrie and I have a feeling as if electric currents were darting up and down our spines whenever she speaks to us!"

"You know she is such a perfectly terrific swell," resumed Caroline. "She *arves*

us—doesn't she, Lou? We don't see how you can look her so straight in the eyes."

"Do you think I ought to watch her through a piece of smoked glass," said Leah, "as we watch the sun?"

She was so firmly assured of the honest natures underlying the eccentricities of these girls that she had grown to regard their present foible in the light of a diversion; and not seldom she found it a very effective one.

In the morning of the day before that on which her mother received Leah's alarming telegram, Mrs. Chichester gave her young friend a delightful drive behind the neat-stepping and well-broken steeds. The day was almost perfect; they went by the Ocean Avenue way, where huge rocks lifted their black bulks against the dazzling noontide sea. None of the great houses are here, and, indeed, scarcely a dwelling of any sort meets your sight as you glide over a road whose hard, finely-tended level makes the horse-hooves ring almost as if they struck against metal. This road is the sole sign of art which marks the lovely, desolate region. The sea-grasses thrive here, in rugged coves and by ponderous ledges, as they may have thriven a thousand years ago. The strong waves have no ministry to perform, on this unpeopled stretch of coast; they do not bear gifts of color and light to the doorways of fair abodes, or wash headlands green with smooth lapses of watered sod; the shore on which they break is untamed as themselves; this so-called avenue, one of the glories of Newport, strikes a rich, clear note amid the scale of her delicious variability.

The two ladies went back to Steep Rock after their drive, and lunched together in a sea-fronting room of that fine mansion. Leah, while she watched the strangely youthful face of her hostess, felt a furtive thrill of envy. "Here," she thought, "is a life in which plenty and peace have ever

gone together. What earthly trouble has this woman ever known? And does she realize her complete happiness? Ah! do we ever do that until it is past?"

Then Leah thought of her mother, and the envy, becoming more generous, deepened. Between Marion Chichester and Elizabeth Romilly what intellectual distance lay! Both were good women, yet the virtue of one had been a mere dormant receptivity; she had accepted dogma and homily, questioning neither; she had bowed all her life at the shrine of propriety; she had tacitly held that regarding the most vital human questions thought was sin. And yet how great was the place that she possessed in this American society where she reigned, and where the lines of provincialism were being yearly more and more obliterated. Why had not Elizabeth Romilly a place like hers? Why did she, born a queen by right of genius, dwell without a crown, without a courtier? What supreme benefit might *she* not have accomplished for her race with these millions that had gone to rear only the airy and undurable scaffolding of a ballroom sovereignty! How might she have proved to the world that certain dreams of her youth, chimerical as these had seemed, could be substantiated in golden realities!

While Leah's involuntary reflections took more or less the meaning just given, words shaped themselves on her lips of whose delivery she was almost unconscious until she heard Mrs. Chichester's full, rhythmical voice answering what she had uttered.

"You ask me if I have not always been happy, Leah? Well, I feel as if it were a crime to say 'no,' and yet I am tempted to say it." She smiled, stirred a cup of frothy chocolate with her little spiral-handled spoon, for an instant, looked thoughtful (she who so seldom looked thoughtful), and then added: "Do you know, my dear, that great prosperity has its own peculiar discomforts?" Leah was actually startled by this simple sentence. A funny fancy crossed her mind; she wondered whether the Marksleys would have remained free from hysteria if subjected to such an imposing bit of royal confidence, since Mrs. Chichester had never been known, in the experience of her

most intimate devotees, to mention, however indirectly, the mighty fact of her own wealth and state.

"For example, my dear Leah," she now continued, lowering her voice as though some possible ambuscaded servant might overhear so weighty a confession, "I never know what it is to want anything. Ah! my child" (and she sighed here with a distinct pathos), "there is so much in that—to want a thing! When I put on a new gown I occasionally have a most desolate sensation. I am on a kind of dead level of luxury. It is all as commonplace as *la pluie et le beau temps*. No, I mean it is all *beau temps*; there is no *pluie* whatever. I wish that there only were, but there is not. I need not ask the price of my new gown; I need not even concern myself with how many of them I have. You don't know what a bore it becomes to have no personal desires ungratified."

The lady said this with a truly immense earnestness; Leah had never seen her so earnest before. Her tone and expression were precisely those which might have been the fitting accompaniments of extreme indigence unbosoming its woes. She tried to look sympathetically interested; she tried not to let the hint of a smile mar her attentive seriousness; she wanted to get the whole rare satire of this new species of distress. For the time she forgot even to be shocked. The exquisite absurdity of extreme opulence deploring its overplus in the same strain as that of some meagre-pursed starveling who craves charity, touched only her sense of humor, and very keenly.

"But it is the same with dress as with everything else," proceeded Mrs. Chichester. She had now left off stirring her chocolate; its ropy bronze-brown liquid appeared to have palled upon her taste; she moved her head sorrowfully from side to side, and stared straight past Leah at a breadth of tapestry hung by gilt rings on a gilt rod, being a most costly fabric, in whose texture knots of golden field-flowers were brodered upon a background of rose-colored plush.

"Dress is not my only trouble," murmured this afflicted millionaire. "Oh no, indeed! There is the wretched bore of having a *chef* and two or three assistants who require no

orders in the matter of dinners. It would be so perfectly charming to make out one's own *menu* when one asked people to dine. But our man, Claireau, whom my husband specially imported, and whom he pays several thousands a year, would regard me in polite amazement if I presumed to *order* anything. The 'ideas,' as he has the impudence to call them, are submitted to me, and I am expected unqualifiedly to approve them. I always do; Claireau is so monotonously capable. Of course he combines with his skill a great deal of handsome humbug. He talks of his dishes as if they were poems, and of his courses as if they were stanzas or cantos. He assured me, the other day, that one kind of soup had much more sentiment than another, and that a certain *entrée* was full of lyrical tenderness—'*pleine d'une tendresse lyrique, Madame.*' . . . Think of that! . . . And thus it goes on, my dear, I have no real comfort in living, because I live too comfortably. I could recount a hundred other little miseries to you, all springing from the same cause. But I will not. Let us talk of something else, my dear." Here Mrs. Chichester became herself again, and began to stir and sip the beverage before her with a kind of repentant briskness. "Let me ask you with whom you shall dance the german at my ball, next Thursday? It is such a pleasure to speak with a friend who has not written me asking invitations for two or three other friends. *There* is a new little misery—and not so little a one, after all—which I forgot to record! My ball will probably be as mixed as one of the poor late President Lincoln's. I am prepared to have it criticised as the most broadly democratic entertainment ever given in Newport. But what can I do? My own friends betray me. I can't say 'no' to them. . . . Ah, they don't reflect what hard things I say when I write 'yes!'" . . .

Leah afterward had her ruminations as she was driven homeward in a spacious open equipage of Mrs. Chichester's. She had ceased to feel amused, she was silently ired.

"How preposterous seem these dainty griefs," she thought, "when one reflects upon them! Where are that woman's almsgivings? You read of them in the newspapers—a conspicuous cheque is donated to

this or that asylum or institution. But what more? . . . She broods over the tyranny of her cook because he feeds her faultlessly—of her tailor, because he clothes her beyond reproach! And yet this woman is a Christian, and goes to churches where, if you plied the question close to them, they would say, with Dr. Pragley, that my great-hearted mother is an atheist!"

Leah reached home to-day in no pleasant mood. It was about four o'clock. The domain of Bellevue Avenue had begun to fill with its usual throng of carriages. Polo was played this afternoon, and many of the vehicles were hurrying toward the grounds where that madcap game had its especial theatre of revel. Leah's dwelling was in Kay street—that realm of close-crowded cottages, nearly all unobtrusive, and yet all informed with a special home-like fascination. There, on the roadside, just opposite her gate (for the nearness of all these houses to the public turnpike admits of no entrance within their lawns), she found Mrs. Forbes, seated in a barouche, quite as grand as that of Mrs. Chichester, which had just brought the guest of the great lady back to her cottage.

"Oh, I'm so glad, Leah!" exclaimed Mrs. Forbes, leaning vivaciously forward. "I wanted to see you. Come—let's go to the Polo grounds—or anywhere you please—I don't care. But you must come with me. They said here that you were off somewhere with Mrs. Chichester, and I was just on the point of driving to Steep Rock to try and get you. I must have you. Now, don't refuse!"

Leah demurred not a little after alighting, but presently permitted herself to be persuaded. She had had quite enough of driving for that day, but there was a nervous eagerness in Mrs. Forbes's manner which made her suspect that it had origin in some mental trouble. For this reason she consented.

At first her suspicion seemed very far from confirmation. The elegant equipage in which she was now seated soon passed from Kay Street into Bellevue Avenue. But, although Mrs. Forbes had a great deal to say on the various topics which concerned the present rush and swirl of things, she made no allusion to that particular matter

which had appeared on the verge of disclosure.

"Lucy," at length said Leah, quietly, "you're talking in quite a random way, and I know there is something you really want to tell me. Pray, what is it?"

Mrs. Forbes laid one hand on Leah's, pressing sensibly with her gloved fingers.

"Oh, Leah," she said, "don't ask me quite yet!" Her unalterably nasal tones somehow made this appeal more plaintive than it might otherwise have been. "We'll get to the Polo grounds in a minute. Don't ask me till we're driving back. . . . Or, if you say so, we won't go in. I'll tell James to turn round. What do *you* say?"

"Oh, well," answered Leah, "we are so near, now, that we might as well enter."

Polo was an oft-told tale to her, and she thought it an extremely stupid amusement for the crowds that flocked to see its petty battles lost or won. Still, she owned there was attraction in noting the various faces and costumes, if nothing more; her eye was quite as quick as formerly to seize on all comic points in either, though her tongue was much less ready to record the effects of such observation. Their carriage now entered an immense space of deep-green, elastic turf, inclosed by a wooden fence of thrice the ordinary height. A very wide margin on every side of this fine amphitheatre was given up to visitors in equipages of countless sorts, while here and there moved equestrians of both sexes. Many of the carriages had stopped, and words were being interchanged by their occupants. Others were in motion, making two continual streams that flowed past one another. To-day had brought what was esteemed a very full attendance; it was a specimen day, so to speak, and as usual in any large gathering at Newport the winsome faces of beautiful young girls were a brilliant preponderating feature. The bustle and animation of nearly everybody, their smiles, their brisk nods or more stately bows, their peals of laughter, their bursts of careless or mirthful speech, contrasted happily with the rich radiance of female apparel, the neat smartness which marked the gentlemen's attire, the style and airs of the cockaded, booted flunkeys, the flash of silver or gilded harness, the fragrance and

glow of roses knotted at the bosoms of charming women, the keen blue of the afternoon sky, the vigorous breeze that blew straight from the sea across this splendid expanse of turf, and lastly the blithe music of a band stationed as centrally as possible, and doing its rapid, vociferous best when each game was started, as though to stimulate the players in their feats of supple horsemanship.

Remarkable indeed were these feats. The clipped little ponies that their riders bestrode with such tough adhesiveness, would now press four or five of their volatile bodies together in a wriggling *melee*, now swerve mutually from collision when on the apparent verge of it, now describe the most breakneck zigzags or wheel in the most giddy revolutions; and all the while one tiny ball, struck at with plunges of the mallets, dashed for with headlong swoops of the ponies, continued the cause of these onslaughts, tilts, shocks, sorties or retreats. The great distance which separated players from spectators made this ball often invisible amid the tumult, as it made the pygmy steeds themselves assume proportions hardly larger than those of some big-framed mastiff. Suddenly a lucky stroke would send the ball leaping far away from the massed contestants, and then, fleet as wind, a pony would dart to where it had fallen, his sitter eager to strike it out of bounds with the final victorious blow. But, perhaps, he would stoop, aim, essay the swinging hit, and yet miss at the decisive second. Then some adversary, hot in pursuit, would perhaps halt straight at the important spot just passed, with enough suddenness, you might think, to unseat a centaur. Like lightning the obedient pony would veer about; like lightning the new implement would meet the ball and send it flying back among those glad or chagrined at its return, and fired with zeal to fight for its possession. Perhaps it would soon be hurled toward the opposite bounds from those so nearly reached a brief while since; perhaps the same ill-fortune would here repeat itself with the other foe, or possibly a strenuous, rushing *coup* would abruptly end the struggle and decide the conquest.

"You need a telescope to provoke any lively interest in Polo," said Leah, as she

and Mrs. Forbes were driven at a gentle pace along the usual turfy, circular route. "Don't you agree with me, Lucy?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Forbes, in rather absent tones. The game bored her, as it does most women; besides, her thoughts had excuse for wandering just now. "I always did think that Polo was made for children," she continued. "How few men ever play it! They are nearly always boys of twenty or thereabouts. After that age they begin to respect their bones and joints; dyspepsia warns them that they're not immortal; they discover that while discretion is the better part of valor, so is prudence the sworn friend of longevity."

Leah laughed, as she so often did at the sparkles of pleasantry that came from her friend. Mrs. Forbes's speedy way of delivering her bright things, and the nasal voice which never failed to utter them, stamped them as individual and characteristic.

But Leah had already plainly seen that she was by no means her merry self to-day. Just as they were driving away from the Polo grounds, about a quarter of an hour later, Mrs. Forbes surprised her by a swift, sharp laugh, and a motion of the head toward a rocky elevation of land, whose highest portion commanded an evident view of the game and its assembled watchers. Here a few nurses with children were to be glimpsed, and many more persons of both sexes, shabby in guise and clearly members of the working-classes.

"That is Deadhead Hill, you know," said Mrs. Forbes, after her laugh. "Oh, dear, it reminds me of such a funny adventure of mine summer before last! Bertie—as usual then—had gone off with some swell man or woman to see Polo. I wanted to see Polo, too. I hadn't my horses yet; we had just got here, and didn't know how long we should stay, on account of that money-fright in Peoria, of which I told you. So I concluded I would take a walk to the Polo grounds. They told me it wasn't far from the Aquidneck—at least I think somebody said so. I found it pretty far, though, and when I got here I saw people standing just as they're standing now, and that broken fence where they get in, and I said to myself, 'this must be the way you go when you go on foot.' So I marched up, and clam-

bered along till I had a good place for seeing, and then I saw. It didn't occur to me that I wasn't particularly among people of my own kind. I had a rather good time; I didn't think much of Polo, any more than I've ever thought of it since. But when I got home and told Bertie where I'd been, you should have seen his horror." Here all Mrs. Forbes's humor vanished. She spoke with positive acerbity; Leah had never before seen her exhibit so much bitterness. "'That was Deadhead Hill,' he informed me, in the most shocked manner. He hoped no one had seen me there. It was horrible to think of his wife having gone where nobody except servants and common people ever dreamed of going." At this point Mrs. Forbes gave another slight laugh harsher than before. "Oh, I know what I might have said, Leah, and what perhaps I *ought* to have said—I mean that Deadhead Hill was much more suited to him than to me, since I wasn't living in conceited laziness on my husband's money, as he was living on his wife's."

Leah saw the truth at last. She let a little silence elapse, and then she stole her hand into her companion's.

"Lucy," she said, "you've had a serious quarrel with your husband. Come, acknowledge it. That is what you wanted to tell me."

"Serious?" said Mrs. Forbes, turning her face on Leah's, and lifting her pretty brows in mock astonishment; "that is no word for it, my dear. I intend arranging for a separation."

"Really," murmured Leah.

"Without the least doubt. I've stood his ridiculous airs long enough. I've had the British peerage substituted for a family bible *quite* long enough, too, not to mention its being occasionally fired in my face when his majesty chanced to be out of humor. But, more than this, Leah, I have become business-woman enough not to allow the fortune pa left me to be gambled away at the Metropolitan Club in New York, and the Casino here. I told him *that* very squarely last night. I said: 'Go your way, sir, and I'll go mine.' I am to see my lawyer in a few days, and I told him *that*, too. I suppose there'll be a scandal, but I don't care. I haven't an atom of regard left for him—

not an atom! He has treated me vilely; he has used me (the mother of his children, Leah!) as a mere convenience and cat's-paw. I've borne it all, for months past, only from a sense of decency. Now he's gone too far, and he shall feel it. After this we live apart. I'll put him on an allowance; I'll give him three thousand a year; not a penny more—and that's more than he deserves. . . . He insulted me grossly last night. The fine gentleman vanished when he found I wouldn't pay his gambling debts! The rare old Chetwynde blood acquitted itself most aristocratically! He called me a common little Yankee, Leah. He said that my poor, dear, dead father had been a cad. . . . Oh, then I gave him a few plain truths—be sure I did! I have never been so furious before in all my life, and I hope I will never be so again. I let him understand that he had come to the end of his tether—and he *does* understand it. He's frightened now. Let him stay so. I'm firm as steel; I mean to show him good cause for fright. . . . He's great friends with your husband, by the way. I suppose he has told Mr. Tremaine everything. I'm so fond of you, Leah, that I hate to think of anything unpleasant rising between us."

"You need have no fear of anything

unpleasant rising between us," said Leah, quietly. "Whatever side my husband takes is of no import to me. . . . You are wretched, Lucy, and not yourself. You must dismiss the carriage when we get to Kay Street, and stop and dine with me."

Mrs. Forbes demurred, but Leah insisted, at length carrying her point. As the two ladies passed up the short lawn path leading to the piazza, they saw Tremaine standing there.

It was nearly dinner-time. He wore full evening-dress, as he had done at this hour almost from boyhood. He bowed with perfect suavity to Mrs. Forbes, who at once passed indoors. Meanwhile Leah lingered for a moment.

"Lucy dines with us this evening," she said.

His face clouded. "Have you asked her for the purpose of annoying me?" he replied. "I don't see what other motive you can have. Bertie has told me of their quarrel. You know he and I are friends. I detest that woman, and you know that also. I will not have her at my table."

"Shall I tell her so?" asked Leah, calmly.

"Yes," he answered, sullenly, below his breath.

XI.

A smile of irony touched Leah's lips as she left her husband standing on the piazza and rejoined her friend. Not long afterward dinner was announced, and when Leah and Mrs. Forbes appeared in the dining-room they were met by Tremaine, who had chosen to assume a cool, careless manner, although indignation burned not far beneath its decorous outer crust.

The talk flowed rather freely, though aimlessly, until dessert was served and the attendants had retired. Leah had been speaking in a vein of light ridicule regarding the troubles which Mrs. Chichester had confided to her that day at luncheon.

"Some of the people who are crying the Chichesters down as shameless monopolists ought to hear of Mrs. Stephen A.'s distresses," said Mrs. Forbes. "It might comfort them a little. . . . I wonder if there are many married women in Newport this evening who have less actual grievances."

She gave a sidelong look toward Tremaine as she spoke her last sentence.

"Oh, most married women have very serious grievances," he said, with his eyes drooped upon his plate.

"Yes, and they are always foolish ones, of course," said Mrs. Forbes, with a kind of mournful satire.

"Not always," Leah broke in propitiously.

"Oh, yes, my dear Leah, *always*!" declared Mrs. Forbes, turning with great earnestness toward her friend. Her lip trembled a little as she spoke. A glance from Leah silenced further words.

"The longer that men live in the world," said Tremaine, with his drawl, beginning to peel a peach, "the more they are led to conclude that it wasn't entirely made for the other sex. They want a small corner of the big sphere—only a corner, you know. And they take the liberty of being annoyed

when that moderate demand is interfered with."

"I don't know what you mean!" exclaimed Mrs. Forbes, who had no parry of words, no power of duelling with wit. "You *can't* allude to *me*, surely. I don't think there ever was a woman who endured quite as much downright imposition as I did from my husband. I suppose he has told you what has happened. You always sided with him, Mr. Tremaine, and no doubt you do so now."

"I heard there had been trouble," he said, a trifle bluntly, "and of course I have my opinions."

Mrs. Forbes gave a peevish, exasperated sigh.

"Well, keep them to yourself, I beg," she responded rather tartly.

"I had no intention of airing them, really."

"If you have finished your coffee, Lucy," now said Leah, "we will go into the drawing-room."

"What! and leave me?" said Tremaine, softly, with a fleeting smile that had not a ray of humor.

"Yes—to your cigar," she answered.

"Ah," said Mrs. Forbes, in tones more sad than angry, though both, while she lifted one plump forefinger and shook it at Tremaine, "I'm afraid you're glad enough to have *me go*."

"I must be polite enough to disagree with you there," he promptly said, "no matter how great danger I may run in doing so."

It was somehow not a rude speech as he pronounced it, though on other lips the implication, at such a time, that to disagree with her was dangerous, must have seemed openly assailant and harsh.

Thus Mrs. Forbes chose to deem it, however, from the present speaker; her nerves were shaken by the recent domestic tornado; they were still vibrating under an acute sense of indignity. She had not merely the feeling that everybody who was not with her was against her, but that everybody who was against her must base such antagonism upon the most malicious injustice.

"No one runs any danger in disagreeing with me!" she exclaimed. Fears were in her voice, and a good deal of spleen besides. "But when I have been abused and insulted for years it is a different matter."

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Tremaine looked at her with a cruel tranquillity. "Upon my word," he said, "I have made no inquiries into your family history. Why do you volunteer these interesting details?"

"Why?" echoed Mrs. Forbes brokenly. "Because I am a very unhappy woman through no fault of my own, and because I see that you are bent upon taunting me."

Tremaine gave his head a slight toss. His voice was hard and arbitrary now, though not loud. "If you want to be canonized as a martyr," he replied, "I am not prepared to perform any such ceremony. I confess that I lack the requisite faith to do the anointing. You must seek somebody more blameless—more like yourself."

"Tracy," broke in Leah, firmly and decidedly, at this point, "you will please say nothing more. Lucy is miserable, and you know it. . . ." She rose and went toward her friend, whose tears had begun to flow, and whose form was trembling. She laid one hand upon Mrs. Forbes's arm. "Come, Lucy," she said, "come, at once, into the drawing-room." Mrs. Forbes quitted her chair. But her eyes, reproachful and shining with resentment through the moisture that had beset them, were fixed upon Tremaine. A sudden impulse assailed her; she yielded to it; she spoke with almost violent heat.

"I never pretended to be blameless, Mr. Tremaine, and *you* have good reason not to call yourself so!"

His brow darkened. He left his chair, and went several paces toward where she stood.

"What do you mean," he demanded, with challenging directness.

"I mean," answered Mrs. Forbes, with the look of one goaded into heedless rage, "that it would be well to reform your own conduct, before you fling slurs at mine! All Newport knows that you spend hours at Mrs. Fortescue's house, and that you have revived an intimacy which is shameful to yourself as it is disrespectful and unmanly toward your wife!"

Tremaine turned very pale. His eyes swept Leah's face; then he gave a scornful laugh, turned on his heel, and passed from the room. . . .

About a half-hour later he and Leah met in the lower hall. Lights had been lit; the dusk had become night. Leah was on the point of passing into the rear drawing-room. But she paused as she saw her husband descend the stairs.

He held a collapsed opera-hat in one hand. Across one arm he had flung a light overcoat. As his step left the staircase, Leah, still standing exactly where she had first paused, said to him:

"Were you going out?"

"Yes. Has that woman gone!"

"Mrs. Forbes has gone. . . . I wish to speak a few words with you."

They faced each other. Tremaine coolly took out his watch and glanced at it. I have an engagement," he said, with matter-of-fact brevity.

"What I wish to say will not detain you long," returned Leah.

He gave a faint shrug of the shoulders. "Oh, very well. As you please."

She at once passed into the drawing-room. Two lamps in shades of rose-colored silk starred its attractive, modish interior, where you noted the warm gleam of a rug or two strewn on light-tinted flooring, the luminous oval of a Venetian mirror, or the airy outline of a gilded bamboo screen.

Tremaine threw himself into a commodious chair and waited. Leah moved toward one of the small tables on which a lamp was burning. The pink tinge flung across her countenance decreased its pallor, but in her close-joined lips and unwavering gaze lay subdued yet distinct resolve.

"I said that I would not detain you long," she began, "Unpleasant things are best spoken quickly; they are also best referred to by suggestion rather than detailed statement. Mrs. Forbes's very plain accusation saves me from doing more than mention it, and enables me at once to ask you, Is her charge a true one?"

There was a dead silence of several seconds. Tremaine stared down at one of his glistening boots while it lasted. Then he raised his head and met Leah's answering eye.

"Do you want to make a scene?" he asked.

"It is what I wish to avoid. My question can be very well answered without

one." Her tones were ice itself. Her flinchless look made him avert his own.

"You have made up your mind that I shall answer? Suppose, then, I refuse?"

"She instantly said: 'I shall, in that case, assume that you *have* answered by an affirmative.'"

She saw a sneer commence about his mouth, under its blond shadowing growth, which he was now stroking quickly with one hand. "And if I totally deny this charge?"

"Then I shall be certain that you have uttered a falsehood."

He sprang to his feet with a suppressed oath. She had pierced the crust of the fine gentleman. "Do you suppose I will stand being made sport of in this ridiculous style?" he said. "So you intended to set a trap for me, did you? Well, believe that vulgar little Western minx, if you please. I'm sick of her and you, both."

"I set no trap," said Leah, with her words as swift, now, as her tones were controlled. "I merely gave you the chance of admitting your guilt."

"Guilt!" he exclaimed. "Bah!" He raised the finger and thumb of one hand, and audibly snapped them.

"I gave you the chance of admitting it," she went steadily on, "so that the promise I shall now exact of you might naturally ensue from such admission. I have known this thing for months. Lucy Forbes's outburst pained me, but it did not bring me any new tidings. All in all, I am glad that she spoke as she did. She has marked for me the limit of my own patience. We can no longer live together on terms that will make such an affirmation possible from a third party. I exact a sacred promise of you. It is this: that from to-night henceforward you shall never enter the doors of a certain woman, and in every way avoid even the exchange of a word with her. Let me be still more explicit. Let there be no least risk of misunderstanding. The woman to whom I allude is Mrs. Abbott Fortescue."

He threw back his head with a laugh of irony. "It's astonishing," he declared, "what precious fools we can sometimes make of ourselves without knowing it!"

"To be uncivil is not to give me your reply."

He repressed another laugh, equally full of contempt. "Please allow me a few days to reflect," he said, in mockery, going to the chair which he had quitted, taking from its side his overcoat, re-flinging this lightly across one arm, and then moving toward the door.

She glided several paces after him. She had uplifted her right hand. "I want the promise or the refusal to promise, now—at once!" she said. And there was so stirring a solemnity in her manner and intonation that it put all his assumed jauntiness of scorn into prompt disarray.

Half-turning, he frowned very darkly at her, over one shoulder. "You'll wait for a long time before you get either!" he retorted.

The key of Leah's voice heightened, then; the immobility of her manner changed. She made a gesture of excited force—a sweep forward of both hands, followed by their rapid withdrawal. "You refuse, then! I have no more to say. To-morrow I rejoin mamma in New York. Afterward I return to your house but on one condition—your promise, as before described."

She wheeled away from him then. But he followed her, angry almost to madness.

"You will dare to take this course—you!" he said, below his breath, and with hoarseness. "You'll forget what name I gave you when I married you! — what a place I raised you to!"

His hands were clenched at his sides while he spoke. But she did not see this; the light was too irregularly disposed about the room, perhaps, or it may have been because she was regarding him across her shoulder, as he had done with her but a few moments since.

"You raised me to no real place," she said, still calmly, yet as if between shut teeth. "I care nothing for what you call position. I thought it something far finer and purer than what it has proved. I despise in it all that you respect. I see that what you think sound and high is flimsy and low. You must leave that woman once and forever, or I will not live with you. You know that I have *been* living with you for none of the old reasons. Those are gone. But there should have been a maintenance of respectability—decency, between

us. You have failed to meet even these last requirements. I exact that promise in the hope of making its fulfilment a barrier against the separation which now seems certain."

By this time Tremaine's anger was cooled. He saw the reality of the indignation that thus addressed him. At the same time he recalled the exacted promise.

"Do as you please," he said. He immediately passed from the room. . . .

There was a reception that night at one of the great Newport houses. Leah did not attend it. She retired to bed at a late hour, but lay sleepless until nearly dawn, thinking sad thoughts, telling herself that hers was a wasted and ruined life. Such a short time ago she had been so credulously and trustfully happy! And now her soul had a black past to look back upon, and a blank future to foresee. Her resolve remained unaltered. She would leave for New York early on the following day. Before seeking her bed she had dispatched the telegram of which we know; she had also packed certain portions of her wardrobe and all her jewels. She did not believe that her husband and herself would ever live together again. She meant to return to him on a single condition; he might perhaps make her return possible; she did not much care whether he would or no; he had become despicable in her sight. The man whom she had loved was now a dim, memorial shadow; the man whom she no longer loved rose before her as an almost hateful actuality. She shed but a few tears, and these were provoked only by reflections on her mother's coming pain, her mother's rich, waiting sympathy. "Poor mamma!" her lips whispered, again and again.

Strangely, and yet not strangely, the grave, strong face of Lawrence Rainsford shaped itself to-night before her mental vision. She did not know whether his love for her yet lived or not. But she remembered what that love had been. And she thought of the stanch, manful nature whose devotion she had held at so slight a worth. Why could she not have loved Rainsford? Her mother had been so right in wanting her to love him! If only she could live that vanished time over again, aided by her present dolorous experience! Might she not then see, understand, ap-

preciate, and so love? Yes, beyond doubt! And how different it would all have been! No bleeding wound—no shattered ideal—no palsied hope!

It was almost dawn when she heard a carriage stop at the gate below. Then she heard voices of men, now loud and now faint. She rose and went to a window, peering forth. She saw three figures moving up along the garden path. The central figure walked insecurely and in a tottering way; it was supported, apparently, by those on either side of it. She guessed the truth, though she had not recognized her husband. She withdrew from the window, loth to see more. Then she waited. A step presently sounded upon the outer stairs. It was so unsteady that it suggested the most perilous insecurity; it was indeed a succession of irregular stamps. But the sounds gradually grew nearer. A little later she heard them in the hall. Tremaine's apartment was at the head of the stairs. He had but a short space to traverse before reaching it. To Leah, while she listened intently, it seemed as if the staggering gait must soon end in some sort of overthrow and collapse, so noisy a stumble had it now become. A moment later this fear was verified. A dull, heavy fall now followed. She stood irresolute for a little time; then she lighted a candle and put on a loose wrapper over her night-dress. Very quietly, though she was shivering as if a cold gust had assailed her, she went out into the hall. The light that she carried presently showed her an inert form, lying prone across the threshold of an open doorway. She regarded this form for a longer time than she knew, while holding the candle uplifted in one tremulous hand. The face, with its closed eyes and the stertorous breathing that issued from its half-shut lips, fascinated her by its familiar beauty, once so treasured as the symbol of an exceptional spirit!

It was a terrible moment with Leah. Memories swept through her, each piercing in its dread appeal. She recalled her past estimate of this man; she revived her old belief in him; she saw again those graces and charms which had won her to link her own life with his. And yet there he lay, prostrate, incapable, an incarnate denial of

her faith, a dumb refutation of her respect. She gazed upon the merciless evidence of a misjudgment that must vibrate through all her future life. What savage irony it seemed that this grossness should lie before her as the palpable product of a romance, a sentiment, an enthusiasm!

There are brief intervals in many a human experience when the soul almost proves itself an incorporeal force, unconditioned by time; it grows very wisely and dreadfully old while the body yet remains young. . . . Leah stooped and touched her husband's shoulder; but it would have taken a rougher grasp than any which she could employ to rouse him from that despised stupor. Still, she had a fair store of strength, and shame now gave a spur to its use. She set down her candle on the floor of the hall. Then, clinching her teeth as we do when a task that we abhor confronts us, she again bent down and clutched either shoulder, so seeking to drag the supine frame farther into the bedchamber. She might have succeeded better in her pathetic effort had not a weakness—born, perhaps, of humiliation and disgust—suddenly overcome her. As it was, she moved the fallen shape only a few inches. That nerveless desperation which in some feminine temperaments is the prelude of hysteria, rushed over her as she desisted from the attempt. She felt like screaming aloud—like perversely bruited her forlorn pain abroad amid the darkness and silence!

But immediately this wild impulse fled; it had transiently jarred her sanity, and nothing more. Fresh and cooler energy resulted from it. She saw that the disposition of the limbs now chiefly prevented the door from being closed and the whole body hidden within the room. Still, the body itself required further displacement. Not long afterward she had made her second trial with success. . . . The door just grazed Tremaine's dragged bulk as she closed it. Then she locked it on the inside, and at once passed, by other means of communication, back into her own chamber.

When she had reached it her emotion underwent a new and odd change. She burst into soft, uncontrollable laughter, while the tears stole down her white cheeks. Nor was even this manifestation one of hysteria. The sense of humor, al-

ways strong with her, had abruptly intruded itself, like a daring and unbidden guest, upon her dumb, desolate misery. The indulgence of this weird mirth, at so intensely unseasonable a time, went with full perception of its ghastly discordance. She made a most woful picture, seated with her lovely hair half loosened in the dim candle-light. That fearful, mute laughter was like the farewell of her own dying youth. It had a strange and darksome consistency, too; it was a mournful echo of the old girlish fault, so alert to see and ridicule any decisive failing in her fellows.

Her beauty was never the same after that night. Its freshness had vanished. It was tenderer, more appealing, more poetic—as though the erect delicacy of the alder had been gently given the downward curve of the real willow. People afterward said of Leah that she had faded. This was true, and yet the difference held a wistful interest; her face told you that she had lived; her brown eyes burned as if they had known tears; her fair, chaste brow looked as if sorrow had shadowed it; her smile, no longer brilliant, beamed with that autumnal sweetness which we all know in the quality of a sun-ray when its warmth has ebbed yet when its light has grown mellow.

Leah started for New York at an early hour on the following day. She did not see her husband before leaving the house; she was not even aware if his vinous torpor had ceased or no. She hated and yet loved the thought of meeting her mother.

When they did meet, which was happily in the presence of no observer, she clung to Mrs. Romilly's neck with a prolonged paroxysm of sobs. Then, after the calm had followed the storm, she narrated everything.

"Did I do right, mamma?" she questioned. "Tell me! I have lost the old wilful way of always judging for myself. I want you to judge for me, with that wisdom of yours which I have sometimes treated so irreverently. But I never meant to treat it so—I never *did* really—I only pretended. Tell me, mamma! If you blame me I will believe you! If you approve me I will believe you! Which is it to be? How am I to act? Shall I break my resolve? Shall I go back to him before he

makes the promise? If he never makes the promise shall I still go back to him? Ah! that will be hard; and yet your answer, however given, shall be my law. You knew so well at first! You advised, you remonstrated, but I heard and yet would not hear! If only I had heeded and obeyed! How few women have ever lived who have had such a mother as I! And how I have undervalued you! Now, when it is too late, I see the headstrong folly of it all! I don't ask you to forgive me. You are so large in soul and heart that you always forgive easily. I would have said "too easily" in those other days. But I don't say it now. I see you in your full perfection. Tears clear the eyes so—you once said something of that sort to me—it was not very long ago . . . do you remember? I'll lean on you like a staff, if you'll only let me. And I know you will let me! Ah! talk of love! I never loved any one but you, and never shall! That may have been my real error, mamma, darling! I was in love with you—yes, only you—and did not know it!

"Leah," said Mrs. Romilly, after this soft tirade had ended, "you must not go back to him until he gives you the promise. You were right. I shall tell him so when we meet—if we are destined soon to meet."

They were so destined. Two days later Tremaine presented himself at the house. He asked for Leah, but Mrs. Romilly received him.

He was dressed with his former precision. He looked extremely aristocratic. He spoke with all his best nicety and composure. "I am forced to tell you," he said, very early in the conversation, "that I wish to see my wife, and no embassadress between herself and me."

"Your wife will not see you," replied Mrs. Romilly, firm as stone.

He quietly nodded. "I see you have counseled her."

"I have. And yet my counsel was needless, I think. Her leaving you was a proof of that. She exacts a promise. You must give it, or she will never notice you again."

He looked at the speaker with a polite scorn. "If I were not a gentleman," he said, "I should call you a very officious and disagreeable mother-in-law."

"You are not a gentleman," said Mrs. Romilly softly. "You have shown it beyond mistake."

Tremaine pressed his lips together, and his eyelids lowered. Rage, though held within bounds, was never expressed more surely.

"You want a separation—perhaps a divorce," he said.

"I want a reformation," answered Mrs. Romilly.

He drew a long breath. "Ah!" he murmured. "You advocate morality now. You have deserted your former laxities of opinion."

At this insult Mrs. Romilly gave a faint pitying smile. "If I had not already told you that you are not a gentleman," she said, with quiet dignity, "you might have cause to fancy that your insolence troubled me."

Tremaine looked at her with repressed disdain. "It seems to me," he answered, "that we address each other from wholly different standpoints. I don't think I should like your idea of a gentleman. Would he wear long hair and preach communism?"

Mrs. Romilly shook her head. "I don't know how he would arrange his hair," she replied. "But he would respect his marriage vows, and he would abstain from drunkenness."

Tremaine bit his lip. His mild eyes flashed for an instant. He walked toward the

door of the apartment, but paused before he had reached its threshold.

"Such women as you are," he said, "have no real sex. If I were as bad as you paint me, I might remember this fact to your bodily harm."

"If you struck me," replied Mrs. Romilly, "I should not be at all surprised. I think such men as you are have often, before now, struck women. And I suppose they have always made some excuse."

A silence followed. Tremaine, with averted face, scanned the carpet. Suddenly he turned toward Mrs. Romilly, and said, in considerably changed tones: "I want my wife to live with me again. I have my reasons for wanting her to do so. You and I hate each other. Agreed. A certain promise is required of me. Suppose I make that promise?"

"If you make it, your wife will return to you. If you keep it, she will live with you. But these are the sole conditions. And I do not hate you. I hate no one."

He tossed his head. There appeared to be scorn in his concession while he gave it. "Very well," he said, "I'm willing to make such a promise."

"To Leah herself?"

"To Leah herself."

Mrs. Romilly at once withdrew. Leah presently appeared in her stead.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

(To be Continued.)

Recent Literature.

Mr. William Archer has made himself known in England recently as a critic of actors and plays. It is he who wrote so strenuously and not always with refinement against Mr. Henry Irving many years ago. Last year he brought forward a little book called simply "Henry Irving" and known rather widely as the "study in vellum." An answer to this book, written by some person who describes himself simply as "An Irvingite," has just been published. Mr. Archer's purpose in preparing his study of Irving seems to be this—to show that, after a laborious and painful operation, one may come finally to have a rational appreciation of Irving's talents, to see him as he is, so to

speak, in the spirit. Nevertheless, Mr. Archer has, apparently, a very poor opinion of Mr. Irving's talent. The little book is brightly and intelligently written, and contains some good and sound criticism, though "An Irvingite" makes some clever and ingenious hits at it. Mr. Archer's most noteworthy book, however, is *English Dramatists of To-day*,* which has not yet been republished in this country. It should, however, be reproduced here in a cheap edition, chiefly because it throws a good deal of light upon the authorship of plays which have been for the most part

* *English Dramatists of To-day*. London: Sampson, Low & Co. 1884.

presented upon the American stage. Mr. Archer professes, in his entertaining preface, that he takes a somewhat gloomy view of the drama which is shown to-day. "Pessimism," he declares, "is the prevailing attitude of the critical mind with regard to the theatre. The higher criticism despises and ignores it. One might examine the volumes of our great quarterlies ever since their foundation and find scarcely a word in which the existence of an English theatre is recognized. In one or two of the modern reviews, the weight of a name like Mr. Matthew Arnold's procures at long intervals a thoughtful but unpractical paper upon the theatre of the day. The lower criticism, again, in its more serious mood, inclines to despondency and lamentation." Mr. Archer has, nevertheless, a clear purpose in his "English Dramatists of To-day." He appreciates the fact that he will be asked how he has managed to write half a score of essays upon a dramatic literature which, by his own showing, does not exist. His answer is, that, though the English drama does not exist as literature, it exists and flourishes as a non-literary product. He desires to show, by applying a moderately high standard to the body of contemporary British drama, how far it falls short of any literary merit, and, in so doing, to indicate possibilities of improvement and elevation. "I should be quite content," Mr. Archer says, "to see our drama in the condition, not of the French, but of the German, Italian and Scandinavian drama of the day." Mr. Archer recalls the names of Freytag, Lindau and Laube, Cossa and Giacosa, Del Testa, Bersezio and Castelvécchio, Ibsen, Bjørnsen and Molbech. These, at least, are brilliant names, the names of accomplished dramatists who are also authors, and it is hard to match them now in England. Mr. Archer points out also that the contemporary British play-writers do not publish their plays—though plays which have any literary value would naturally be published. A drama by Augier, or Sardou, or Dumas, or any distinguished Frenchman, is also a book. Mr. Wills has published one play, Mr. Tom Taylor has published his historical dramas, and a few pieces are printed in the French or Lacy series. "To Mr. Gilbert," Mr. Archer adds very justly, "belongs the credit of always attempting to give literary form to his work, and the consequence is that his plays have attained a considerable sale among the general public; but even they scarcely take rank in the book-market with the last three-volumed novel."

The writers who are mentioned by Mr. Archer are James Albery, F. W. Broughton, F. C.

Burnand, Henry J. Byron, W. S. Gilbert, Sydney Grundy, Bronson Howard, H. A. Jones, Paul Meritt, Herman C. Merivale, A. W. Pinero, Robert Reece, George R. Sims, S. Theyre Smith, Alfred Tennyson and W. G. Wills. His criticism is usually cautious and thoughtful, at times very bright and earnest. It is felt occasionally, however, that Mr. Archer lowers his standard unnecessarily and that he is only half in earnest. For example, in his article upon Paul Meritt and the collaborators with Mr. Meritt—Mr. Pettitt, Mr. George Conquest and Mr. Augustus Harris—he takes the ground that melodrama, even a poor kind of melodrama, is rightly called for by one sort of public, and, after offering a defense of Mr. Meritt's trash, declares: "It is not my purpose to write an apology for the sensational drama. . . . But it is a form which has its justification in an irrepressible demand on the part of British human nature in its present stage of progress." He had praised previously Mr. Meritt's "good, forcible dramatic dialogue," and he had almost praised Mr. Meritt's melodrama; but he comes, finally, to the conclusion that these pieces "have for me all the attraction of Mr. Gilbert's burlesque, with the additional advantage that their *naïveté* is genuine." Now, pray, what does Mr. Archer think? But, in the long run, his criticism is direct and frank. He might have kept the name of Bronson Howard out of his list, since Mr. Howard is an American. The name of Mr. H. A. Jones, moreover, could have been replaced, we are sure, by a name which commands more attention. Mr. Archer has a very cordial appreciation of Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Grundy, Mr. Wills and Mr. Sims, though he has also a rather sharp sight for their faults. His analysis of Mr. Gilbert's humor is bright and, on the whole, fair. Unlike a few very serious persons, like Frederic Harrison, for instance, he puts a good deal of value on Mr. Gilbert's witty and clever librettos. "I have no hesitation," he says, "in calling these operas the most characteristic productions of our contemporary English stage." The tone of his criticism toward Mr. Grundy is not at all gloomy. Mr. Grundy, it seems, can write very fine dialogue. Of "In Honor Bound," Mr. Archer observes with no grudging of eulogy: "The action opens with a scene between George and Philip, which I quote almost at length, as it seems to me one of the most masterly expositions ever written." Here, finally, are a few of Mr. Archer's judgments: "If Mr. Albery has narrowly escaped being *facile princeps* among original dramatists, he has entirely attained that distinction among adapters."—"As a writer of smart dialogue—I use the word 'smart' advisedly—Mr. F. W. Broughton has few rivals on the

English stage."—"The present age is an age of parody, and Mr. Burnand is the leading parodist of the day."—"Mr. Byron cannot be more tired of being termed a punster than I am of applying the term to him, mentally and verbally."—"In farce, in so-called tragedy, in romantic drama and in modern drama, he [Mr. Herman Merivale] has given the stage some of the best work it can boast." More quotations might be given, which, on the whole, seem to show that Mr. Archer, though at times a very frank critic, is less of a pessimist than he believes himself to be.

The appearance of a new volume of poems by an author of whom so much is expected as of Mr. Philip Bourke Marston, is a noticeable event in the history of Victorian poetry. When Mr. Marston's first book, "Song-Tide," was published in 1871, this poet, though at that time, we believe, not more than twenty-one years of age, was at once welcomed by elder singers into the fraternity of poets, and received praise enough to turn any young fellow's head. Some two or three years afterward he published another volume, entitled "All-in-All," of which also critics made much and which poets loved. With the general public, however, it found less favor than "Song-Tide," because it had less variety of subject and treatment. It was understood to be the special record of a special sorrow; and though a dirge be ever so sweet music, the world will not willingly be cheated of waltz and quick-step.

Since the appearance of "All-in-All," some ten years ago, if we mistake not, Mr. Marston has published no volume until the present. He has kept his name before the public by frequent contributions to the periodical literature of both England and America; but the announcement of *Wind-Voices** gave rise to more than the common interest in the appearance of a new book. Would it fulfil, in strength and in variety, the twelve-years-old promise of his first volume; was a question which the lovers of poetry waited to have answered. That it *has* been answered in the affirmative we think there is no question.

The first poem, "Pure Souls," strikes a lofty key-note.

"Pure souls that watch above me from afar,
To whom, as to the stars, I raise my eyes,
Draw me to your large skies,
Where God and quiet are.

* *Wind-Voices*. By Philip Bourke Marston. London: Elliot Stock. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Love's mouth is rose-red, and his voice is sweet,
His feet are winged, his eyes are as clear fire;
But I have no desire
To follow his winged feet.

Friendships may change, or friends may pass away,
And Fame's a bride that men soon weary of;
Since rest is not with Love
No joy that is may stay.

But they whose lives are pure, whose hearts are high—
Those shining spirits by the world untamed,
May, at the end, unshamed,
Look on their days gone by.

Oh, pure, strong souls, so star-like, calm and bright,
If even I before the end might feel
Through quiet pulses steal
Your pureness—with purged sight

I might Spring's gracious work behold once more,
Might hear, as once I heard, long, long ago,
Great waters ebb and flow,
Might smell the rose of yore,

Might comprehend the winds and clouds again,
The saintly, peaceful moonlight hallowing all,
The scent of leaves that fall,
The autumn's tender pain.

Ah, this, I fear, shall never chance to me,
But though I cannot shape the life I would,
It surely still is good
To look where such lives be."

Fitly to succeed a poem like this comes "Caedmon"—the story of how the unlettered swineherd was taught to sing by a holy vision, and found upon his unaccustomed tongue the very music of heaven.

"Wind-Voices" is more varied in kind than any recent volume we can recall. Ballads are here, full of strength and vigor—narrative poems, rich in beauty of description—lyrics, as musical as any singer has given us. In some poems, as in "He and She," we perceive a dramatic quality, of which the author has only too seldom chosen to make use. "Garden Secrets," those lovely poems in which the flowers have found their souls, make a special feature of the book, and, finally, there are some eighty sonnets or more which fully confirm that verdict which places Mr. Marston in the front rank of sonneteers.

Of the ballads, the finest is unquestionably "The Ballad of Brave Women," which tells the tale of the shipwreck, "Off Swansea," in which two women saved the lives given up as hopeless by the men. There is a fine heroic ring in the whole ballad, and one's blood fairly thrills at reading how:—

"——A woman stepped out from those gathered there,
And she said, 'My life for their lives will I dare.
I pray for strength. God will hear my prayer.'

And the light of her soul her eyes shone through,
But the men they jeered, and they cried, 'Go to!
Can a woman do what we dare not do?'
Spake another woman—'I, too! We twain
Will do our best, striving might and main,
And if what we do shall be done in vain,

And the great sea have us to hold and hide,
It were surely better thus to have died
Than to live as *these* live. Haste! haste!' she cried."

Among the narrative poems, one of the most charming is "Estranged"—the story of an artist's wife who saw her husband absorbed in his art, and who lived a lonely life among his painted creations—skies that never changed, eyes that watched her forever—and yet, in all her sick loneliness, never found the courage to whisper:—

"Take me, dear,
Outside of these sad faces, let me stand
Once more within life's shallows, and there hear
Light laughter of the surf upon the beach,
For here the very sea is without speech,
So still it is, and far away from land;
I want life's little joys; this atmosphere
Oppresses me; I cannot breathe in it;
The light that lights your life leaves mine unlit."

In "Caught in the Nets" one breathes the sea's breath, and feels the sea-spray in one's face; as in "Nightshade" one hears the passion of the nightingale, or shudders at the blinding fury of the summer storm.

The lyrics are numerous, and full of music. "Two Burdens," "From Far," "In Extremes," "Thy Garden," and many others must remain among the permanent delights of literature. We select one for its convenient brevity, rather than for its superiority to the others:—

BETWEEN JOY AND SORROW.

"Between Joy and Sorrow,
As 'twixt day and morrow,
I lay for a space:
And I heard, so lying,
My old Sorrow sighing
From her far-off place.

I said, 'Thou art over,
And where dreams hover
Thou hoverest, now!
In lands of thy dwelling,
What waters are weeping,
And blossoms what bough?

Old tears are its rivers—
The wind that there quivers
Is breath of old sighs—
Wreck-strewn are the shores there,
And sunset endures there
Through infinite skies.

But all there is quiet,
There no wave makes riot
On the waif-cumbered coast
Where thou movest banished,
But not quite vanished—
A ghost among ghosts.

In his "Garden Secrets," perhaps more than in any other of his poems, Mr. Marston has wrought in an entirely new field. Several of these exquisite flower-pieces appeared in "Song-Tide"—and four new ones are contained in "Wind Voices." In reading these poems one could almost fancy that, in some stage of evolution, the poet's soul had dwelt in a flower, thrilled with the wind's breath, glowed with the sun's kisses, shivered at the unkindly frost, and foreboded the mystery of a blossom's death and resurrection.

It remains to speak of the sonnets. Of them all, perhaps only one is a distinctly poor sonnet, and that is "What Two Saw." Among the others we recognize only varying degrees of excellence; but the best of them have few equals and fewer superiors in the whole range of contemporaneous poetry. It is hard to make a choice for quotation among so many favorites; but for nobility alike of theme and of treatment, one may fitly call attention to the following, addressed to "C. N. M.," the poet's deceased sister: THE NINTH WAVE.

"Lo, now, the end of all things come at last!
The great ninth wave, whose coming none might stay;
A bitter wave made strong to ruin and slay!
I stretch my hopeless hands out to the past
From which it whirls me, and I hear a blast
Of melancholy music sweep this way,
Which makes my very soul afraid to pray,
And all my life shrink fainting and aghast.

O dead, mute mouths and unrecording eyes,
Dead hearts that loved me, is it well with ye?
Is Death made sweeter, now that even she
For whom alway my spirit thirsts and cries,
Who, going, took the light from out my skies,
Has joined your high and silent company?"

"Youth and Nature" is a sonnet which also deserves especial notice; and there are others which record the moods of love—its hope, its passion, its despair—and furnish a complete lover's calendar. In short, this volume of poems full, as we have said, of variety, is full also of beauty and subtlety, and no one who really loves what is best in poetry should leave it unread.

When an author of George Parsons Lathrop's recognized scholarly attainments leaves the realms of poetry and abstract thought to enter the domain of fiction, we naturally look for the somewhat didactic style of the essayist and scholar, and the absence of that steady, propulsive movement inseparable from the successful development of plot and character-drawing. But on the contrary, the latest and most finished of Mr. Lathrop's efforts exhibits the ease of

manner and grace of diction of a trained method, while the interest is sustained throughout. The title *Newport** carries with it a piquant and luring charm, justified by a further perusal. It has for a setting the sumptuousness of a modern Newport *entourage*, with its endless variety and opulent living, which is so aptly likened by the hero, Oliphant, to a parody on a luxurious Roman scene before the decadence. "No doubt the architecture and costumes were different, but there was an element of sameness . . . here, too, were the reigning beauties, the young men and slaves—the latter from Britannia and Hibernia instead of Nubia."

The scene opens in the beginning of the season in that brilliant centre of attraction—the Casino, where all Newport patrician life is seen in epitome. Mr. Lathrop has caught the accent of the place, and gives a faithful and comprehensive portraiture of the manners and customs of the Sybaritic life from the coign of vantage of one who has been and seen. An occasional light touch of satire on the insincerities and gilded shams of a glittering cosmopolitan society betrays a keen faculty of observation. There is about the ephemeral summer life of this city by the sea an electric, sensuous atmosphere not incompatible with a refined intellectual enjoyment. The amenities and conventionalities of life take on a poetical significance with the fascinations of the surroundings. All this is appreciated, and used to advantage in the picturesque setting of the different scenes. Eugene Oliphant and Octavia Gifford, the principal characters, are clearly defined with a careful cameo relief. Past their first youth, and having entered the quasi-philosophical period of life through loss and sorrow, as they are respectively widower and widow—each fancies they have passed the age of sentiment, until through mutual tastes and harmonious intellectual sympathy love springs up with renewed intensity. Dispersed through the more serious portions of the work are bits of graphic description, delineating the shifting phases of social life, and giving vivid word-pictures of local coloring. The remaining characters are mainly types of classes. Mrs. Farley Blazer is a well-known portrait of the clever, barnacle species of woman, making her way to power through a grim tenacity. The Wares are a cultivated Boston family of traditions and pedigree. The New

York belle, the ever-present Anglo-American youth, the successful financier whose career ends ignominiously, and the subordinate figures, are represented with realistic humor. There is a chapter of tender pathos upon the death of the child Effie. The finale is conventional. Oliphant, who has won our regard through his innate nobility of manhood and quiet strength of character, is sent from the side of the woman he loves passionately through a perverted idea of loyalty to the dead husband, but a letter recalls him when a dramatic crisis is produced, and the climax of exalted self-abnegation attained in the sacrifice of his life for an unknown mother and child in imminent peril. Imagination and a felicitous style, joined to a keen appreciation of the finer, subtle currents underlying human action, are the salient points of this admirable work. Without depth of plot, or strained attempt at analysis, it is from a literary and artistic standpoint a valuable addition to the list of novels so rapidly winning a transatlantic fame for their authors, who have justly earned at home an enviable reputation.

That there are books written for whose existence there is no possible excuse, unless it be to make people marvel why such lengthy rhodomontade should emanate from possibly clever men and women, is proved by the publication of such a work as *Hope's Heart Bells*.* The baseless and unwarranted assertion of the author, that Mr. Archimedes Snibbs, pawnbroker and vulgarian that he is, has the *entrée* of fashionable circles in the Quaker City, would be harmless, were it not for the fact that such books are sometimes borne across the seas, and their statements accepted in other countries as a faithful representation of the condition of society in a democratic country. And our really brilliant and well-bred writers are denounced for not holding the mirror up to nature, and are accused of taking their refined and gentle-mannered characters from European models, simply because false ideas of American life and customs are derived from works of this class. The plot is loosely constructed, the situations improbable and the dialogue tame. It is only from the clever and rather strongly drawn portraits of Harold Carrington and Hope Willis that we are led to believe the author capable of better things.

* *Newport*. By George Parsons Lathrop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

* *Hope's Heart Bells*. A Romance. By Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1884.

Town Talk.

There are undoubtedly some disadvantages in living in a big country. Those who dwell at the extremes of it are apt to feel less sympathy with each other than the inhabitants of a smaller land, for instance, the tight little island of Great Britain. It is like being one of a family of a half score or more of children. The elder and younger members easily lose their interest in one another. The elder boys go out into the world to seek their fortune, before some of the younger ones are born, and to the latter the big brother, who returns at rare intervals to visit the family nest, has a little the air of a stranger. Yet, after all, in this age of the world distance is chiefly a matter of time, which steam and electricity have so abbreviated, that even China and Japan are nearer to us in New York to-day than Edinburgh was to London one hundred years ago. If there are disadvantages, however, in being a citizen of a country which stretches over many degrees of latitude and longitude, there are undeniable advantages. Those who have the bad taste to be fond of bragging are glad of an opportunity to dwell on the mere "bigness" of the land they inhabit. More reasonable persons will prefer to dilate on the benefit to be derived from a great variety of climate. This variety in the United States is never so well appreciated by those of us who live in northern latitudes as in the stormy month of March—a month called Spring in the calendar, but which on the Atlantic coast, above the parallel of thirty-eight degrees, shows but few signs of that season so beloved of the poets. They treat her as an angel arrayed in light gossamer robes fluttering in gentle breezes. Whereas, in New York and farther north, she ought to be depicted with a red nose and wearing a warm overcoat, on which rest at least a few flakes of snow.

Bryant had, indeed, a good word to say for March, and the robust and healthy may be willing to accept his picture of the month. But in its favor invalids in our latitude seldom speak, and, indeed, find it a hard month to get along with. To many of them it brings the hard fate of being shut up in the house, under penalty of an increase of their ailments, and even that seclusion is but a partial relief. Such alone understand the happiness it is to have a

country in which, with a few days' travel, they can reach a place where frost never comes, where March is not dreaded but beloved, and where the days can be passed in the open air, not only without injury, but with positive advantage and enjoyment. And not the least welcome thing is, that this change of climate brings with it no change of government or laws or customs. In Florida, as in New York or Boston, they are still in their own country and know that their friends are within easy reach of them. For invalids peace of mind and freedom from vexation count for much, and to this as much as to an auspicious climate many an invalid owes restoration to health. But not to the invalid alone is this change of climate welcome. The sybarite in the great cities of the North leaves his luxurious mansion to be blown about with icy winds, and betakes him to a locality where no rude blasts vex him and where he can amuse himself in the open air.

Yet not to warmer climates alone hies the New Yorker who has the leisure to devote himself to making time pass pleasantly. Montreal is a good deal farther north than New York, and its winters have a rigor far beyond anything we ever experience. But during the last month it has been quite the thing to go from New York to the Canadian capital and take part in the ice carnival which has been celebrating there. The pictures show what fantastic structures of ice and snow have been reared, and the people of Montreal, bidding defiance to the Frost King, have extracted from him no end of merriment and jollity. New Yorkers have been instructed in all the mysteries of "tobogganing," which, as it appears in the illustrated papers, seems to be going down hill at a great pace, with a pretty girl holding on to you, and by no means an unpleasant thing to do. And so, perhaps, after all, those who were strong enough to go north are more fortunate than those who went south. For the former, baffling icy winds, have brought back with them an increase of vigor which some of their less fortunate brethren have failed to find in a warmer climate.

The Water-Color Exhibition, always one of the pleasantest events of our artistic year, has come to an end, and although its pecuniary

results have not been as satisfactory as for several years past, it showed no retrogression in the work of those who contributed to it, but a marked advance. This is a gratifying evidence that our artists are giving increased attention to this delightful medium of conveying their ideas—a medium which not long ago was neglected, but has within a recent period found renewed and just appreciation. There was a time when the painter thought anything but oil unworthy of him, and considered that the use of water-colors should be left to amateurs and learners.

With some difficulty these aspirants for immortality were convinced that with water-colors can be produced effects that oil strives after in vain; that certain phases of nature, while taking kindly to the limpid element which nourishes all created beings, refuse to be adequately portrayed with oil; that the sky of deepest blue, or black with storm, or gray with scudding clouds,

is replete with feeling when portrayed by the deft water-colorist; that the heaving ocean and the peaceful landscape alike rejoice in being depicted by him, and that even to the human figure he can give, if he has adequate skill, a vivacity and animation which no other means can give as well.

In the late exhibition it was pleasant to observe that not only was there an increased number of figure-pieces, but that these figures, by their truthful drawing and felicity of pose, showed increased skill and careful study. Yet, after all, there is nothing more gratifying about this form of art than the knowledge that it is comparatively inexpensive. Art was made for the many and not for the few. Her ministrations were meant not for the rich alone, but for those with modest purses, and many a little water-color, which will be a constant source of pleasure to its owner, can be purchased for a small price.

Salmagundi.

DAWN.

Day's fondest moments are at dawn,
Refreshed by his long sleep the Light
Kisses the languid lips of Night
Ere she can rise and hasten on.
All glowing from his dreamless rest
He holds her closely to his breast,
And sees her dusky eyes grow dim
'Till, lo! she dies for love of him.

ELLA WHEELER.

ST. ELISE.

*Her faith makes worthy things of worthless
With all its promised powers.
Her hope makes joyous hearts of mirthless
With all the peace it showers.
Her love can waken love now birthless,
Would such a love were ours!*

If you had lived in olden days,
When men were too devout to praise
An earthly beauty,
They would have canonized you saint
And fasted for your sake in quaint
Excess of duty.

They would have called you good, divine,
And raised for you a sculptured shrine
In ancient fashion;

A cross, a font—above, your face
O'erflowing with symbolic grace
And with compassion.

There pious men of holy creeds
Would whisper *aves* to their beads,
Both monk and friar,
And all would kneel before your face,
The beggar, yeoman, lord in lace,
The knight and squire.

To-day our faith is much the same,
Perhaps it is far more a name
To live, than die, for
Than in those days of cross and blade,
Those days of torture and crusade,
We mourn and sigh for.

But virtue keeps its sacredness,
Our better selves have changed far less
Than have our manners;
We reverence innocence and truth,
To the divinity of youth
We pledge our banners.

We have not changed, the shrines of old
Are in our hearts, and there we hold
An image of you,
Dear Saint Elise! ah, yes, as such
We worship you to-day as much,
And more, we love you.

H. C. FAULKNER.

HER FIRST SEASON.

NOVEMBER.

'Tis my first ball ! The flicker and glare
 That shakes on the ripples of satin and pearls,
 The glance of surprise, the conventional stare,
 That falls on myself and the other "new
 girls,"
 The murmur of voices, the crash of the band,
 The wan, weary faces a-lined by the wall,
 My cheek by the whisper of something low
 fanned—
 Ah, can I be dreaming, or is this a ball ?
 Why cravest thou summer, my heart, my heart,
 The whisper of birds and the song of the
 trees ?
 Why dost thou long, oh, my heart, weak heart,
 For the murmur of night and the sigh of the
 seas ?

APRIL.

The end of the season ! At last it is finished !
 How could I dream so a few months ago ?
 The joys that I saw then—how are they dimin-
 ished—
 Vanished and dead with the pale winter's
 snow.
 But something I know of is sweet, so sweet,
 That it trembles 'tween silence and sound in
 my heart,
 Yet swells with an unwritten music complete,
 And lingers and grows and will never depart.
 Still cravest thou summer, my heart, my heart,
 The trill of the bird and the lisp of the trees ?
 I know why thou longest, my heart, fond
 heart !
 Tell it not, tell it not, save to the seas.

W. J. HENDERSON.

A CHILD'S TOUCH.

Weary and sad-hearted was I then, dear ;
 You but a child and full of love and life,
 You so glad-hearted came to where I stood—
 Came as a sun-gleam into some dark wood
 To light its shadow : I deep in my strife
 Knew not at first your loving heart was near.

Then gently crept your little hand so fair
 Into my own, which, tired, hopeless hung,
 And with the touch so soft and clinging came
 A change into my heart, and with great shame
 At my lost courage, hope within me sprung
 And fresher life, and greater strength, to bear.

LAURA M. MARQUAND.

OLD-TIME PLANTATION SONG.

I.

Ah ! bumble bee zoon froo de bright mornin' 'ar,
 An' he light on de flowers in de May ;
 De black-snake crawl froo de weeds an' de grass,
 Tell he find whar' de hen done lay ;
 An' nigger gwine co'tin' when de Sat'day night
 come,
 An' he know whar de likely gals stay !

II.

De rabbit start a-walkin' when de jew done fell,
 But de old goose lay mighty low ;
 De turkey in de tree say you better stay home,
 But de katydid say you better go ;
 De chicken on de roos' say 'tis time to go to
 bed,
 But de whippertail say 'taint so !

III.

De sun done sot 'hind de tall pine-trees,
 An' de daylight 'ill soon be gone ;
 Miss Dinah better git in dem Sunday-go-to-
 meetin's,
 For I'se comin' jes' sho's she born—
 An' I feel jes' happy as a old cock robin
 When he gwine to de plantin' o' de corn !

IV.

Nigger foot hebby when he plowin' in de furrer,
 An' he lif' it mighty slow fum de groun' ;
 But it start to gittin' lighter when de night-time
 comin'
 An' de hands unhitchin' all aroun' ;
 Den his foot bounce back when he drap it in de
 paf ;
 An' nigger jes' couldn't hold it down !

V.

De cow-bell tinkle when de dark comin' on
 An' de wind blow eas' an' wes' ;
 De bull-bat floppin' fum de right to lef'
 An' de sparrer-hawk gone to her nes' ;
 An' nigger gwine to visit, by de blinkin' o' de
 stars,
 Dat likely gal he lub bes'.

VI.

Oh ! patter-roller ride in de warm sunshine
 An' patter-roller ride in de rain ;
 Old massa better sharpen dat goose-quill pen
 An' write me a pass mighty plain ;
 For I's gwine out co'tin' on de dark o' de moon
 An' patter-roller down in de lane !

J. A. MACON.

SONG AND GUITAR.

He sang of the wild winds and the tree,
The sky and flying cloud ;
He touched the guitar and flung a strain
From its vitals sweet and loud.

He glanced from his dark eyes blue and deep,
And turned him half away,
And sang of the woods and echoing wolf,
And dash of cataract's spray.

He swept the strings and turned and went,
And stopped and looked aside,
And sang of the soft night and the moon,
And eagle's hurling ride.

The maiden listened and paled and looked,
And listened, looked and loved ;
He sang of his fair love like the spring—
And won her, as behoved.

Oh, the wild woodsman has won his bride,
He strums the sweet guitar ;
While meteors fall across the night
They're roaming on the scar !

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

THE ARCTIC WATCH.

I.

Behold upon the frozen foam,
A little vessel far from home,
The yacht Jeannette.
The polar star above her lies,
A sward of light set in the skies ;
The Arctic wave is on her deck,
And Hope has left the broken wreck.
Bereft of all things else but Fate,
And sinking, sinking, sinking yet,
Behold her lying desolate,
The lost Jeannette !

II.

Dead heroes on a field of snow ;
One lonely heart that beating slow,
Yet dreams of home,
Where golden fruits are on the bough,
And all the woods are crimson now,
The last of that high-hearted band
Keeps vigil in that bitter land ;
And crowned with thorns of frost and pain,
Lives o'er his boyhood days again :
And in his drear death-watch uplifts
His gaze, and sees beyond the drifts,

The iceberg tall, a crystal gate,
By which his risen comrades wait,
Not weak and worn like men who died,
But robed, and crowned, and glorified.
Familiar voices greet his ear ;
The lips that love him call him dear ;
Frost-flower and thorn that bound his head
Melt off, and it is wreathed instead
With lilies of the pure-in-heart,
His icy garments fall apart :
The pain, and toil, and danger passed,
The long death-watch is done at last !
He stands a form of living light,
He joins his comrades in their flight,
They pass the sward set in the skies,
No waste white deserts now to roam,
They upward, upward, upward rise,
And win the gates of Paradise—
Oh, welcome home !

MINNIE IRVING.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

A RETURNED POEM.

Dear poem, thou art precious to my heart ;
Worn with much travel, thou must weary be :
Hast seen, though near the sky, the home of
art,
And corps æsthetic of the century.

Hast been where culture had its second birth
(Its first in heaven), in Park Street's inner
shrine.
Hast looked upon the chosen few of earth.
Cheering each other with fame's sparkling
wine.

Hast visited the great Pacific slope
Where muses die, though history thrives apace ;
Where coal and oil and iron with brain power
cope
And come off victors in the unequal race.

What dost thou lack, child of my heart and
brain ?
The learning of the sage, the fire of youth ?
What praiseful letters bore thee back again ;
"Returned with thanks," yet "rich in thought
and truth."

What dost thou lack ? FAME. Thou hast played
the fool :
Merit and modesty the world disowns :
Thou hast no friend to put thee in the pool,
And then thine author's name is simply

JONES.

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Napoleon pushed the lace from before him, and followed the direction of the Empress's gaze. Those nearest the carriage turned also.—See page 46.